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AUGUST 11, 1954

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



***Our Irish  
Fashion Parades***  
See page 12



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 11, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 11

## BANNING HOT- WATER BOTTLES

THE New South Wales Hospitals Commission has banned the use of hot-water bags in public hospitals.

"A patient and a hot-water bottle should not be in bed together. While they are, there is an element of danger," said Commission chairman Dr. A. B. Lilley.

Backing up the ban is the Government Insurance Office. It has paid £4276 in two and a half years on 13 claims for hot-water-bottle burns.

New South Wales is the only State in the Commonwealth with this ban.

Has the Hospitals Commission tried issuing sensible regulations concerning the use of hot-water bottles? Australian sisters and nurses, who enjoy a world-wide reputation for excellence, can surely be trusted to observe such regulations.

Has the Commission tested the newly designed bags that prevent the possibility of burns except through a carelessly stoppered bag?

A move to humanise hospitals has gained strength in many parts of the world. It has been found, particularly in women's hospitals, to have an appreciable effect on the patient's condition and morale.

It is hard to see how enforcement of such a dreary "institutional" practice as banning hot-water bags will make N.S.W. hospitals more efficient.

Thousands of women would prefer to "live dangerously" and enjoy the warmth of this simple comfort during sojourns in hospital.

## Our cover:

● The ball gown on our cover is by Sybil Connolly, the designer who has put Dublin on the fashion map. The Australian Women's Weekly is bringing her to this country at the end of next month and will stage fashion parades of her clothes, to be worn by Irish and Australian mannequins. Miss Connolly's designs are already famous in Britain and America. The cover dress is of white chiffon, linen, and satin, and was photographed at Dunsany Castle, Ireland.

## This week:

● The accent is on glamor in this week's paper. Besides our cover, you will find more pictures of Irish fashions on pages 12 and 13. There are three color pages devoted to the galaxy of figures from the theatrical world who took part in Noel Coward's "Night of 100 Stars," the first of them on page 11. This week's film section is enlarged, too, with the centre spread of color from "Demetrius and the Gladiators," and a story of Ingrid Bergman's new role in opera.

## Next week:

● Our monthly teenage section next week includes a page of color pictures in which an actress-model demonstrates how good carriage helps a young girl to achieve poise. Other color features include one on jazz drummer Gene Krupa and the other two members of his trio; guests at Barbara Smith's coming-out party in London; and Davis Cup stars and their wives at the Wimbledon Ball. Debbie, the teenage cook, shows you how to cook a simple dinner.

● When a Somerset (England) married couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, were contemplating divorce, a magistrate advised them to first read the novel "The Bird in the Tree," by Elizabeth Goudge. They read it and were reconciled. This book, which had such a remarkable effect, is our free novel for next week, and we feel that it will have wide interest for readers.

## Letters from our readers

EACH week one reads letters from various individuals who put great stress upon their birthright—on being English, Australian, American, etc. Who cares! The sooner we all forget our individual nationality and concentrate a little more upon humanity the better this world will become. How can we hope for a better and peaceful world when we are continually arguing with one another about so-called pride of race and possess so little understanding of and tolerance towards our fellow man? "Human Being" (name supplied), Subiaco, W.A.

"NEATNESS," of Maryborough, Qld., is concerned about Prince Charles' haircut (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/7/54). Well, maybe it just will not be trained any other way. It reminds me of my two sons' hair. No matter what I did and how often it was cut and brushed, it looked exactly like Prince Charles'. If I had it cut short it stuck up like a hairbrush—to leave it long was the lesser evil.

Mrs. Sims, Sydney.

I REGARD the letter from "Neatness" as in very bad taste, entirely presumptuous, and displaying lack of knowledge. If Her Majesty

the Queen of England wants advice from the Australian bush on how to manage her children, surely Her Majesty is capable of asking. Prince Charles and Princess Anne are dressed and cared for exactly the same as thousands of other British children, including the way their hair is done, and God forbid that they should suffer the horrible indignity of an Australian haircut. The Australian barber can best be described as a shearer, and the Australian haircut as misplaced shearing. "Peruke" (name supplied), Beverley, S.A.

TWO references in The Australian Women's Weekly of 21/7/54 to Mrs. Petrov's permanent wave and

her selection of shoes confirm my belief that there are a great many misconceptions in the minds of Australian women concerning the everyday lives of women of Russia. During my six weeks' visit last year, I had the top-priced perm at one salon at a cost of the equivalent of 15/6. I had my nails manicured and varnished at a cost of approximately 3/6 a time. I was particularly struck by the styles in women's shoes. There were handbags in abundance, all most attractive.

Mona Brand, Artarmon, N.S.W.

CAN you help me? I have had your newspaper regularly since coming to this country five weeks ago. When I was in England I had an Australian pen-friend who used to send it to me, and I cannot remember her address or her surname since we lost touch in 1951. I know she is a regular reader of The Australian Women's Weekly, so I am appealing to you for an SOS to her. Here are some details: Her name is Iris, she has a husband, Bill, and a daughter of about 19 named Amber, who is interested in millinery. I believe she lives in N.S.W.

Lilian Taylor, Balgownie Hostel, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 158, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE OFFICE: 41 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409, G.P.O.  
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# The Azalea Walk

WHICHEVER way you looked at it, the letter was a distinct shock. Rosemary, slumped upon the lower slopes of what her readers knew as the Pelargonium Bank, pushed the upper slope flower-pot to one side and gazed out of the flatette window at the broad acres of dingy rooftops.

To begin with, she had never dreamed that "Greenfingers," the most persistent correspondent of her "Down the Garden Path" page, was a man. It almost seemed as though he had deliberately chosen a feminine-sounding non-de-plume just to win her confidence. Though he must be a keen gardener.

Anyone who would write long letters with news of his rhododendron dolls and seventeen species of iris, who enclosed stamped and addressed envelopes that he might hear yet more of the lachenalia edgings and the delphiniums that topped six feet on a regular diet of fertiliser—all that Rosemary described so vividly in her weekly page in "Homelovers" Magazine—must be madly keen.

And now "Greenfingers" was coming to call. "For a long time I have treasured a hope that I might stroll down that beautiful Azalea Walk with Rosemary herself," he wrote, "and now, with your permission, that hope will be realised."

Things couldn't be worse.

Rosemary moved her gaze from the untrammelled flight of clouds—like tufty white chrysanthemums, her gardening-column mind suggested before she silenced it—to the immediate foreground of her brave window-box. In spite of everything, she felt a glow of pleasure. Not many people achieved a window-box like hers.

Just over the brow of the Pelargonium Bank it flourished. Three sweetpea plants twined around the tiny trellis she had fixed beside the down-pipe. "The glory of their frilled petals transforms the entire south wall," she had written.

Five nemesisias were in brilliant bloom. "Massed color for effect in this bed," the gardening expert had said of these, "with the subtle mauve of ageratum as foil to the flamboyant pinks and reds." Bending over, Rosemary moved a nemesia to one side so that the solitary foil could go on failing.

Her dark eyes misted a little. It was a wonderful window-box. There was always something in flower, even in mid-winter, when she had to erect a little screen of sacking every evening, last job before she went to bed, to protect it from frost and icy rain.

The thing was you simply couldn't call it a garden. Not any sort of garden, let alone the lovely succession of winding walks and flower-filled vistas she had described over this past year.

She thought of the headings she had used so blithely: "My Azalea Walk," "Along the Bank of the Stream"—that

was when, unbelievably, she had coaxed a tiny, temperamental mauve iris to flower beside a small and sulky yellow one.

It had been so great a triumph in late winter that it hadn't seemed such a far cry from two clumps by the old spouting to a "lavish border beside a silvery stream."

But "Greenfingers"—well, "Greenfingers" would call it a downright lie. At the thought Rosemary felt the mist in her eyes become a definite moisture.

It just wasn't fair.

She turned away from the six-pot Pelargonium Bank and walked past the pale pink azalea that lifted its head so daintily from the green tub near the window. "Greenfingers" just couldn't come here. She simply couldn't have him. When he telephoned, as he had written he would, she would make an excuse.

What was more, she would write and tell Mr. McInnes, editor of "Homelovers," that she couldn't do his gardening page any longer. He had broken faith with her in giving her private address to a stranger and, anyway, she was through. A wild love of gardens, a Botany degree, and a flair for description and practical advice just weren't enough.

You needed a garden.

Actually, she had told Mr. McInnes that when he had offered her the page after her sending him two articles on the old garden at home.

She had explained that now, living in the city as she did, her practical experience was a thing of the past. But Mr. McInnes had been airily confident, and Rosemary, longing for a writing career of any description, had consented to try.

"And," she said aloud, "it's been a success. Nobody could say it hasn't. Until now."

She sat down at the typewriter to begin her letter. She was just settling into her explanations when her landlady's voice called from the hall: "You there, Miss Morris? Telephone."

"Who?" Rosemary said huskily as she opened the door. Then, remembering that Mrs. Jacks was only too interested in telephone calls, she added hurriedly, "It doesn't matter."

Anyway, she knew. It was "Greenfingers."

He wasn't old; he wasn't stodgy; he wasn't any of the things she had imagined. His voice came deeply, pleasantly over the wire, saying how much he had longed for just this moment, how he often imagined her in the setting of her beautiful garden, and how he longed to see her—and it. And, strangely, Rosemary found herself agreeing to meet him, saying she had to go out for a little and that it

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"I think I've sprained my ankle," said Don with an effort. "I'll have to get to the house if I can."



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# The Magicians

NEXT morning Ravenstreet was confronted by a demand, as peremptory as a fire alarm, that he and one "Nicholas Pardurep" should that day attend the inquest upon the bodies of Ernest and Nancy Sepman, which said inquest would be held in the Infants' School at Feltcrow and presided over by T. Bridgen Coss, Coroner.

"I don't like the look of this," he told Pererek. "It'll be like the other night all over again. And there's something about the Coroner's name that suggests he'll be a pompous ass, but we'll have to go."

Pererek looked dubious, pushing out his enormous lower lip.

"I must tell you, I do not like official things. To such peoples always I tell lies. Is only thing to do. I do not go, I think." He caught Ravenstreet's look. "Ah—is trouble for you, then, eh? So I go. But first I have some important conference with Marot and Wayland. When you call out I am ready to go."

He was, too; nevertheless, they were behind time arriving at Feltcrow, which Ravenstreet remembered as one of the places of call after the scene at the quarry. It looked no better in daylight than it had done in the middle of the night. The Infants' School was a dingy brick building that appeared to have been designed with an idea of its possible use for inquests.

Their late arrival created a bad impression at once. A police inspector pounced upon them as if they had broken parole.

Ravenstreet remembered this inspector as a figure in the nightmare proceedings that began at the quarry; his name, it now appeared, was Triffett; he was a tall, wooden sort of man not unlike a ventriloquist's doll on a very large scale, and he seemed to have an unusually limited range of facial expressions and tones of voice, beginning with bewilderment and ending with baffled rage.

The Coroner, this Inspector Triffett told them, had been inquiring about them, and would probably have something pretty sharp to say to them.

Seated in the schoolroom below some faded pictures of the Cow, the Sheep, the Pig, destined for the instruction of the infant, Mr. T. Bridgen Coss was holding court, offering a companion picture of Man Triumphant or the Judicial Intellect. He was not an impressive figure, being a smallish, bald man with a long, indignant nose, an ant-eater type; but his manner suggested he was eight feet high and ruling Charlemagne's empire.

He was indeed, as the dismayed Ravenstreet recognised at once, one of those portentous donkeys too often found among the minor legal luminaries of this realm, conceited and opinionated little men who make the most of every moment of authority, catching the eyes of reporters and then immediately airing their prejudices and bad temper.

"Inspector Triffett, are these the two missing witnesses?" he cried, glaring at Ravenstreet and Pererek. "They are? I believe one of them to be of—er—foreign extraction. I hope that it has been explained to him that the Crown is represented here, and that although this is not a court of law in the ordinary sense, contempt of court may be charged against—er—persons—er—"

"Yes, sir," said the inspector. "Is very important official man," murmured Pererek, beaming at T. Bridgen Coss, the other witnesses, the jury, the reporters.

"Silence!" shouted T. Bridgen Coss, glaring all round as if everybody were talking. Then he turned to his witness, who was the doctor who had been called to the quarry.

This doctor, who looked shockingly

short of sleep, wholesome food, fresh air, and exercise, now continued to explain the manifold injuries that must have brought instant death to the Sepmans. Unfortunately, he had some impediment that gave his voice a hollow boom and made his highly technical evidence hard to understand.

The Coroner compelled him to repeat several statements, which annoyed him by reminding him of his impediment, with the result that very soon the two of them were angrily shouting at each other. The children playing down the road could have heard what were the final indignities that life inflicted upon the Sepmans.

As he looked at the two angry men, heard the querulous bark of the Coroner and the doctor's irritated boom, Ravenstreet thought how all this brawling in a decayed schoolroom seemed typical of poor little Sepman, the last ironic stroke that completed the miserable pattern.

He remembered Sepman in his sitting-room, flushed with whisky, excited in a likeable, boyish fashion at the idea of having a tiny lab in his yacht; and he remembered, too, how he had known then, with a strange certainty, that there would never be any escape to far seas, that Sepman's doom was already heavy upon him. And because he wondered at this knowledge, and at himself for acquiring it so unexpectedly, over and above the compassion he felt not only for Sepman but for all the races of men with their confusion and frustration and bright, tantalising visions, there hovered a sense, a feeling, an obscure conviction, that our life was indeed a dream.

A MAN'S heart might know suffering and joy, his mind terror and triumph, but the adventures of the day were hardly more definite than the fantasies of the night; and we injured ourselves by giving these things a false finality, disregarding the voice within that told us we were mistaking a shadow show for reality.

Ernest and Nancy Sepman had made some bad moves in a rough game, but this was not life's final settlement with them; it was what it appeared to be, a mournful farce. But while this seemed clear, he found himself wondering too if he thought so simply because he had been caught by the Magicians.

But his name was being called, and T. Bridgen Coss was glaring at him again. He went forward and composedly answered the preliminary questions, establishing his identity and so forth.

"This witness is important," the Coroner explained to the jury, who looked as if they had all been educated in that schoolroom and nowhere else, "because this—er—unfortunate couple had been guests at his house. He can therefore tell us something about—er—their state of mind. If Sepman genuinely mistook the turning—then his death was accidental—and you must bring in a verdict to that effect. This would mean, however, that the local authorities are at fault in not making sure that such accidents do not occur. And I understand that they deny liability."

"The police evidence suggests that Sepman could not have mistaken the turning—that—er—in fact he must have given way to some suicidal impulse—and so deliberately brought about the death of his wife and himself. You must therefore—consider most carefully the evidence of this witness." He looked at his notes.

"I gather, Sir Charles, from what you have already stated, that in fact you did not know Sepman and Mrs. Sepman very well but had invited them to your house so that Sepman could meet some business associates of yours. Is that correct?"

Ravenstreet said that it was, and ex-

plained how there was to be a business conference at his own house.

"But we never had it," he concluded. "And why not, if that was the purpose of the visit?"

Ravenstreet hesitated. "Come, come, my dear sir. There may be some simple explanation. Was Sepman intoxicated?"

"No. He'd been drinking fairly heavily but he wasn't drunk—"

"He was sober, then?"

"No, not quite—"

"Come, come, either he was intoxicated or he was sober—"

"It doesn't follow, does it? He was neither drunk nor sober, like a great many people—"

There was a laugh at this, which annoyed T. Bridgen Coss, who immediately glared all round and demanded silence.

"You're not being very helpful. Are we or are we not to understand that Sepman had been drinking so heavily that it was impossible for you to discuss serious business with him? We are concerned here with his state of mind. Now then—"

"Sepman's state of mind had nothing to do with the business he'd come to discuss. He had a violent quarrel with his wife, hurried her out of the room, and before the rest of us realised what he was doing he had driven away."

"What brought about this—er—violent quarrel?"

"Apparently he was very jealous—and considered that his wife had given in cause for jealousy—"

T. Bridgen Coss closed his eyes, allowed his nose to quiver in righteous indignation, then opened his eyes to stare meaningfully at the foreman of the jury. Usually, the Judicial Intellect had felt outraged even by this glimpse of our warm, messy, mammalian existence. Now he looked at Ravenstreet with some disgust.

"Was Mrs. Sepman's behaviour in this particular evening—er—calculated to—er—arouse her husband's jealousy?"

"Possibly. He had lost his temper during dinner. She left the room. A little later, one of my other guests took her out in his car. It was when they returned that the scene I've described took place."

"What happened when your other guest took her out in his car?"

"I don't know."

"But it must have been discussed between them, in your presence, on his return—"

"No, I don't think it was. He was jealous, suspicious, angry. She was angry too. Can't we leave it at that?"

"I am in charge of these proceedings, Sir Charles. That was a most improper observation. Kindly answer the question I put to you." He turned to the jury.

"As we have to decide whether Sepman deliberately killed himself and his wife or was merely the victim of an accident, you can see the importance of this evidence as to his state of mind. Probably you will agree with me that this witness is not being co-operative and may—even be withholding valuable evidence—"

"Certainly not," said Ravenstreet.

"I am not addressing you, sir, but the members of the jury."

Ravenstreet began walking back to his seat.

"Where are you going, sir?" T. Bridgen Coss was now bouncing up and down with fury.

"I imagined that you'd finished with me—as you pointed out that you were now addressing the jury—"

"Inspector Triffett—?"

"Sir?"

"Make sure that this witness does not leave the court."

"Yes, sir."



## Concluding our fascinating serial by J. B. PRIESTLEY

"We will take the next witness—er—Mr.—er—Nicholas—er—Pardurep—who, I understand, was also a member of this—er—unfortunate house party—and so—er—can give us important evidence as to Sepman's state of mind. Let us hope that he proves to be—er—more co-operative than the previous witness."

He gave Ravenstreet a final glare, and then surveyed Perperek with some suspicion. Perperek, deep in his fat old foreign clown act, beamed at him.

"Your name is Nicholas Pardurep?"

"What you like—anything," Perperek waved a hand.

There could not have been a worse beginning. "It is not a question of what I like or what anybody else likes. You are here to give evidence under oath. Is your name Nicholas Pardurep?"

"No." Then for good measure, smiling broadly: "No. No. No. No."

"Then what are you doing here? I want Nicholas Pardurep."

"If you want him, you find him," Perperek's tone suggested that he was trying to be helpful.

"This is the man, sir," the inspector called out. "Perhaps we haven't got the name quite right."

"Is Perperek. Nicholas Perperek—Per-per-ek."

"Perperek," the Coroner repeated, writing it down. Then he looked up angrily. "Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Am trying to please important official man. If you like Pardurep, all the same to me."

"Well, it isn't all the same to me. That is not how we do things in this country. You are, I understand, a Greek citizen?"

"Oh—yes. Greek citizen. Very nice." Perperek's tone suggested that any one of half a dozen citizenships would have done as well.

T. Bridgen Coss hesitated a moment, then decided wisely not to go into this question of nationality. He glanced at his notes.

"You were staying with the deceased at the house belonging to Sir Charles Ravenstreet. You were one of the persons invited there, I suppose, to discuss business with Sepman?"

"Is not so. Am there as friend of Sir Charles Ravenstreet. No business. In Greece, in Italy, plenty business—big merchant. If you like to know, I tell you of these things—"

"No, no, we don't need to go into all that."

Perperek looked disappointed. "Is very interesting—"

"Yes, yes, but quite unnecessary. Now, Mr.—er—Perperek, you had an opportunity to observe Sepman during the course of the evening. What conclusion did you come to about him?"

"Very unhappy man—this Sepman. I see at once he is very unhappy man."

"Because he was jealous of his wife?"

"No, I think. Not unhappy because jealous. But jealous because unhappy."

"I see. And Mrs. Sepman?"

Perperek spread out his hands. "If man is not right, woman is not right. When man is unhappy, then woman who is with him lives in bad weather every day. So she try other men for better weather."

"Yes, well I don't think we need to go into all that. Sepman was unhappy because he was worried and anxious about his business—is that it?"

"Anything you say," Perperek's indifference was enormous, like the blank moon face he turned to the indignant Coroner.

"It's not a question of anything I say. You must understand," he continued very slowly, showing a certain forbearance towards this obtuse foreigner, "that you are here to give evidence and therefore must answer my questions properly." He looked at his notes again.

"When you heard Sepman driving off, why did you insist upon accompanying Sir Charles Ravenstreet? Why in fact did you both follow them?"

"Is accident, I think."

"Ah—you thought there might be an accident, which of course you were anxious to prevent. But do you mean a genuine accident, due to careless driving, or a deliberate attempt at suicide on the part of Sepman?"

"Yes, yes, yes." And Perperek, smiling broadly, wagged his head.

"You cannot have understood the question. I am asking what it was you wished to prevent when you followed them. Merely an accident—or an attempt at suicide?"

"Is true—yes."

Somebody laughed, and this of course annoyed T. Bridgen Coss all the more.

"It must have been one or the other," he

shouted. "Do you know the meaning of the word accident—or the term suicide? You do? Good! Now we can get on. Did you think that Sepman might have an accident—or did you think he might commit suicide?"

"Is same thing."

"It is not the same thing. How can it be the same thing? And if you understand a reasonable amount of English, you ought to have realised by this time that this is exactly what we are trying to determine. The verdict of this court depends partly on your evidence. And let me add that if I thought you were deliberately trying to confuse the issue, perhaps withholding evidence, I would have you committed for contempt of court, which in this country, you had better understand, is a grave offence. Now will you give some thought to the questions I am putting to you, then answer them properly?"

"Only one can talk. If you talk all the time, then I cannot talk."

"That will do. But if there's anything relevant you wish to tell me—"

"Yes, I say some things." Perperek was

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Out of the dilapidated car there tumbled two lively looking children and their mother, followed by a young man with a grave, remote air.



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# MISS YESTERDAY

A tender and appealing story of a woman who couldn't forget the past

By WILL SCOTT

MISS LYDIA ARGENTE, carefully dusting her treasures, told herself every morning of her life that one of these fine days somebody would remember. The spotlight would pick her out once more and strangers passing in the street would look round and whisper: "Did you see? That was Lydia Argente!"

As strangers used to do thirty-five and forty years ago.

It was a stupid world that Miss Argente had lived on into. Miss Argente liked to think of her world, a world that didn't forget its favorites.

She remembered quiet mornings in Bond Street and leisurely afternoons in the Row. She remembered those miracles of evenings.

Her own carriage to the stage door and the little knot of worshippers. Her own dressing-room, next to the very stage itself. And those wonderful friends in front. Why, even Tree himself once had to wait until the cheers died down after her exit in "Little Lady Somebody."

And only the other morning a man, serving her a fillet of sole, had called her "Mum!"

And yet one of these days, she was sure, the spotlight would shine again. Not, perhaps, in the same way. But a spotlight that would make them look.

Once she had thought that her autobiography might do the trick. But nobody seemed to want to publish her autobiography.

So she dusted the manuscript with the rest of her treasures and waited for the right moment for some sign that somebody in this fidgety world still remembered her.

Miss Argente's treasures made a fine show. The fan she carried in "Little Lady Somebody." Her silver crown from "Queen of Hearts." Framed letters from Lewis Waller and Tree himself and lots of other "giants."

A tidy stack of the programmes of all her shows. And photograph after photograph of herself in all her principal roles.

She could have gone on talking about her little "museum" by the hour. But there was nobody to talk to.

Often in the mornings, her shopping over, Miss Argente would take a cup of coffee at The Willow Plate in the High Street. Few people ever noticed her, but she was always certain of a bright word from the plump woman they called Gertrude. Gertrude, in a blue-and-white check overall-uniform, brought her coffee on a blue-and-white check tray. A brassy-looking woman, some would have said, but a good soul all the same. It livened you up just to have a few words with her.

One morning when Miss Argente dropped in early, Gertrude surprised her by asking if she knew of a nice room at not too high a figure and not too far away.

Miss Argente scarcely knew why she did what she did. It was like a flash. Perhaps it was because you can be very lonely thirty-five or forty years from the spotlight. And, of course, Gertrude's lively way must have had something to do with it. And—she would at last have somebody to talk to about her "museum." But suddenly she said: "I've got a room. I'm sure I don't know if you'd like it, but—"

Gertrude's smile suggested that she wouldn't be able to help liking it. Gertrude promised to call at Miss

Argente's home on Thursday, her next afternoon off.

"We'll get on fine together, my dear," she said. "Something seems to tell me."

Something seemed to tell Miss Argente, too. The evenings would be shorter, with more fun in them if she had Gertrude helping her to pass them. The whole thing was an inspiration.

And then she was looking about on the chairs and on the floor, fussing around like an elderly hen with something on its mind.

"Ah," she said at last, picking up her purse from a dark corner. "I'm always dropping things. I wouldn't like to lose this. Not because of what's in it, I assure you. But it brings back the wonderful day when somebody bought it for me at Silversands."

As she went along the High Street she was a little puzzled by the look she had seen on Gertrude's face.

There had been a frown where she had never seen a frown before. You could almost have said that Gertrude was doing a bit of puzzling herself.

Thursday afternoon brought Gertrude dressed unfamiliarly in her smartest outdoor clothes, and she took a fancy to Miss Argente's little house at once.

"What a nice home!" she said.

The treasures were all in their places, but Gertrude noticed only one of them, a framed photograph at the side of the fireplace, a picture of Lydia Argente and a group of friends, taken in the sunshine of 1913.

"That's Silversands!" Gertrude exclaimed. "You mentioned Silversands the other day."

"Did I? Oh, yes, my purse."

"You don't mean you used to live there?"

"Why, no," said Miss Argente. "Some friends of mine had a bungalow there one summer, and I used to go down at week-ends sometimes. It's a very long time ago, I'm afraid. Why... Do you know Silversands?"

The frown vanished and Gertrude was her old smiling self again.

"I thought at first, my dear, you were sort of leading up to things. Silversands is my home town, though it's ages since I last saw it. I just wondered if you had spotted me."

Miss Argente felt she was looking rather stupid.

"Oh, well," said Gertrude, "if I'm coming to live here... And I am, you know!... I might as well out with it. It would slip out sooner or later, I expect. Mind, it's between ourselves. I wouldn't like a song and dance made of it. Not now."

In spite of the cheerful smile she looked rather like somebody confessing to murder.

"A year or two before the war," she said, "I was Miss Silversands."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Argente without quite seeing.

"Nobody would think so, looking at me now, but I was," said Gertrude. "First pick out of twenty of us! Miss Silversands—me! My dear, the things it was going to lead to! Hollywood—all that!"

She laughed.

"You feel a fool, looking back, when you're getting as fat as me," she said, "but it was fun at the time. Photos of me were all over the place. Miss Silversands. Was I tops that summer!"

"But, of course, next year another Miss Silversands came along and it



"You can't expect people to have any time for back numbers," said Gertrude, looking at the picture which she had taken from the mantelpiece.

wasn't my picture in the papers any more. Oh, well, you can't expect to play at beauty queens for ever.

"I don't really mind you knowing, my dear, but wouldn't my face be red if it got about? People have no time for back numbers. Well, you can't expect it, can you? I always say it's as well to know when you've had it. Then you can have the next lot—you can go on living."

"People take me for what I am at The Willow Plate. But if they knew what I was they'd never really see me for staring! I'd just be some-

thing in a dreary old museum. "Miss Yesterday!"

When everything was fixed up and Gertrude had arranged to move in on Saturday week and had gone away laughing at what she called her "secret," Miss Argente sat looking for a long time at the treasures Gertrude had never noticed.

"But she would notice, of course," she thought, "once she was settled in." And she remembered what Gertrude had said. "It's as well to know when you've had it. Then you can go on living."

Yes, it was going to be brighter now, with cheerful Gertrude in and out all the time, making the evenings shorter.

But... Slowly Miss Argente collected her treasures together. Quietly she put them away in the bottom drawer of a chest and turned the key. Then she stood for a moment where Gertrude had stood and looked at herself in the mirror.

"The day before yesterday!" she was thinking.

(Copyright)



# Susannah and the Elders

**T**HE trouble is that my father is a little bit too old to be a movie star. This is my personal opinion, because I see how tired he gets riding the stationary bicycle we have in the play-room.

Mr. Mishner, who is his agent, tells everybody that he is in the pink, but Mr. Mishner spends all his time at the studios and his office, so I don't see how he knows how my father feels.

All Mr. Mishner says is that Bogart is giving out his right age to the Press and Gable is letting his hair go white, so why is my father worrying?

Mr. Mishner got very angry when my father told Les Carew he was tired of pretending to be a kid and maybe Les ought to keep that in mind. Mr. Carew is a producer at the studio where my father has a contract, with an option coming up in December.

For this reason, Mr. Mishner says Father ought to watch his step and just do whatever scripts the studio sends him; but that's kind of silly, because the last one was a bosom-and-sand epic (that's a desert picture with a native girl in it), and they were going to do it in Palm Springs, where my father always gets sunstroke.

Mr. Mishner came over to our house the minute he heard what my father had said, and he brought the writers on the picture over, too. In fact, they're friends of Father's, because their specialty is swashbuckle, and that's what my father does the most of.

I've known them ever since I was a little girl. In fact, I call them Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted. They always write together as a team, Moffit and Morris, and one year they got an Academy Award for a picture called "Sand." Uncle Alan is married to a lady who likes to spend all her time in France, and Uncle Ted is divorced, so they're around the house quite a bit to keep Father company when he's not shooting.

Father doesn't do anything without talking it over with them. In fact, when my mother died they came over and moved in with us for a few weeks. I don't remember much about it except that my father locked himself in his room and wouldn't come out for about three days.

It was Uncle Alan who found the girls' school I go to in Beverly Hills, and he takes me shopping all the time when I need school clothes and stuff.

Anyway, the day my father told Les Carew he was getting too old to go around saying, "All right, men, this is it," Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted came over to the house with Father and Mr. Mishner.

First they went swimming in our pool—which is usually empty and dirty because our gardener doesn't bother with much except sprinkling the lawn—and then they got themselves some beer and sat down for a heart-to-heart talk. The first thing Mr. Mishner said was, "Susie, why don't you go inside and look at television?"

"Let her stay," said Father. "If anybody in this town gives a hoot for me, it's Susie."

"She's a woman now," said Uncle Ted. "Let her stay."

"Fellows," said my father, "here it is. I went to my doctor the other day. I've got an ulcer and high blood-pressure. In short, I'm more buckle than swash, and it's high time I faced it."

Uncle Ted and Uncle Alan looked at each other. They weren't smiling like they usually do. "Is this on the level?" Uncle Ted asked.

"He doesn't like the script," Mr. Mishner explained.

"Who does?" Uncle Alan asked. "It's a clinker. I ought to know; I wrote it."

"I'll tell you who likes the script," Mr. Mishner said hotly. "Mr. Les Carew likes the script, that's who. He liked it well

enough to let you two work on it for sixteen weeks."

"The money was fine; the script isn't," Uncle Ted said.

"So you're advising him to walk out?"

"It sounds like it's walk or crawl," said Uncle Alan. "I vote for walk."

Mr. Mishner shrugged. "I'm not an undertaker," he said. "I'm an agent. I just have this to say: Our friend, Mr. Joshua Kane, here is not exactly loaded. He's got this house to pay for, and he's got Susie to think about. He says he's no spring chicken. I'm not arguing. I'm only saying that he'd better make hay while he can. They could have had Flynn for this picture. Carew handed it to you, Joshua. You'd better grab."

My father just sort of sat there. He looked around at the house and the garden, and sighed. "You know," he said quietly, "I'd like a little house on the beach beyond Malibu. I'd like to build Susie a boat and slop around."

Uncle Ted, who had a penthouse apartment and a red English sports car, shook his head. "You'd go crazy," he said.

Uncle Alan, who has a white English sports car and a bar in his house, said, "Look, son, that isn't for you. If you want to knock off for a few months and get into shape, fine. Great. But this back-to-the-land stuff is for the birds."

"I'd grow some tomatoes," said Father, "and maybe buy a dog."

"Before old rockin' chair gets you," said Uncle Ted, "I've got an idea. Did you ever meet Mitzi Wallace?"

"They call her Rocket," said Uncle Alan reflectively. "Rocket Wallace."

Mr. Mishner looked at me and frowned. "Susie, dear," he said, "I could use an aspirin."

I knew they wanted to get rid of me and I knew why. Every time my father talks about quitting and doing what he wants to, this happens. Uncle Ted or Uncle Alan tries to get him to go out with some girl. They keep telling him that what he needs is a hobby, like collecting blondes.

They just don't understand my father. Oh, they put in the gossip columns that he goes out with Sandra Laurel or Phyllis Frost, if he is making a picture with them, but he really doesn't. He just lets them say so, because the studio wants everybody to think he's a great lover. In fact, he doesn't go out with girls at all.

It's terribly sad, because he really is awfully lonesome, and when I'm at school he just sort of pots around the house. He has a little woodwork shop fixed up and he makes a few things down there when he gets blue.

The reason I don't live at home is that my father says it isn't the kind of a home for a growing girl. For one thing, we've got this houseboy, Jerrico, who doesn't like to clean up.

Jerrico orders a lot of expensive things from the grocery store, but when we want to eat at home there's nothing in the house but anchovies or sauerkraut.

If you ask me, the whole place is just like in that picture, "Sunset Boulevard." Our lawn is all patchy and sunburned, and the pool never gets cleaned out, and the rooms are all dusty and stuffy. Also there are the hills. They're awful.

I was home once when they came, and my father put on his glasses and took a good look. He almost fainted.

Actually, what my father needs is a good wife. A person thinks because a person is a movie star he isn't a human being. I mean, everybody gets so used to seeing my father swinging around by his hands and giving people orders and making love that they sort of get the idea that he's some sort of a superman.

Even the kids at school think so, and

most of them are in the business. I mean their fathers are producers or directors or something like that. I think my father's pretty good-looking, but he wears a snappy little hair piece, which was made for him, and he needs glasses like anything.

Actually, glamor makes him sort of sick. Lots of times he tells me about when he was a fisherman up in Astoria, Oregon, with his own boat. That's what he was before he was a movie star. Then some big director, who died before I was born, came up there and saw him. That is, the leading-lady friend of the director saw him and said he would be a marvellous star.

The director came down to the wharf where my father kept his boat and hired it to go fishing. When they got out beyond the breakwater, this director put away his line and told my father that he ought to be in pictures.

My father said that sure handed him a laugh, because he couldn't act for sour grapes, but the director said that all he'd have to do was move around and wave his arms and look handsome. That was before sound, see, so he wasn't going to have to talk at all.

Well, that sounded pretty easy to my father because he worked hard being a fisherman and he wanted to get married to my mother and he couldn't because he was broke. They talked it over, my father and my mother, and they decided that if this director was dumb enough to pay my father as much money as he said he would for just making faces, my father should take the job. My mother and father got married right in Astoria and came down to Hollywood together.

My father said it was just plain silly what happened after that. I mean, he made this picture called "Deep Sea" and right after that he was a great big star. He said he never could figure out why just the sight of him running around without his shirt on made him a star, but that's the way it happened.

He told me that this was some crazy town in those days. Everybody acted silly and lived in very fancy places and gave real wild parties, except my father. He bought our house, though, because the studio said he had to stop acting like a fisherman and get some glamor. He never should have done it, because he doesn't have much sense about money, and there's a big mortgage on it which he has never paid off.

The trouble is that after my mother died my father didn't do so well taking care of himself, and all kinds of people tried to help him out. Actually they found out that he was sort of dumb about money, and before he turned around he didn't know where his money had gone.

I can remember a lot of people who sort of hung around our house, eating all their meals with us and calling long distance on the telephone and ordering things up and letting my father pay for it. I guess he would have gone on like that forever if Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted hadn't helped him.

They saw all the spongers (that's what they called them), and they saw that my father was a softie (that's what they called him), and they got Mr. Mishner to take him on as a client and see that he wasn't so stupid about himself.

Mr. Mishner is kind of cranky because he has ulcers, but I guess down deep he really loves my father. He won't admit it, though. In fact, he says my father is just another work horse to him. He tries to act like he means it, but I guess he doesn't.

The reason I know that he is a friend is that when I got diphtheria he was the one

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Then Moffit and Morris came in. Uncle Ted looked around and said, "Well, if it isn't a tea party."



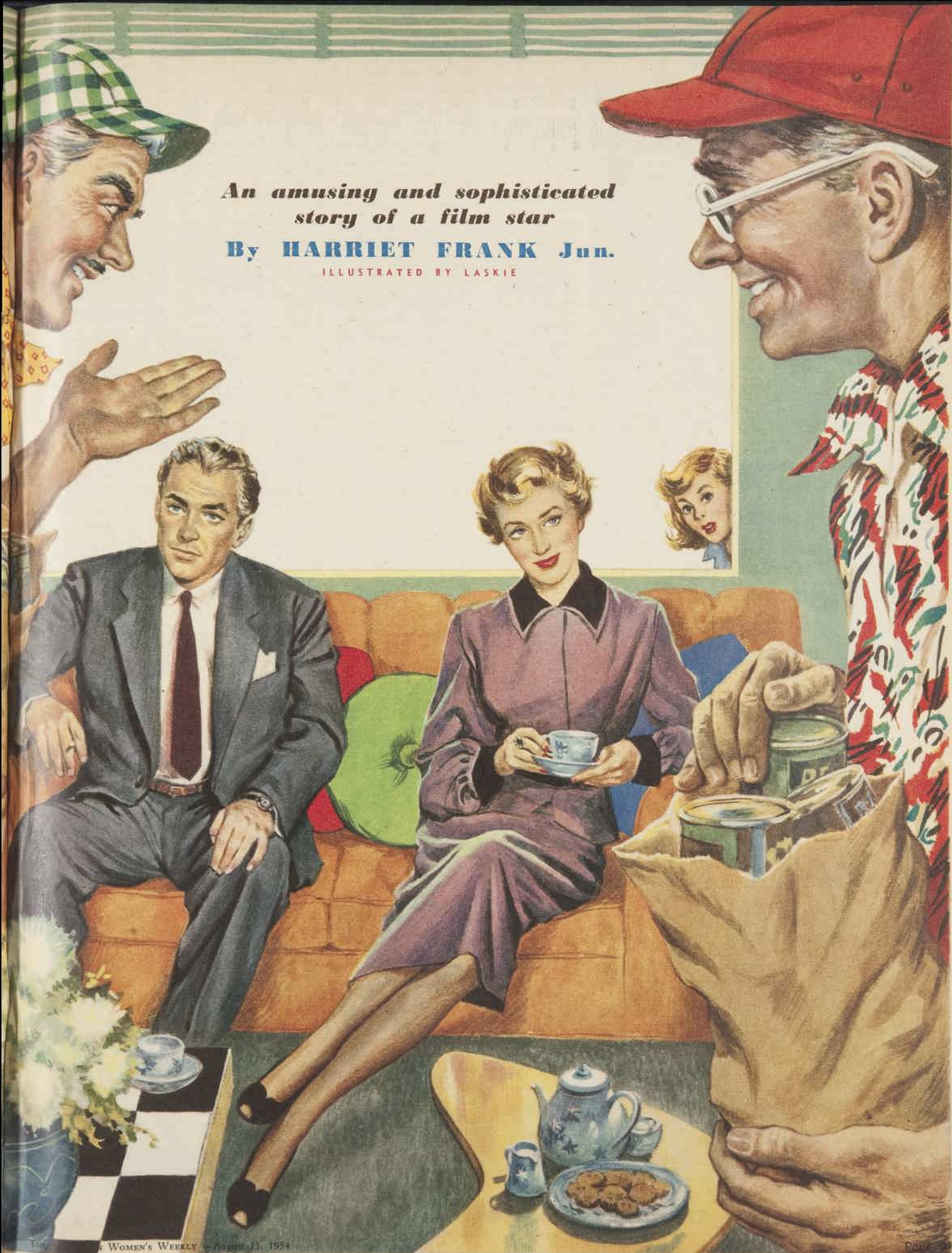
*Ron Jaskie*



*An amusing and sophisticated  
story of a film star*

**By HARRIET FRANK Jun.**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE





who had a real famous doctor flown in from Philadelphia to take care of me.

Mr. Mishner doesn't have any children of his own, and he told my father that any time my father couldn't pay him his ten per cent, he'd take me instead. My father says if it weren't for Mishner, Moffit and Morris, he wouldn't have ever got over my mother's dying. Just the same, they are men and not what my father needs.

What he needs is to be happy and have some nice woman married to him who won't care that he's going bald or that he wants to live out beyond Malibu in a little house and have a dog. Oh, there are plenty of ladies in this town who would have married him. I guess I know more about them than anybody, because I'm the one they fuss over.

Only last year, there was this movie actress who decided that she would like to marry my father. You'd know the name if I said it, but I think it's better to keep it private. Anyway this lady is a very big star who always plays nervous women in her pictures, but she does it very good.

She played a nervous woman in a picture with my father, in which she got my father to kill her husband, but then my father went straight and confessed everything, and she was left out in the cold. It was a pretty good picture.

Anyway, they saw a lot of each other, and she started asking him some personal questions about himself. He right away told her about me, because he tells everybody about me, even the columnists.

Well, she wanted to know where was I, and how old was I, and everything like that. He told her how I go to this very expensive girls' school in Beverly Hills and how I look like my mother.

## Continuing . . . . Susannah and the Elders

from page 9

The very next day she came around to school in her car and took me out for the afternoon. She took me for a ride, and she bought me ice-cream, and she asked me about a hundred questions about my father.

She wanted to know what my mother was like, and what my father liked to eat, and did I ever hear Moffit or Morris talking about her. I knew what was worrying her. Everybody in this town knows that Moffit and Morris are my father's best friends, and they usually tell my father just what they think about everything and everybody.

She'd had a fight with them when they wrote her last picture, because she said they gave all the big scenes to Rocket Wallace. I felt kind of sorry for her, because she was trying so hard to get my father, and I knew she was wasting her time because Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted had already told my father that he ought to run for his life. She gave up after about three weeks and didn't come to see me any more.

That's mostly how it was with all of them, but that didn't change the fact that my father was lonesome and getting old pretty fast. He just had to get a nice wife because if he didn't he wouldn't have anybody but me to take care of him, and when I get the braces off my teeth I expect to get married some day myself.

It was a big problem. I thought about talking it over with Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted, but all the ladies they know are like Rocket Wallace, and Uncle Ted doesn't think much of marriage anyway because his wife only comes home from Europe when she has to go to the dentist or to get new clothes.

Even so, I decided I'd better see how they felt about it before I made any plans, because my father discusses everything he does with them. Once he made a picture without them, and their feelings got so hurt they didn't come over to drink beer for a week. That made my father feel terrible.

When they're not at the studio, they hang around the West Side Tennis Club a lot watching other people exercise, so I went over there to see them.

They bought me a chocolate soda, but I couldn't drink it, I was so nervous. Finally I just blurted it all out. They looked at each other when I was finished and started shaking their heads.

"Don't you worry, baby," Uncle Alan said.

"Leave it to us, cooky," Uncle Ted said. "We'll fix him up."

"Yep," said Uncle Alan, patting my hand, "we'll get him a bird and all the trimmings. He won't be lonesome any more."

That really scared me. I knew they'd come up with all sorts of crazy ideas that wouldn't be good for my father, but he was getting so lonesome he might just do what they said out of desperation.

I heard my father say once that Uncle Ted had got married out of desperation, and his wife took all of the furniture and went to Las Vegas four months later.

I certainly didn't want anything like that to happen to my father.

Well, I have one friend, Midgie Carew, whose father is a producer at the studio where my father works, and I decided

to talk it over with her. We room together at school, and I've known her ever since I was born.

She's a pretty smart girl. She writes poetry. She says when she grows up she's going to go to Paris and write poetry. There isn't very much else for her to do because both her father and her mother are going to be analysts and they don't have much time for her.

So I bought a couple of chocolate bars and some sodas, and we settled down for a good heart-to-heart talk.

"The trouble is," I said, "finding the person for him to marry!"

"If you make a mistake," Midgie said, "he'd have to go through analysis, so you better be careful."

She was right, because that's what happened to her mother and father. "Well," I said, "I'm not hurrying. I've just begun to look around. Do you know anybody?"

She thought about it while she ate her chocolate and drank her soda. "Gee," she said, "everybody I know, you know. They're all in the business."

"That's right," I said, "and I kind of would like somebody who wasn't in movies at all. Somebody plain."

"How about Ginny Thomas?" Ginny Thomas is a movie star who always acts the part of a nice girl in her pictures.

"She only acts plain," I said. "Uncle Alan says she's as big a flirt as he's ever seen."

"Oh!"

"Anybody else?"

"I can't think of anybody. We have people over to the house all the time but they're mostly neurotic. They all go to Dr. Wexben."

"I know one person who would be keen," I said, "but I don't think she'd want to

mess around with marrying a movie star."

"Who?"

"Miss Adams."

Midgie's eyes kind of bulged out. "You mean Miss Adams who teaches us English literature?"

I nodded. "She's awfully nice and sweet and plain," I said, "and she's not married. Also, she's very refined, and she smells very good, too."

Midgie thought it over and nodded her head up and down. "She'd be keen, all right," she said.

"As far as she's concerned Hollywood is just a town in California. The trouble is, how could you work it?"

"Well," I said, "I've got an idea. It's sort of corny, but if you ask me, adults don't mind corny things."

Midgie nodded. "What's your plan?"

"Well, you told me all about being neurotic and everything so I've decided I'm going to be neurotic. Just temporary neurotic."

Midgie looked surprised. "There are all kinds of neurotic," she said. "Which kind are you going to be, and why?"

"Maladjusted," I said, "with crying and moping around."

"I don't see what that's got to do with your father marrying Miss Adams."

"That's where the corny part comes in. I'm going to start being neurotic in Miss Adams' classes." Whenever you act mopey or anything in this school I go to, they right away ask your parents to come and talk to your teachers.

Midgie got a real pleased look on her face when I told her my plan. "Go on," she said, "tell me more."

I ate a little bit more of my chocolate bar, because eating chocolate helps me when I've

got something to figure out. "I thought maybe I'd do a lot of sighing right where she could hear me. That's just to start off with. Then after a while when she sees I'm getting pretty goopey and blue she'll ask me to stay after class."

"Then's when I'll do the crying and moping part, see?" "Well," she'll say, 'what are you crying and moping for, Susie?' And I'll say, 'It's my home life, Miss Adams.' I had to catch my breath because I was talking pretty fast.

"Then what?" asked Midgie. She likes stuff like this. It appeals to her poetic nature.

"I'll tell her that I'm very unhappy because my mother died and my father, who is a very attractive man, is not paying any attention to me because he is grieving like mad about my mother."

"I'll say that I want to live at home but I can't, because Jerrico is such a bad housekeeper and runs up the bills. I'll say that my father drinks too much beer with Moffit and Morris and it isn't good for his health, and unless some kind, good woman marries him and helps me out, I'll just have a nervous breakdown. How does that sound?"

"Marvellous," said Midgie. "I think so," I said, feeling pretty good.

"But do you think she'll do anything about it?"

"Of course," I said, "because I'll ask her to come over to the house and see what a mess everything is in. My father can do the rest."

"What if Moffit and Morris don't like her?" Midgie knows all about Moffit and Morris, and how my father listens to every word they say.

I thought about Miss Adams and her pretty eyes and soft neat hair and nice figure.

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# THE MODERN WAY TO WRITE

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### "THE PEN FOR ME," says film scripter

KAY KEAVNEY, radio and screen scriptwriter, now writing for Treasure Island Productions in "The Adventures of Long John Silver," is another enthusiastic user of the Scroll Automatic. Miss Keavney writes: "After writing a radio or film script, I revise and polish it in longhand. For this work, a reliable, fluent pen becomes a 'must.' I have found the answer in a Scroll Automatic."



### "WRITES SPLENDIDLY AT 12,000 FT.," says A.N.A. pilot.

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# The Night of a Hundred Stars

★ Noel Coward, who for years has organised an annual theatrical garden party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, this year produced a mammoth entertainment with "The Night of 100 Stars" at London's famous Palladium Theatre. At midnight, after all the regular shows in the West End had closed, 135 top-name artists made their bow before a mink-and-plush audience. More pictures on pages 16 and 17.



DUET by Coward and Marlene Dietrich, left, who giggles as she hears the pace at which she will have to sing their duet number "Land, Sea, and Air."

PATRICE WYMORE, above, wife of Errol Flynn, in England while her husband works at Elstree, rehearses her song-and-dance number for the show.



AMERICAN SINGER Carol Bruce, now starring in "Pal Joey" in London, discusses her number over the footlights with the orchestra leader. Pictures on this page and pages 16 and 17 of this entertainment, an almost too-rich feast for fans, were taken by Alec Murray.



CELEBRATED COMEDIANS Stanley Holloway and Frankie Howard provide an hilarious Regency sketch. Stanley Holloway made an unusual Regency buck and Frankie Howard was a delight as the "lady" he woos in a sedan chair.



# OUR IRISH FASHION PARADES

● The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce that it is bringing famous Irish fashion designer Sybil Connolly to Australia with her own Irish mannequins and latest collection.

Fashion parades will begin in Sydney early in spring. Through the parades and our pages Australian women will see the exciting clothes that have swept Ireland to the forefront of the international fashion world and brought wide renown to their designer.



SYBIL CONNOLLY

THE world is beating a path to the doorway of 34-year-old Irish designer Sybil Connolly.

Miss Connolly's latest collection has been bought in its entirety by The Australian Women's Weekly. To it she will add clothes designed specially for Australian women.

The clothes will be modelled by Miss Connolly's mannequins, assisted by two of Australia's leading high fashion models.

A gala parade at Princes on the evening of October 4 will begin the showings, which will continue twice daily for a week at Mark Foy's Ltd.

The 66 models that will be shown here include the first swimsuit Miss Connolly has ever designed.

She is still in two minds about this, but is anxious to try the water-repellent woollen hand-knit (worn by the fishermen of the Isle of Arran before Miss Connolly got her clever fingers on to it) for a new cover-up suit.

Australia is a new world for Sybil Connolly to conquer, and she is tremendously thrilled about her trip.

It is less than two years since she first went out from her grey-and-white salon in Grafton Street, Dublin, to win world markets for Irish clothes and fabrics.

She has taken the harsh invincibility from Donegal tweed and turned it into a wonderfully light, soft material in pastels and strong fashion tones that take their colors from the Connemara hills.

She has borrowed the vivid red flannel which the peasant women of Connemara have worn for petticoats for generations to make elegant evening dresses.

She has taken baineen (pronounced "bawneen") undyed flannel in creamy colors for simple shirtmaker dresses.

She uses miraculously fine Irish linen, caught into myriad pleats, for collars, bodices, even for whole dresses.

The fine laces in traditional patterns, which are made by the nuns of Carrickmacross, trim her evening gowns.



This season she has spiced her collection with the saffron flannel which is used for the kilt worn for traditional Irish dancing.

Miss Connolly's success has meant a good deal to Ireland, a small country with a declining population and an urgent need to find markets.

So complicated are the economics of fashion nowadays that it is entirely true to say that on Miss Connolly's slim shoulders

*ROMANTIC green velvet "Kinsale" evening cloak, worn over a white pure silk jersey evening gown, designed by Sybil Connolly, famous Irish couturier.*

rests more responsibility for her country's economic health than on those of practically any politician or civil servant.

But patriotism in fashion is not enough.

National novelties—like Capri blouses, treader pants—serve to

catch the attention, to distract the eye.

They do not make a collection. The collection which Miss Connolly is bringing to Australia was a critical one for her.

And she has succeeded beautifully. The world fashion Press and important and critical buyers have acclaimed the clothes.

This collection is a beautifully constructed whole.

There is careful attention to detail, absolute sureness of line,

unerring taste, and the ease and elegance which sit so lightly on the Irish.

Perhaps her most signal fashion achievement so far is the pale-colored suit.

She has also achieved a renaissance of the entirely romantic evening dress which never even begins to look as if it will be tucked up to get into a tram.

Her basic idea in dressing—this she established when she had only practical Irish clients to think about—is that clothes should be simple for day and splendid at night.

Sybil Connolly herself is a tremendously attractive woman.

She is tall and slender, with dark hair springing back from a high forehead. She has dark eyes and a finely featured face, at its most attractive when she is animated.

She has a wonderful, soft voice, with only the faintest brogue.

Sybil Connolly is far from the shamrocks and shillelagh school of Irish, but she has an endearing love of her city and country.

She is passionately interested in preserving the best of Irish architecture, the best of Irish living.

Her favorite working outfit is a white Irish linen blouse and a pleated skirt of saffron flannel—the Irish kilt again. With this she wears a black velvet blazer jacket.

In Dublin she has the stimulating company of a small group of friends. These include Michael Scott, who is designing the new Abbey Theatre in Dublin and the new Ireland House, which is being built in New York to display Irish goods.

It is impossible to believe, seeing Miss Connolly in Dublin, that she could live and work elsewhere for long.

She has no wish to establish herself in a wider sphere.

"I wouldn't like London," she said. "Everything so organized."

Her salon still has a casual air, which is balanced by her warm enthusiasm and by the energy with which her staff work for her.



**We bring  
Sybil Connolly  
to Australia**



"V. ANESSA." Lightweight pastel Donegal tweed suit by Sybil Connolly. Donegal tweeds are high fashion since Miss Connolly had them woven in pastels and becoming color tones.



"TOWN AND COUNTRY" (above). Elegance in yellow Donegal tweed coat shows purity of line of Connolly clothes.  
EXQUISITE wedding gown (right) in Irish hand crochet. Connolly gowns are noted for the native handicrafts used.





# GRACE BROS

3 STORES

BROADWAY

BPNDI

PARRAMATTA

## Spring FROCKS

WASHABLE  
WEARABLE

*Priced to Please*

MF5WW/8

29<sup>11</sup>

35<sup>-</sup>

ME6WW/8

ME7WW/8

37<sup>6</sup>

ME8WW/8

35<sup>-</sup>

25<sup>11</sup>

ME9WW/8

*Joshua Hoyle's Hercules Cotton*

*Plenty for Mail Orders*

MF5WW/8.—Pretty cool—this bare-armed, bare-throated Sun Charmer of washable Striped Cotton has enchanting little shoulder bows, doll sized waist, and a full billowing skirt with 2 cute pockets. Striped in Red/white, Blue/white, and Green/white. SSW, SW, W. Tiny priced at 29/11

ME6WW/8.—Here's a wonderful way to look lovely this Summer! A charmingly flower-printed frock of Joshua Hoyle's guaranteed washable "Hercules" Cotton, styled with a cool deep neckline, tiny sleeves, and pockets in the whirling wide skirt. Summer Shades of Blue, Green, Gold or Plum. SSW, SW, W. Price 35/-

ME7WW/8.—Greet the Summer with coolness in this casual Herculoid FROCK, that washes and washes. Made with becoming rever neckline, fastening to waist, trimmed piping and buttons. 1/2 sleeves, and trim-fitting 6-gored skirt. Pretty designs on attractive colors of Blue, Green, or Maize. W, XW, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price 37/6

ME8WW/8.—Decorative Frock of Spun Rayon printed in charming florals in attractive colorings. Shirtmaker neckline with yoke effect in the popular button to hem style. Contrast buttons and unpressed pleats in skirt-front. W, XW, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Colors: Saxe, Green, Grey or Tan. Price 35/-

ME9WW/8.—Pretty Cotton FROCK for the not-so-slim figures in a good range of colorful Floral prints. Slenderising V neckline, with yoke, contrast piping and buttons to waistline. Stitched pleats to hipline and self belt. W, XW, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Price 25/-

POSTAGE

1/3 for each garment throughout the Commonwealth for cash transactions, C.O.D. extra.

# GRACE BROS

Plg. P.O. Box  
Ltd. 42 Broadway Sydney.



# DAVISON LEATHER LACQUER



## New Colour for BAGS & SHOES



Davison Leather Lacquer solves the problem of matching shoes and handbags. There are 20 colours as well as gold and silver for evening wear. Worn children's shoes can be waterproofed and renewed with Davison Leather Lacquer. Comfortable old shoes can be maintained with an application of this easy-to-use lacquer. Dry in a few minutes.

DAVISON PAINTS LTD.

# Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

# Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

# Staisweet



Make Baby's Hair  
GROW CURLY  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE

## Curlypet

## BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to useless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Dean's Backache-Kidney Pills. Dean's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

## HAS YOUR CHILD GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COWSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954

# Worth Reporting

**SYDNEY** has been breaking out in a rash of unusual exhibitions lately and we've been having a busy time trying to catch up with them.

However, we did manage to get along to an exhibition of modern furniture, to what is claimed to be Australia's first teapot exhibition, and to a photographic exhibition of "beautiful brides."

We found it a bit bewildering after attending the display of 20th century furniture suddenly to find ourselves gazing at a teapot made of red clay in 1693.

There were also a 19th century teapot made in the shape of the Chinese character for Happiness, an English teapot made in the shape of the national emblem of the Isle of Man (three legs), and a clay teapot, jug, and bowl made by a convict at Parramatta in 1790.

However, we lingered longest over a china teapot in the shape of a rooster and several "puzzle" teapots.

When the "puzzle" teapots are brought into service, the tea is made first and the pot filled from the bottom and corked.

At the exhibition of "beautiful brides" we learnt from photographer Monte Luke that, contrary to our belief, brides are among the easiest people to photograph.

"About 80 per cent. of them are photographed at home before the ceremony," he told us, "and are just at that right stage of excitement not to be too conscious of the camera."

"They forget they are being photographed when I talk to them about their gown and mention the poor bridegroom waiting at the altar."

A FRIEND of ours asked her 8-year-old daughter the other day whether she "liked living with mummy and daddy."

The daughter, who is given 6d. a week pocket money, considered for several minutes and replied: "Well, if I were Eleanor's little girl (the housewife next door) I'd get 1/- a week, but I think I'd rather be yours and daddy's."

## BOOK NEWS By HELEN GORDON

**RICHARD MORANDI**, tall, dark, handsome, with a hint of mystery in his background, is discovered first in 18th century Venice in Samuel Shella-barger's newest historical romance, "Lord Vanity," published by Collins.

Here he spends his time acting in a troupe, playing the violin at noblemen's parties, and gently wooing the ballerina Maritta.

But the author is not content to leave his hero to harmless pursuits.

He involves Richard, in rapid succession, in a stabbing affray which sends him to the galleys, an escape from captivity engineered by an English nobleman who recognises Richard as his illegitimate son,

## New swim suits

THE big fashion houses say that next season's swim suits will come in two main styles—form-fitting and form-flattering.

For the slim-legged woman, the bloomer suit will be the thing. In these suits, gathering starts anywhere from the waist to a flattering mid-hip spot, and some will have a belt to whittle the waist. Matching shorts, matador pants and halter-necked or strapless tops will be included among the swim-sports garments next summer.

In its August 10 issue, A.M., the weekly family magazine, publishes a two-page preview in color of these exciting new beach and bathing fashions.

## Comic strips all haywire

FOUR young R.A.A.F. Air Training Corps cadets who left Australia by air recently to spend several weeks as guests of the R.A.F. were feeling worried about what might be expected of them in England.

When we met them in Adelaide just before their aircraft took off, they seemed sorry they hadn't a few boomerangs, bull roasters, didgeridoos, or spears in their luggage, or ochre for war paint.

"The English have funny ideas about Australia," one of them explained.

"My young brother gets an English comic sent to him with a strip about Australia in it. All the characters ride horses madly, pull boomerangs out of their belts and throw them, and they sometimes go for rides on the tails of kangaroos."

The youngsters — Cadet Sergeant Richard ("Brick") Bradford, 17, of Brisbane, Cadet Flight-Sergeant Alan Tough, 15, of Perth, Cadet Pilot-Officer Bob Halverson, 16, of Melbourne, and Cadet Officer Ron Hubery, 15, of Sydney — quickly became friends when they met in Adelaide a few days before leaving for England.

and an ascent to fortune and renown as the Englishman's protégé.

Soon Richard is off again, scaling the Heights of Abraham with General Wolfe as an officer of the English Army in Canada.

His wanderings end happily in Paris. By the time the reader reaches the 446th page of "Lord Vanity," he has followed Richard over most of Europe and the New World, watched him perform most of the dashing antics we've come to expect of the heroes of historical romances, especially Dr. Shellabarger's heroes.

If you like historical romance, you will like this one. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

## He sews with his feet

FOR his entry of a table centre embroidered entirely with his feet, Mr. J. Hall, of Wagga (N.S.W.), was awarded a special prize of £50 in a recent needlework competition in Sydney.

Mr. Hall, who has been suffering from cerebral palsy since birth, began to make his toes do the work of fingers when an unsuccessful operation was performed on his hands.

Mr. Hall, who is now 30, learned to type when he enrolled as a pupil in the Blackfriars Correspondence School in Sydney.

After he left "school" he became interested in needlework, pottery, and tinting photographs.

"I was taught by my cousin how to do needlework," he said, "and then I worked it my way."

"I place the cloth on a large piece of cardboard on the floor. Working it, I hold the needle between the toes of my left foot, insert the needle acutely, and then bring it up again, holding the cloth firmly against the cardboard with the right foot."

Mr. Hall, who could not walk until he was eight years of age, is a keen sporting fan, and listens in to most of the local and overseas sporting sessions.

"I know that victims of cerebral palsy are often considered hopeless cripples or mentally deficient, because we are not normal physically," he added.

"However, given the opportunity and a certain amount of encouragement, we can become just 'handicapped' members of society."

"I am sure that if parents and the general public were educated to look upon us as such, there would not be the tragedy of unhappy 'shut-in' spastics that exists in Australia today."

"I am always willing to give any assistance to those who are suffering from cerebral palsy."

## Food for thought

THE night was cold and a hot supper was being served to guests at Sydney's Law Ball recently when a wave of 700 distressed but ladylike gasps ran round the tables.

While waitresses served solicitors, article clerks, and their fellow males with chops, sausages, and chips, the ladies present were given plates of mince and mashed potatoes.

Covetous eyes were cast by the ladies on their escorts' plates. Some brazen types suggested a "swap."

But the men were not only ungenerous but revelling in the situation. Here was evidence of the superiority of the male.

A few of them did relent to the extent of offering a sausage, but the majority retained custody of the chops.

**Footnote:** Organisers (males) and caterer (male) assured us that the distinction was unintentional. If we believe them, then it must have been the waitresses (female) who let down their own sex.

# Drying skin makes people say— "she's looking older!"



## now — lanolin-richness that's homogenized! Dry skin soaks up its "restorative" oils quicker, deeper!

Even before 25, the gradual drying-out of natural oils will give your skin a roughened, coarser look. Don't let dry skin age your face. Start tonight to use this special oil-replacer — Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

How homogenizing increases the lanolin benefits of Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

Un-homogenized cream has coarse globules — cannot penetrate easily. Homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream has fine, even texture. Your skin can absorb it better, deeper — more quickly.

## Rich in LANOLIN



Start your Pond's Dry Skin creamings tonight — see your skin become softer, younger-looking!



# The MAGIC of mustard...



Never forget the freshly-made Mustard!

It's just as essential as pepper and salt

to bring out meat's distinctive flavour. Use it to give

a relish to a grill, a delicious tang to stews,

a new lease of life to sandwiches. And most certainly

with rich dishes, such as

roast pork or roast duck.



# KEEN'S MUSTARD



makes all the difference!





COMEDY SKETCH by John Mills and Margaret Lockwood was set in a cafe and called "We're a Couple of Swells."

# Stage and Film Stars at Rehearsal



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER, above, practised for a long time before he felt that he could partner experienced actor Jack Buchanan for their old-time, soft-shoe shuffle.

LEFT: Noel Coward, right, talks over plans with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., who also appeared in the show. Coward's satiric song "Let's Do It" was the show's raciest and most successful turn.

ERROL FLYNN and his wife, Patrice Wymore (right), sang a duet. Flynn also sang a wicked solo skit on the Kinsey report on women.







**BIT PART** for Vivien Leigh, who played an extra in a cafe scene. While waiting for her call, she talks to Cyril Raymond and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, jun.



**TWO CAFE CHARLADIES**, played by Kathleen Harrison and Hermione Baddeley, made a great hit with their mop, bucket, and down-to-earth gossip. Hermione Baddeley is no stranger to the revue technique and Kathleen Harrison has often played a charwoman or a maid in her films, so both stars were in their element.



**A CUP OF TEA** during rehearsal break for musical star Jessie Matthews, who sat chatting to the production manager of the theatre, Charles Henry. "The Night of 100 Stars" was presented at the Palladium, where many of the artists had often performed.



**AUSTRALIAN** Ron Randell, above, talked to skating, ballet, and film star Belita while they waited for their turn. Ron Randell will soon be rehearsing for his starring role in "Sabrina Fair." At left, Herbert Lom, Valerie Hobson, and Michael Redgrave, extras for a cafe scene, enjoy the antics of the principals.



**MILK, MILK  
FRESH CREAMY  
MILK!**



... that's the  
secret of  
all that's good in  
Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

It's delicious — it's nourishing; that's because there is a glass and a half of FRESH full-cream milk in every half pound of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. It goes further too; the new, oblong-shaped 1½ lb. block gives you 5 more chunky squares to share around. And, if you like your Dairy Milk Chocolate with nuts, ask for these favourites: Nut Milk, Brazil Nut, Toasted Almond, Candy Nut, Almond & Raisins. You'll always right if you'll always say: "I Want Cadbury's!"

• Made by Cadbury's at Claremont, Tasmania  
in the famous factory by mountain and sea.

M063-16-4



**New super-cream deodorant**

**SAFELY STOPS  
PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS**

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry.  
Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

**Smoother, creamier Arrid**

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.

**ARRID**

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE USE  
ARRID — BE SURE!



A2-12

MOTHER



"We've made you a cup of tea, Mum!"

BUTCH



"When a valde goes, Butch just replaces the set. Much cheaper in the long run, he says."



**Teething trouble**

During the difficult teething period Steedman's Powders are just the thing for baby's good health. Steedman's aid regular habits and cool the bloodstream. Used by mothers for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedman's, Box 17570, G.P.O., Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

GIVE

**STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS  
for Regularity**

AT ALL CHEMISTS

Made in England.



Since girlhood  
grandma has  
always insisted  
on genuine

**PHILIPS**



**ASTHMA COUGHERS  
GIVE THANKS FOR  
LUCKY DISCOVERY**

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendaço, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to extricate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaço from your chemist or store-to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

**FOOT ITCH  
HELPED 1st DAY**

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the sole of your feet? The real cause is a germ of fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

**DIABETICS! SAVE MONEY.**  
Pain and Worry. Economical Hints and Suggestions by a Diabetic. Saves its cost many times. Send 2/6 P.O. to Diabetic Pub. Co., G.P.O. Box No. 1627, SYDNEY.

## It seems to me

**A**BOUT 600 miles north of this typewriter there's a fringe of she-oaks along some sandhills.

Underneath them are sheltered hollows out of the wind, carpeted with the brown leaves of the trees. You can lie there staring up at the etched pattern of the branches on the sky, and listen to the sea over the sandhills.

Leaning against the trunk of the favorite tree there are some fishing-rods, and the lunch-bag is hanging on a limb away from the ants. In a cleared space on the sand the billy, nearly boiling, is resting on round stones brought up from the shore.

It's a fine sunny day, or I hope it is, because, if all has gone according to plan, that's where I am.

**W**HAT I mean by the above purple passage is that, by the time this is published, I will be on holiday, thereby missing the last of the winter, which is neat timing.

It is perhaps a pity to miss the visit of jazz drummer Gene Krupa, in view of my new passion for that kind of thing, but I'll be back in time for Mr. Attlee, Hopalong Cassidy, and our Irish mannequins, who should all add their own individual touch to the coming spring.

The visit of Hopalong Cassidy transcends anything else on the horizon for small boys, so a father assures me. His son wanted to know would the streets be decorated with arches and pennants, as for the Royal visit.

Hopalong Cassidy, as you may know, is an elderly actor by the name of William Boyd, who has achieved a 20th century immortality surpassing that of Mickey Mouse.

**I**N my luggage this year I'm taking a tin of bait, which seems a slightly effete move, but is designed to get the fishing off to a flying start.

It is quaint, and a little sad, to think of some unsophisticated northern bream falling for something bought in a tin over a Castle-reagh St., Sydney, counter.

So far is civilisation progressing that there is really no need to go away at all. In America a department store is selling a machine which reproduces the sound of the surf and throws a picture of palms and ocean on to a screen. If you scattered sand round the floor and hung up a wet bathing-suit, all you would need to simulate would be the state of mind that cares for nothing but the weather forecast.

At present that is the impossible thing to reproduce synthetically, but the drug-makers will probably find the answer. Awful, isn't it?

**T**HAT was a very interesting order made by a Sydney judge to a young man—that he was not to gamble, but could invest up to £1 in Melbourne Cup sweeps.

This appears to put the judicial seal on the character of the Melbourne Cup as a national rite rather than an ordinary horse-race.

By



*Dorothy Drann*

**T**HE small advertisement columns of the daily papers yield a wealth of human interest.

Picture, for instance, the discussion that must have preceded the advertisement for "Governess wanted, not too young and not too old."

One knows what the advertisers mean. They don't want anyone flighty and they don't want anyone decrepit.

They don't want anyone more interested in the jackaroo than the children, but neither do they want a lady whose patience has been exhausted by the years.

You might think they should have been specific and stated age limits, but they're wise, really. The qualities they are obviously looking for are not entirely a matter of years. They might find their paragon at 25 or 45. It just depends.

One imagines the mistress of the house saying, as when asked exactly what kind of dress she wants, "Just show me some and I'll know when I see it."

**B**BRITISH scientists are developing electronic machines which will play symphonies or sing with magnificent voices. An inventor says that they could replace humans for mass musical entertainment.

If that happens, it will eliminate entirely the interesting speculation on what it is that at present makes one singer immensely more popular than another.

It isn't always the quality of voice. Sometimes it's hard to pin down the facet of personality that causes young ladies to mob their idol.

With machines there will always be an expert ready to glaze the eye with a technical explanation.

And will there be a gadget for rubber-stamping autographs?

**A** MIAMI diver, Ed Fisher, became the first man to spend an overnight camping trip under water when he stayed down 24 hours. He took a hammock, shark repellent, a hot-water bottle filled with soup, and a spear gun.

Camping out! Ah, the scent of canvas,  
And the wood smoke rising high,  
With the tent flaps lashed securely,  
And the watchwords "Warm and dry!"

But he who rests on the sea-bed,  
(Each to his taste, say I)  
Sees a world of cold blue water  
And the dolphins riding by.

The long green fronds of seaweed  
Curtain his ocean camp,  
It's rich and strange, and eerie,  
And undeniably damp.

Nice for a change, and novel,  
But give me the orthodox scene  
With the fish at their proper distance,  
And the good dry land between.





-gives you **40%**  
more sewing



# HELVETIA

## Free Arm™



Normal sewing is done with the extension table in position as pictured above. The table is simply slipped into place in a matter of seconds.



The in-built Helvetia light gives a soft diffusion which eliminates eyestrain.



The Helvetia, complete with extension table, etc., in its weekend type case.



The zipper binder foot. Other attachments... the darning, hemmer, ruffler, braider, teller, quilter.



This demonstration darning shows how to weave, mend or reinforce trousers, table cloths etc.

Look, the HELVETIA "Free Arm" is a Swiss electric portable sewing machine that's known the world over. The HELVETIA with its "Free Arm" feature has led Swiss sewing machine manufacturing since 1895... it's made with all the precision and care of a Swiss watch!

A 10-year guarantee with full servicing facilities and spare parts stocks, backs every Helvetia sold anywhere in Australia.

Helvetia gives you all the refinements of a luxury machine at a commonsense price... and you get the benefit of the wider sewing range of the "Free Arm."

The Helvetia "Free Arm" enables you to do jobs you've never before attempted — it enables you to take short-cuts and speed up your sewing... it makes tedious tasks easy ones. When you've seen a demonstration you'll realise just why you can expect a 40% wider sewing range from the Helvetia "Free Arm"... available at all leading stores and radio and electrical retailers.

SWISS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY (AUST) PTY. LTD.,  
BOX 3327, G.P.O., SYDNEY

**NOT JUST A NEW SEWING MACHINE**  
**HELVETIA "Free Arm".... A NEW SEWING METHOD**



A bulky woollen sleeve is easily turned on the "Free Arm" while sewing.

### WHAT IS THE "FREE ARM"?

Instead of a flat "bed" the Helvetia has a raised tubular arm or "free" arm. You can slip a sock for darning, a trouser leg for patching — any tubular garment — over the "Free Arm" and turn it as you sew. You don't have to undo seams for Helvetia "Free Arm" sewing, and tricky work like darning a sock can be done easily and quickly.





# NEW!

**A RUBBER GLOVE**  
that slips on and off  
like **LIGHTNING**  
—without dusting powders.

ANSELL "SILVER LINED"  
RUBBER GLOVES — ONLY

**2/11** A PAIR

Slightly dearer  
in country areas.



**THE SECRET'S  
IN THE SILVER  
LINING**

Only Ansell "Silver Lined"  
Rubber Gloves have this  
magical finish inside to  
make them so easy  
to slip on and off.



"Out of this World!" says lovely  
Melbourne model and busy house-  
wife, Bambi Smith, about her new  
Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves.  
"They're so easy to slip on and off  
so comfortable to work in."

Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves stand up to plenty  
of rough tough wear—they're your surest protection  
against housework hands.

**LOOK** for the silver lining which brands the rubber  
gloves you buy as Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves.

**SEE** how your hands stay young and soft. No more  
chapped hands... chipped, broken nails. Now you  
can wash dishes, do the laundry, mop, polish, scrub  
and garden without worrying about the wear and tear  
on your hands.

**FEEL** the tough sure-grip crepe outer surface. It's  
designed for long wear... to give you "bare-hand"  
touch with your most delicate china.

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growth.



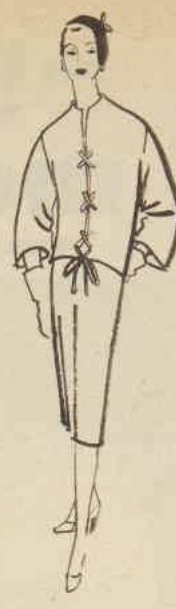
PMS 72



• **THE COLLAPSED  
LOOK** in a white satin  
cloque dress from Griffe.



• **DIOR'S H LINE** in black  
jacquard with a seal-collared  
bulky jacket.



• **GIVENCHY'S** two-  
piece in shrimp-colored  
velour, laced in front.



• **DANCE DRESS** from  
Manguin with a flat bust-  
line and harem skirt.

• These sketches, by our fashion artist, Rene, from descriptions cabled from Paris, show:

## Paris has two new looks— Collapsed and Tall

In Paris they are saying the false industry is finished and  
corset manufacturers can plan a bargain sale of waist cinchers.

**O**N the Left Bank, the  
Right Bank, and in  
the cafes along the boule-  
vards, the talk is of Chris-  
tian Dior's "H" line and  
"Collapsed Look," with  
their flatness and lost  
bosom.

"What has Dior done, elim-  
inating the bosom and replac-  
ing it with a piece of ply-  
wood?" one columnist asked.

"It's a nice line for a young  
figure," the editor of the mag-  
azine "Debutante" commented.  
From a flat camisole top,  
the Dior line falls straight to  
the hips, where there is a nar-  
row belt like the crossbar on  
a capital H.

His sensation is a tall, dark,  
lanky-looking model like a  
pre-World War I siren, who  
wears black and gunmetal satin  
dresses on long, sleek lines  
with button-through, severely  
tight-fitting coats to the knees.

These dresses all have shoul-  
der-straps set wide apart on  
bodices so dead straight you  
could put a set square on them,  
just as you could on the letter  
H.

But there is a very subtle  
movement to this H-line.  
The hips are rounded out at  
the cross bar on the H, and  
when this is translated into a  
dress it makes the back look  
curved and accentuates the  
collapsed look.

Without these curves the  
tall, narrow line would look  
as ironed out as the letter H  
itself.

Other Paris designers have  
expressed themselves in an-  
other look—the Tall Look.

The Tall Look is as uncom-  
plicated as its name. It's a  
straight and supple silhouette,  
resolutely stripped of super-  
fluous trimming.

Its slim simplicity, which  
makes even the tiniest look  
tall, is achieved by clever cut-  
ting and fitting, with no ex-  
aggeration.

With the Tall Look, legs  
seem longer, and the figure  
looks trim and neatly propor-  
tioned.

Daytime dresses and suits  
are discreet and follow the  
figure from natural shoulders.  
Fullness is released over the  
bustline. Waists are defined,  
but never cinched. Above the

waistline, which is often set  
a little high, the midriff caves  
in. Skirts are straight and  
narrow and often wrap over  
for easy movement.

Hemlines maintain the  
status quo for daytime.

There is a new between-  
length for evening. It comes  
just above the ankle.

Brown, in all shades from  
mushroom to sable, is the top  
color of the season, with red  
second in importance.

The new winter hats are

head-hugging with no vestige  
of hair showing in front.

Fur hats and berets are very  
popular, matching the neat fur  
trimming on simple frocks  
and suits.

Fur is also used extensively  
for lining the new chunky jack-  
ets that are the perfect accom-  
paniment to the Tall Look  
dresses.

Balmain makes whole  
dresses of fur, using lovely  
supple Russian broadtail. A  
black, tailored cocktail dress  
with a matching short jacket  
in his collection is entirely fur.  
A long slinky evening dress,  
with a suggestion of fish-tail  
train, is in black Russian  
broadtail so fine and soft it  
moves like silk.

Jean Patou launched the  
smartest little frock of the  
season—the sweater dress. It  
is used for every hour of the  
day, in tweed or in jersey.

There are some pretty new  
evening lines at Patou and at  
Givenchy.

A gala gown, with a dramati-  
cally full skirt and a strapless  
bodice in richest old-gold  
satin, brought rounds of  
applause for Patou, while  
Givenchy's showing of gold  
tulle cocktail dresses and  
gold velour coats was the  
sensational of his collection.

Evening hats are infinite in  
their variety—and their craziness.

There's a hat of tiny coils of  
black tulle, topped with a tulle-  
swathed white satin rose.  
There's another made of a  
dozen rows of different-colored  
beads.

And, for the really coura-  
geous, there's a tiny ermine  
homburg, tied on with black  
tulle as voluminous as an  
Edwardian motoring-veil.

## London showings

London is leaving the extremes of the  
new season's "lines" and "looks" to Paris,  
and is concentrating on practical clothes that  
are easy to wear.

**M**EMBERS of London's  
"Big Ten" are show-  
ing autumn and winter  
styles in which they follow  
the general Parisian line,  
modified with practical  
details, at which the Eng-  
lish are so clever.

One general point that  
emerges from London collec-  
tions is that lapels have van-  
ished. Collars are either wide  
and handsome or are com-  
pletely missing, with a smooth  
fitting neckline taking their  
place.

Jackets of suits are either  
just below waist length, with a  
tiny peplum, or are extremely  
long.

Evening dresses are the re-  
verse of daytime clothes. For  
evening, fullness sweeps to the  
front in the dashing unin-  
hibited style of flamenco  
dancers' costumes.

Colors are subdued for day  
—about as bright as a London  
sparrow, but at night they

are as brilliant as Chinese fire-  
crackers.

Norman Hartnell is now so  
busy designing clothes for  
members of the Royal Family  
and for his export trade that  
his "shopwindow"—his Lon-  
don collection—was the small-  
est ever.

For day wear he is using  
a good deal of the more  
workaday furs—nutria and  
beaver for large collars on  
suits and coats. He had a  
wonderfully slim dress, not  
unlike the one the Queen  
wore at the garden party in  
Sydney, in white woollen lace  
worn under a white cloth coat  
trimmed with white mink.

Digby Morton offered a safe  
but attractive collection. There  
were plenty of his excellent  
suits. He also was using  
beaver and nutria for gener-  
ous collars.

Stiebel's was a pretty collec-  
tion—in line with the whole  
London trend.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954



# The house the neighbors built



BRICKS from the Westaways' burned house are cleaned by John Laing (left), Lindsay Denman, and Mrs. Vic Drayton for use in the new home.



BROTHERS Bert (left) and Don Westaway at work on a trench for the electric hot water system in the house that is being built for their parents as a community effort. Don, a former builder, is working on the house although he is suffering from eye trouble.

## Community spirit grows as volunteers replace home lost by fire

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Westaway, of Gardiner Parade, Glen Iris, Victoria, have a profit-and-loss account that they treasure. The loss was their first home, destroyed by fire, and the profit is the acquisition of 40 new friends and a brand-new house.

THE new home is known as "The House The Neighbors Built." Since the Westaways' first home was burnt down at midnight on May 17, neighbors volunteered to erect another house for them.

The picnic-style working bees at week-ends have resulted in all residents of the street becoming one big group of friends, with everyone on Christian-name terms.

"We didn't realise we had

so many true friends," Mrs. Westaway said.

Wielding hammers, saws, and paint brushes, carting long boards, cleaning the old bricks from the burnt house, and measuring for the frame of the new one have made enthusiastic amateur builders of neighbors who used to spend their week-ends in gardening.

"These people came forward and said they would like to put the little house back again as soon as the fire happened," Mrs. Westaway said.

While the remains of the former home were still smouldering, neighbors Mr. Keith Burchell and Mr. Glen Rentoul remarked: "If this had happened in the country, everyone would be banding together to help the Westaways."

From then, the good-neighbor spirit gripped suburban Gardiner Parade. Each resident who was approached by the two men proved willing to join the effort to help the elderly couple.

Keith Burchell asked the Westaways' son Don, a former

By  
SHEILA McFARLANE.  
staff reporter

builder who had built their previous home, whether he intended to erect another.

Don explained that he was not able to do so because he had eye trouble which prevented him working at his former trade.

"Well, you draw up the plans and we'll fix the rest if you will oversee us," promised the neighbors.

People of all ages were soon swarming over the block.

"That first day was as good as a point-to-point meeting," Don said.

"We've made a picnic out of it, and loved it," said young Mrs. Keith Bilney, a next-door neighbor, who, with her husband, has been one of the mainstays in the campaign.

"And we are all learning the trade pretty well," she added.

"It's good for the waistline," said Mrs. George Gartley, a neighbor, who was energetically slapping undercoating paint on to long weatherboards balanced across kerosene tins.

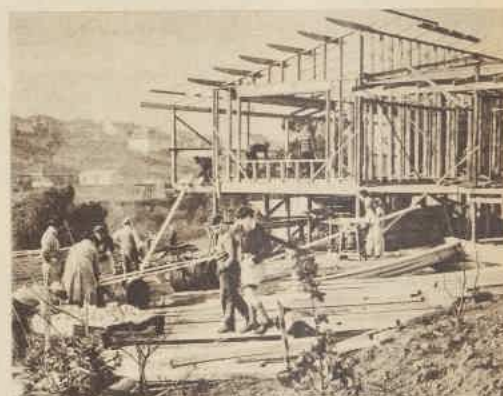
Mrs. Bilney is the "glamor girl" of the construction job.

"In she came the first day we were on the job," Mrs. Westaway told me, "dressed up from head to toe (as a relief from all of us in our oldest rags), and she was carrying a wonderful afternoon tea for everyone. Off she went, and was back five minutes later in old khaki trousers and sweater, and worked till dark."

Mrs. Bilney used to fly private planes during the week-ends.

An enthusiastic helper on digging jobs has been Keith Bilney's 70-year-old father, Mr. Albert Bilney.

"My life's motto has been 'tackle anything,'" he said as



SUNDAY WORKING BEE on the site of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Westaway's new home in Glen Iris, Victoria. Neighbors of all ages are helping to build the house to replace the house which, with all its furniture, was destroyed by fire.

he dug a drainage channel. "I've always had a go at anything that came my way."

"Anyhow, this is a jolly good occupation for our week-ends."

While their new house is being built, the Westaways are living with their daughter and son-in-law, Joyce and Alf Donnellan, in the house at the end of the street.

Recalling the fire, Mrs. Westaway said, "We do not know how it started, but only three beds were saved. And my lifelong collection of china is my saddest loss."

"It was nightmarish in the fire," her husband said, with a shudder.

"I raced through the house, calling to my wife, knowing she was in there somewhere, but she didn't answer."

"We must have passed each other, but through the smoke and loud crackling she didn't hear me. When I got outside, she was sitting on the gate."

Mr. Westaway's face and hands were badly burned.

Among the debris was domestic equipment for which the Westaways and their family had worked and saved for years to buy.

"But I am not thinking about furniture, fittings, or

clothes yet," Mrs. Westaway said. She added philosophically, "When we have a home again will be time enough for that."

"I think our neighbors will always smell burnt jam when they remember our fire. We always took my son Bert's Jap sword down into the creek behind the house to cut the blackberries when I felt like making jam," she explained.

"And just before the fire I had had the urge!"

"Can you imagine the smell?"

Soon after the fire, three neighbors—Mrs. Walter Cooper, Mrs. Blair Meredith, and Mrs. Albert Morrison—sent her a complete set of kitchen equipment. "To make more jam," they told her.

Dundee-born Mrs. Westaway has not lost her soft, lilting Scottish accent, although she was only 17 when her family settled in Australia.

The warm-heartedness shown to herself and her husband in the past few months has reminded Mrs. Westaway of her home country.

She is planning a bumper house-warming party for the first night she and her husband are back in the house.

"Then it will be open house here forever," she added.

## JIGSAW STORY CONTEST

You have until August 25 to send your entries for The Australian Women's Weekly's Jigsaw Story Contest.

FIRST prize in this unusual competition is £1000. Forty-five other prizes totalling £1000 will also be awarded.

Many readers who have already sent in their entries obviously have not read the rules of the contest carefully.

Make sure that you understand exactly what is required before sending in YOUR entry. It is really very simple. Here are the main points of the contest:

- Using the last eight issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, dated from June 16 to August 4, you have to make up a story or dialogue of 350 to 500 words, composed of sentences and phrases from any part of the paper.

- Everything must come directly from The Australian Women's Weekly exactly as it was written in the original,

WITH NO EXTRA WORDS OF YOUR OWN.

- You may extract any single PHRASE of no fewer than eight words, and,

- You can use single SENTENCES, however long or short, or several consecutive sentences, or even paragraphs from the one source.

- The finished story must include something from each of the eight issues dated from June 16 to August 4, but—

- There's no need to have the extracts running in consecutive order. For instance, the opening paragraph of your jigsaw story may come from the July 21 issue and be followed by one from the June 16 issue.

- Beside each extract write the date of issue and page number from which it was taken. If you have not kept all the required back numbers, these issues are still available.

READ THROUGH THEM CAREFULLY FOR FULL DETAILS AND RULES OF THE CONTEST, AS WELL AS FOR SAMPLE JIGSAW STORIES.

There is no limit to the number of entries you may send, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons published in the last eight issues.

In answer to queries from readers, the title of your story may contain any number of words, even just one word, as long as it comes from The Australian Women's Weekly.

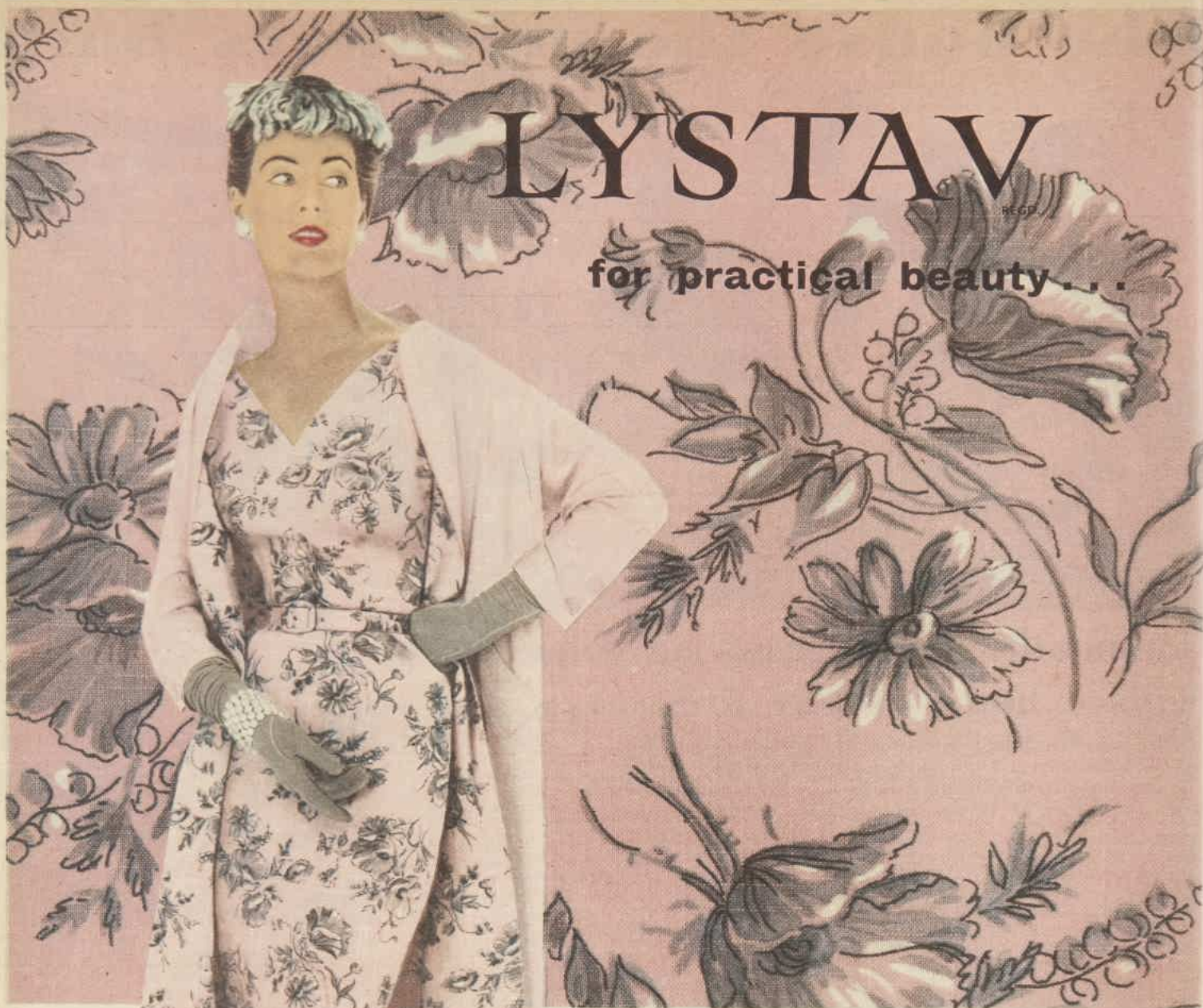
It is not permissible to "lift" any phrases, sentences, or paragraphs from sample jigsaw stories we have published in the last eight issues.

Every word you use in your entry, down to the smallest words such as "I," "I'm," "an," "if," and so on must be counted.



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# Here's your answer

Last year the Youth page featured a story about holiday romances, pointing out that they're routine romantic experiences and that they mostly founder, by mutual consent of both parties, on the sands of time.

**I**N reply, after more than 12 months, a young R.N. man aboard H.M.S. Ceylon has written to the page to prove that not all ships pass in the night.

When his ship visited Australia, he said, he married an Adelaide girl.

He writes: "I AM lucky and happy to say we have been married now for nearly three months. If you care to check with your Adelaide office you will find that my ship was there for two weeks."

"I suppose you will call me all the silly fools under the sun, but when H.M.S. Ceylon escorted Gothic from Fremantle she carried five unhappy hearts with her—three men married to Tasmanian girls, one married to a Brisbane girl, and myself married to the fairest of them all in Adelaide."

So if anyone has a moment of despair about a shipboard or holiday romance, take heart that at least some of them end happily.

"I AM still a school-girl, but will soon be doing my Intermediate. Some of my friends think I am foolish because I am in love with a boy I know only by sight. I quite realise this is only a childish infatuation, but I feel I must get to know him. I feel very strongly for him. Will you please advise me? Should I take the first step to introduction? I feel that you will be helping me tremendously if you could advise me. My love for him is very strong."

Anxious, Moss Vale, N.S.W.

What do you mean when you ask should you "take the first step to introduction"? If you mean should you take the initiative in a pick-up, the answer is "No."

But if you know someone

who knows him—a girl-friend perhaps—there's nothing to stop you telling her you'd like to meet him and would she please introduce him.

A hint for when you meet: No matter what you're feeling, try to behave naturally and not be shy or put on an act.

I don't share your friends' opinion. You're just human, that's all.

Most older people can remember being in love at 15, and they would admit it, too, if you could get them in an admitting mood.

I don't say this to belittle your feelings, but to reassure you that you're neither foolish nor freakish.

"I AM 20 and have been going steady with a girl for 18 months now. However,



"I'll be quiet as a mouse."

although she is nearly 19, her father always insists on picking her up after a dance or any other festive outing if he possibly can. If not, he waits up until we get back. Unfortunately, I haven't access to a car and I think he worries about her safety. We are both fed up with this state of affairs, and there seems no practical solution as yet, because he firmly resists all hints and even direct requests. I must do something soon, because we are even being denied that fitting conclusion to

an evening—a goodnight kiss! Can you help?"

Frustrated Freddy, Melbourne.

Has father ever given you any reason for behaving this way? Have you ever asked him why he does?

Until you know the reason—for sure—you can't begin to put your own answer.

You say you think he worries about her safety. Of course he does. Also you can deduce that he thinks his daughter can't be trusted, or you can't be trusted—or both.

Has he any basis for this lack of trust?

As I see it, the only way out is to tackle him on the subject. Do you feel strong enough to do this?

Ask him bluntly: "Sir—or Mr. Smith, or whatever you call him to his face—"don't you trust me to take Mary out and get her home safely?"

He'll answer either yes or no; or maybe he'll be confused by the question and mumble something lame and limp like: "Oh, no, it's nothing like that . . . it's just that she's young . . ."

If he says he trusts you, tell him that his behaviour indicates that he doesn't—and why not.

If he hums and haws, remind him that Mary is a good two years past childhood.

It is not going to endear you especially to him, so be prepared for a mild scene.

Even though he mightn't admit it he knows he's over-doing the protection, and nothing makes people angrier than having to face the fact that they're behaving badly or foolishly.

I can understand and appreciate his anxiety about his daughter's safety, but I think he's going too far.

It occurs to me that if you could contrive to show him this he might see the matter your way.

numbers for Mario Lanza, "Be My Love" and "Because You're Mine."

## DISC DIGEST

one of them to be the well-known piece, but both were refreshingly unbackneyed. Schubert wrote a set of pieces under the blanket-title of "Moments Musicaux." While not of world-shaking proportions, I think you'll like the two on this disc for their effortless charm.

**THE** ever-dependable Tony Martin scores a bull's-eye with "Here," a socko ballad that has made a big impact in the States on discs, sheet music, and juke boxes. You'll twig the tune instantly—it's "Caro Nome," from Verdi's opera "Rigoletto." Backing to EA4183 is "I Just Love You," another romantic ballad by the man who wrote those great

TALKING of pop composers,

can you name the man who wrote these standards—"Body and Soul," "I Cover The Waterfront," "Coquette," and "Out of Nowhere"? That's right, it was Johnny Green. He also wrote "Easy Come, Easy Go," and Jo Stafford has chosen it for her latest on DO3573. To make up an ideal double she adds the well-loved "September in the Rain," one of the really big numbers around the time when most teenagers were wearing three-cornered pants. The warmth and richness of Jo's voice are subtly accented by Paul Weston's orchestral support.

BERNARD FLETCHER

**PIANIST** Gieseking plays some delicious Schubert. There are two works on the same record, LOX830, and they are both called "Moment Musical." I expected at least

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 11, 1954

# This is why GAS IS BEST FOR HOT WATER

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Page 23





GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S A.D.C., Major John Swinton, and his fiancée, Judy Killen, were among guests at the party the American Ambassador and Mrs. Amos Peaslee gave at the Embassy in Canberra to welcome to Australia their son and daughter-in-law, Mrs. and Mrs. Amos Peaslee, junior.



YOUNG HOSTS Angus Munro (left), Tony Yates, and Adrian Hollis-Bee with three of their guests, Tony's sister, Caroline Yates (second from left), Caroline Levy, and Judy Smithers, at the party given by Angus, Tony, Adrian, and Brett Falkiner, of "Foxlow," Bungendore, in the Rainbow Room of the Australia Hotel. Caroline Yates wore a dress of deep rose-pink and white striped tulle, Caroline Levy's dress of white-spotted salmon-pink organza was swathed in white, and Judy chose a dress of white embroidered organdie trimmed round the neckline with pearls and crystal.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



BUFFET LUNCHEON. Lady Harrison (left), Mr. C. R. McKerihan, and Mrs. McKerihan at the buffet luncheon given at the Australia Hotel by the Consul-General for Switzerland, Mr. Hans Hedinger, and Mrs. Hedinger to celebrate the Swiss National Day.



WED IN ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spence leave All Saints', Ealing Common, after their wedding. Mrs. Spence was formerly Rosemary Lenthall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lenthall, of Gordon.



LEAVING ST. Michael's, Vaucluse, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macpherson. Mrs. Macpherson was formerly Beverley Woods, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Woods, of Newcastle.

THE Muswellbrook Municipal Hall will be the gayest place for miles round on August 27, when forty-six hosts and hostesses will combine to give the Muswellbrook, Scone, and Murrumbidgee Bachelors and Spinners' Ball.

More than three hundred guests from all over New South Wales will converge on Muswellbrook; hotels will be filled to overflowing, and many of the hosts and hostesses—including Anne Halliday, of Muswellbrook, and Sandra Bragg, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen—are planning house-parties.

Sydney guests include Mr. and Mrs. John Arnot, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bickford, Diana Baume, Diana Rae, Susan McPhee, and Peter King.

AN emerald taffeta sash will accent the white guipure lace dress which Lynette Lane will wear at a dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Lane, at their Cremorne home this Saturday, August 7. Sixty guests will celebrate the engagement of Lynette and Bill Eleveld, of Bellevue Hill.

COUNTRY lass Marion McMullin, of "Strathmore," Rouchel Brook, left for home last week after spending a few days trousseau shopping in Sydney and making final arrangements for her wedding. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg McMullin, Marion will marry Bob Miles, of "Barra-due," Bungwahl, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on August 25. The reception will be held at Amory.

A CABLE from England brought news of the birth of a son to Lieut.-Commander Michael Harvey and his wife, Jean, who live at Lossiemouth, near the Moray Firth. Jean is the daughter of Mrs. Wickham, of "Allowah," Young, and the late A. S. Wickham. She and Michael have not yet decided on a name for the baby—I hear that their twin sons, two-and-a-half-year-old Simon and Nicholas, are very excited at the thought of a new baby brother.

"KEVELINE," Coonamble, will be the future home of Paula Waterford and Philip Burnheim after their marriage on October 16. More than two hundred guests will travel from all over New South Wales to Coonamble for the wedding, and will go on to a reception held at the home of Paula's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Waterford, of Coonamble.



BANK HOLIDAY RACE MEETING. Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Walters and his daughter Robin were among racegoers who went to Randwick for the Bank Holiday meeting. Robin wore a charcoal-grey topcoat over a paler grey dress, and topped her ensemble with a back-titled moss-green hat.



GUEST OF HONOR Sonia Webber (left) welcomes Geoff Howard and Jann Davidson to the party given to celebrate her coming of age. Sonia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Webber, of Bellevue Hill, (Mrs. Webber is in the centre background) gave the party at the Australia Hotel.

THE next few weeks will be very interesting ones for Ruth Kirkland, of Rose Bay, who left for overseas in May. Ruth is at present attending the Dublin Horse Show in Ireland, and from there she plans to go to Scotland for the Edinburgh Festival (late this month) and the Braemar Games in September. Ruth's mother, Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland, says that her daughter's letters are bringing back vivid memories of her own trip abroad some years ago.

DR. AND MRS. SAM HAMILTON have named their new baby daughter Sandra Elizabeth. Mrs. Hamilton was formerly Pam Brockhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Brockhoff.

BRIEFLY call for "more members" has gone out from the newly formed Old Newingtonians' Union Younger Set. David and Airlie Croaker, of Wingen, are honey-mooning in Anne



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**SHELLEY WINTERS** proudly shows off baby daughter Vittoria, who rivals her mother for her smooth, glowing skin. Says Shelley: "Lux Toilet Soap really does make my skin softer, lovelier—keeps it that way, too! I always use Lux Toilet Soap." Shelley Winters stars in Universal-International's "Playgirl".



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## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★★ "The Wild One," juvenile drama, starring Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy. (See review this page.) Plus "Flame of Calcutta," technicolor period adventure, starring Patric Knowles, Denise Darcel, Paul Cavanagh. (Not yet reviewed.)

**CENTURY.**—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring David Niven, William Holden, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

**LYRIC.**—★★ "The Long, Long Trailer," Ansco-color comedy, starring Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz. Plus ★ "Border Incident," Mexican action drama, starring Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy. (Both re-releases.)

**MAYFAIR AND PARK.**—★ "The French Line," technicolor musical, starring Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland. Plus "Killers from Space," science-fiction thriller, starring Peter Graves, Barbara Bestar.

**PALACE.**—★ "A Lion is in the Streets," technicolor drama, starring James Cagney, Barbara Hale. Plus ★★ "Her Kind of Man," drama, starring Zachary Scott, Janis Paige. (Re-release.)

**PLAZA.**—★★ "Hondo," color Western drama, starring John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, Michael Pate. Plus ★ "The Fake," crime drama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★★ "Knock on Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

**REGENT.**—★ "River of No Return," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum, Rory Calhoun. Plus featurettes.

**STATE.**—★★★ "The Red Beret," World War II drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. Plus "Cruising Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels, and the Bell Sisters. (Not yet reviewed.)

**SAVOY.**—★ "Le Plaisir," French-language omnibus film, starring Claude Dauphin, Jean Gabin, Simone Simon. Plus featurettes.

**ST. JAMES.**—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor romantic musical, starring Edmund Purdom, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

**VARIETY.**—★★ "Walls of Malapaga," French-language drama, starring Isa Miranda, Jean Gabin. Plus ★ "School of Wives," comedy, starring Herbert Lom, Hugh McDermott, Brenda Bruce.

**VICTORY.**—★ "The Stranger Wore a Gun," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor. Plus ★★ "Siren of Bagdad," technicolor adventure, starring Paul Henreid, Patricia Medina.

### Films not yet reviewed

**ESQUIRE.**—★ "Heart of the Matter," drama, starring Trevor Howard, Elizabeth Allen. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★ "Johnny Dark," technicolor drama, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor. Plus "Fireman Save My Child," comedy, starring Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

## Talking of FILMS

### ★★ The Wild One

**MARLON BRANDO** turns in a stark performance as the tough, aimless leader of a marauding motor-cycle club in "The Wild One" (Columbia).

Although Brando hardly says a word throughout the film, his mastery of facial expression conveys more than an over-wordy dialogue could ever hope to.

The screenplay is based on an actual happening in a California township, and producer Stanley Kramer presents it with terrifying simplicity.

When a band of motor-cycle-mad hooligans takes over a tiny town, chaos follows rapidly. They hep the place up with their jive, and thoroughly terrify the "square" townsfolk.

Because the one policeman (Robert Keith) is not strong enough to deal with the gang, the hooligans among the townspeople take over and a man is accidentally killed.

Pretty Mary Murphy manages to save Brando from a manslaughter charge. In the ordinary way of Hollywood films this would automatically culminate in a routine girl-reforms-boy association, but "The Wild One" resists that pitfall and is the better for it.

A very noisy sound-track may distract some moviegoers.

—J.B.

### In Sydney—Capitol

**VETERAN** actress Ethel Barrymore emerged from temporary retirement to do an important supporting role in "Young at Heart," the Doris Day-Frank Sinatra musical at Warners.

**JUDY HOLLIDAY** is out of the musical remake of "My Sister Eileen," but Janet Leigh remains to co-star. Reasons for the change are not known. Columbia's official explanation is that a foot operation will incapacitate Miss Holliday for a while.



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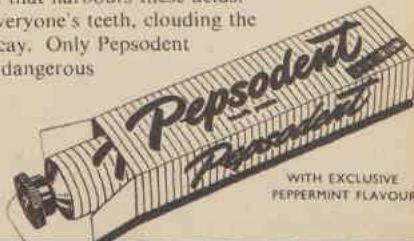


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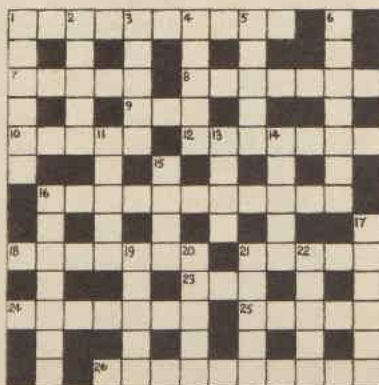


## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Solid-hoofed quadrupeds with bowing manes and tails collectively (4, 5).
- Frighten, possibly with a vehicle hidden in it (9).
- Those he rubies, fairy favours in those freckles live their (A Midsummer Night's Dream—Shakespeare) (7).
- Cousin of Shakespeare and of his contemporaries (3).
- Age of the moon at beginning of the year is mostly an agreement (5).
- It's likesome to be followed by debts like Edward (7).
- Make protest with the same torrent (11).
- His dream brought a turkey to his clerk (7).
- Napoleon did not like this sort of chair (5).
- Solemn promise (2).
- Alexander had this band (7).
- Silly, hidden in a negation (5).
- Broken tiles in money causes epidemic disease (10).

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- He who has half a score may hurry (4).
- Broken tear with a rope of raw hide (5).
- Expel something inferred (5).
- Wagner's father-in-law (5).
- Rescued and kept for future use (9).
- Drinking bout in a vehicle on an English river (7).
- A relief-carving arrived before nothing (5).
- Consumes and if shaken can satisfy (4).
- I and a learned person form a counterpart (5).
- Cozy but they can shoot if turned (4).
- To put down that sweet lovely rose (King Henry IV, Part 1—Shakespeare) (7).
- Supplementary building at the end of a will (4).
- No tree can express a provisional conviction (5).
- Happening rounds as if it were a hole (5).
- Rhine mostly with a will (5).
- Constant outlet for a sun god in noise (5).

**ASTONISHED**  
FAMILY  
COMB  
EVEN  
NUDE  
SPRING  
CARRAGE  
ROADS  
KILLING  
BATED  
CODELINE  
PROSCENIUM  
Solution to last week's crossword



# DE GLA



MESSALINA (Susan Hayward), the seductive courtesan, makes love to Demetrius (Victor Mature), the Christian slave who becomes a tribune and hero in Emperor Caligula's Praetorian Guard.

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY  
M. J.  
McMAHON



DEMETRIUS (Victor Mature), at left, taunts the Apostle Peter (Michael Rennie) in a moment of disillusionment in the drama.

ABOVE: Farewell of Lucia (Debra Paget) and Demetrius, right, before combat, angers gladiator Dardanius (Richard Egan), left.





# DEMETRIUS and the GLADIATORS

**BIBLICAL** spectacle set in early Rome and filmed in technicolor CinemaScope, "Demetrius and the Gladiators" is a sequel to "The Robe," Fox's drama of the impact of Christianity on Roman civilisation. In the new picture Demetrius, the Greek slave, continues with the task of spreading the Christian faith. Victor Mature (playing his original role) presents Demetrius as a man of action whose faith is put to the test and triumphs. Michael Rennie, as the Apostle Peter, and Jay Robinson's emperor Caligula are also from the original cast.



EMPEROR CALIGULA (Jay Robinson), left, threatens to strangle Messalina in a fit of uncontrolled anger. Robinson gives a flamboyant, eccentric concept of the insane ruler.

SUSAN HAYWARD, above, as Messalina, wife of Claudius (Barry Jones) and the evil woman of the drama. Messalina is a power in the corrupt Roman court of Emperor Caligula.



# London to see Bergman as opera star

Ingrid Bergman is coming to London—as an opera star. One might think, after all these years of exile, that people wouldn't care much. Instead, the preliminary stir which heralds her coming promises that Ingrid Bergman may hit the headlines again as though she had never left them.

**T**HIS may be her first tentative step towards coming back into English-speaking films.

For the past 18 months Ingrid has been enjoying a European triumph on the stage—in Honegger's opera "Joan at the Stake," directed by her husband, Roberto Rossellini.

It's a talking, not a singing, part, and it's a greater hit

than ever her film "Joan of Arc" was. It opened first in Naples, Italy, then moved to Milan, and has now come to Paris, where the public, though critical of anybody who dares to portray their most glorious heroine of history, has given her a reception to bring tears to her eyes.

Now the French are bidding to have Ingrid Bergman play the same part in a film, with Jean Renoir directing.

Her family has come with her—the dynamic Italian filmmaker Rossellini, their four-year-old son, Robertino, and their dark-eyed twin girls, Isotta and Isabella.

Ingrid wants to buy a villa near Paris and settle there with them for a while. She is a fervently possessive mother.

Very often, when work has called her from home, she says, "I tremble to think that

From  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

with the films which take me away from them I might miss something of their growing-up. I must have them always with me."

She is never happier than when it's their nurse's day off. Then, she says, she can have them all to herself.

Ingrid Bergman's marriage to the colorful Rossellini has survived criticism and rumor—the strongest of which said that he was preventing her from making films elsewhere than under his guidance.

The films they have made together have not been successes; they have shown little of that inspired quality which in Rossellini's earlier "Open City" and "Paisa" brought him acclaim as one of the world's most brilliant postwar film directors.

Ingrid herself was at first as frightened of the temperamental Rossellini as she was attracted by his immense personality. When she wrote to him, she once confessed to friends, she trembled. Rossellini used to rush at photographers, grab their cameras, and wreck them—"rather like a fox-terrier," she says now with a reminiscent smile, "running yapping after bicycles."

"I explained to him gradually that it wasn't the fault of journalists that they swarmed after him; that he was news, and that they were merely doing their jobs. And that, at his age, he was an imbecile to behave like a fox-terrier about it."

It's this quality of candidly facing and accepting the



**ROBERTO ROSSELLINI** toasts his wife, Ingrid Bergman, in champagne after the successful premiere of "Joan at the Stake" at the San Carlo Opera House in Naples. She is still wearing the shackles with which she is chained to the stake during the opera.



**SWEDISH-BORN** actress Ingrid Bergman shopping in Italy. Her four-year-old son, Robertino, is in the arms of a nurse. Ingrid always discourages family publicity.



**AT HOME** with the Rossellinis. With the twins, Isotta and Isabella, is Robertino (at left) and Rensino, son of Rossellini and his first wife (partly hidden by Ingrid's arm).

truth which has made Ingrid so beloved in Europe today. Whatever is said about her divorce and remarriage, she impresses everyone with sincerity in everything she does.

Her husband, now 47, was the son of a very rich Italian architect, has always lived surrounded by wealth and culture, and grew up accustomed to getting his own way.

If he didn't, in a film studio, he belittled, and it worked wonders with the casual, tomorrow-is-another-day Italian technicians.

The most disconcerting thing about his methods to his wife, newly arrived from Hollywood, was the way he shot his films "off the cuff"—

that is, improvising his scenes as he went along, changing everything in the script at the last moment, following sudden inspiration.

But once they were married, Ingrid has said, she no longer had any fear of him, but instead understood his tantrums, his volatility, and smiled at them.

The only thing about Rossellini that scares her now is his reckless passion for motor racing. He's a bad driver, but an enthusiastic one.

The gentleness of Bergman has somewhat tamed the unruly Rossellini. Ingrid says, "With me he's extraordinarily patient for a man of his profession."

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1. YOUNG PAINTER Daniel (Daniel Gelin) commits suicide. Dr. Pierre Richard (Jean Gabin), called in on the case by chance as he leaves his surgery, discovers photos of his own wife, Madelaine, in the studio.

## MARITAL DRAMA

★ The French-language film "The Moment of Truth" (F.D.B. Films) tells the story of the marriage of a well-to-do couple. For them the moment of truth arrives on the occasion of their tenth wedding anniversary when they are forced to examine their lives and reach a compromise. Stars of the drama, which is told in flashbacks, are Michele Morgan, as the distraught wife, and Jean Gabin, who plays her doctor husband. Daniel Gelin is the other man.



2. AT DINNER celebrating their tenth anniversary, Pierre at first condemns Madelaine (Michele Morgan) for the affair. Then she tells him about the young man.



3. ATTRACTION grows when Madelaine, disturbed by Pierre's casual amour with another woman, visits Daniel in his studio. The rift in their marriage widens.



4. RIGHT. Discovery that her husband attended a sick child and was not, as she suspected, with her rival leads Madelaine to realisation that she loves her husband.



5. LEFT Next day Madelaine decides to say good-bye to Daniel. Only now, the story complete, does Pierre tell his wife that Daniel is dead.

6. ABOVE. Daughter of the couple enters the room. As the child leaves with her father, Madelaine knows they will start life over together.

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official for once." He flashed a look at Ravenstreet.

Sepman is unhappy man. He has passing-time and chemical view of life. All is foolish—no meanings—but we can forget by having some little satisfactions—nice food and new suits—go to other places in a boat—little woman admiring man of strength and power. Of course he has self that say there is something different—but other self know better. And some of these self hate—like so many—make drugs—make atom bombs.

"I said anything relevant. I don't want any speeches about atom bombs."

"I talk of Sepman. These little satisfactions—they are long time coming—and in passing-time—tick-tock-tick-tock. And woman is not admiring. It is all bad. Like so many, he believes in death not life—and like so many, that is what he wishes. He goes in car to look for death—deep-sleep-death, very nice. I know these things."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir, but what exactly, from the point of view of this court, do you know?" T. Bridgen Coss' nose was shaping little circles of exasperation. "What was his intention?"

"To finish with life. Why are you so foolish?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"I forgive. But is better to listen. Sepman drive into that place because he think death is there. Is like our society. We are in Sepman age. We have wars—each more terrible. We have inquest—with important officials all shouting and understanding nothing. Verdict is that it is big accident—not other thing—accident. But I tell you it is all same."

"It is not the same here," T. Bridgen Coss shouted. "The two verdicts would be entirely different. It's quite possible that this unfortunate man genuinely mistook the road."

"It still all the same," Perperck roared. "But if you will not try to think—and will be important official shouting—do not ask me any more questions."

## Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 5

"I say is suicide caused by accident. I say is accident that is really suicide. Or I say just accident. Or I say just suicide. And I also say you are very foolish little man—"

"Inspector Triffett!"

"Sir!"

"I propose to charge this witness with contempt of court—and in the meantime detail one of your men to take him into custody."

"Yes, sir." Through an excited hubbub, Inspector Triffett marched up to Perperck, who had now come closer to Ravenstreet who in his turn had jumped to his feet, about to protest.

"I go to prison?" said Perperck, by no means panic-stricken, only rather rueful. "Always is the same when I am foolish and try to tell truth to officials."

"This is preposterous," Ravenstreet began angrily.

"Quiet! Inspector, hurry up—and make sure that Sir Charles Ravenstreet does not leave the court."

"Now you stay here, sir," said the Inspector to Ravenstreet, and then led away Perperck, who, to Ravenstreet's relief, looked quite composed. As the place quietened down, it was discovered that the foreman of the jury was trying to make himself heard.

"I wondered if I could ask this gentleman a question or two," said the foreman, a solid fellow. "Then I think we could reach a verdict."

Looking pained, T. Bridgen Coss closed his eyes, folded away his mouth, hunched his shoulders, so that he was now almost all nose. He stayed like this for several moments, presumably to show his disapproval. Then he opened his eyes and unfolded his mouth.

"Very well. But I must warn you that in my opinion—and I have had a great deal of experience—this is not a reliable witness."

"If you'll ask a few sensible questions," Ravenstreet told the foreman. "I'll try to answer them."

"When you followed Sepman, did you think he might try to commit suicide?"

"No, I didn't. But I thought he was in a bad state of mind to be driving a car in the middle of the night. He hadn't told me he was going, hadn't said goodbye, although our relations right up to the last moment had been quite friendly. He hadn't given his wife a chance to say anything."

"It is not clear to me why Mrs. Sepman, with whom we are told, he had quarrelled, allowed herself to be rushed away like that?" This was the Coroner. He stared angrily at Ravenstreet. "I cannot help suspecting that we are not being told the whole truth."

Ravenstreet ignored him. "What do you say to that, sir?" asked the foreman.

"What can I say? I wasn't there when he decided to leave. If he felt absolutely desperate, I imagine that she would have got away from him or at least screamed for help. She didn't. Having made him so angry, probably she felt she dared not disobey him. But I don't know. Nobody knows. What I do know is that he was in a thoroughly bad mood, probably feeling reckless, was driving the car at what must have been a dangerous speed, and so easily might have had an accident in a place that would have been no danger to an ordinary motorist."

"That's sense, that is," cried one of the jury, a stout elderly man. "Let's stick to that, and have done with it."

This was too much for T. Bridgen Coss.

"That will do, that will do," he shouted. "All this is highly irregular. I don't think we need waste any more time examining this witness. But I cannot allow you to leave the court, Sir Charles Ravenstreet. Inspector Triffett, kindly note that. Now who is representing the local authorities?"

In spite of this reference to wasted time, the best part of an

hour crawled by while T. Bridgen Coss, now restored to his former majesty, examined several more witnesses. There was no further reference to Sepman and his troubles, these witnesses being there to answer questions about the road and the entrance to the quarry.

Finally, the Coroner addressed the jury, with at least one eye throughout on the reporters. The story, as he told it, was almost there already in headlines—Big Business Orgies—What Happened at the Manor—Pretty Wife's Grave Lapse—Wonder Chemist's Despair—Jealousy Then Madness—Drink, Sex and Death!

T. Bridgen Coss, who appeared to think that a sermon had been demanded from him, pointed many a moral lesson along the way and did not hesitate to castigate those frailties of the age that must have

played a part in bringing about the premature decease of this gifted research worker and his still youthful and handsome wife. There were probably some unsavory elements in the case still undisclosed, but enough had been said to present a sad picture of two valuable lives wasted, for which it would not be just to blame the negligence of the local authorities, whose expert witnesses had indeed denied any such negligence—and so it went on, for nearly forty minutes.

After which the jury, with what T. Bridgen Coss clearly regarded as suspicious promptness, recommended a verdict of Accidental Death. Ravenstreet came out of his stupor to attach himself to Inspector Triffett. "This is monstrous, y'know. Inspector. What have you done to Mr. Perperck?"

"I have done," said Inspector Triffett with immense deliberation, "what I was in-

structed to do, sir. I got my sergeant to take him along to the station—couldn't do anything else."

"But it's ridiculous." "That's as may be, sir. But that's how it is. I'm going to have a quiet word with the Coroner now, sir—to see if he's changed his mind. And you'd better wait here, 'cos seeing you isn't going to encourage him to let your friend off, is it? Quite so, sir."

After a few minutes he came creaking back, his expression poised nicely between his two extremes of bewilderment and baffled rage.

"Adamant," he announced, "that's all you can call it, sir. Adamant. You two ought to have been more careful. I tried to warn you."

"Between you and me and the gatepost, Mr. Bridgen Coss is a tartar. But that's how it is. So now everything'll have

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## ARUM LILY ARRANGEMENT

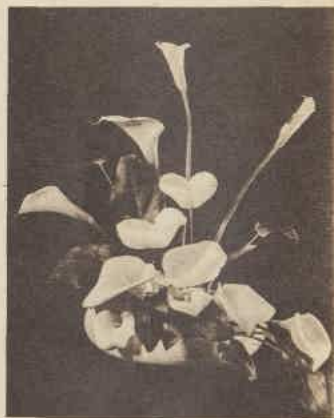
HERE is an artistic and balanced design by Berin Spiro, New Zealand flower expert, showing what can be done with the humble arum lily. It is the kind of arrangement that anyone can copy with ease.

For this design you need a shallow container and a large needlepoint holder (or three or four small ones), because the stems of the lilies are bulky.

First, by pressure of the fingers, fashion the lily stalk into the required shape and place it as your tallest flower. Then take a lily about two-thirds the length of the first and incline very slightly to left of the tallest flower.

Almost in line but slightly forward, place another open bloom below the second flower. Now place a budding lily well to the right of the tall central bloom, followed by a lateral bloom, which, as you see, juts out over the rim of the bowl.

The next step is to form the focal point of your arrangement by graduating the length of stem down to low centre. To achieve the desired effect, simply place the foreshortened blooms as shown in the picture at right. The final touch is given by leaves of varying sizes and lengths.



ELEGANT ARRANGEMENT of the humble arum lily. Sketch at left gives a clear picture of the outline.



BLOWFLIES ARE BAD, BUT

## HOUSEFLIES ARE HORRIBLE

We quickly get rid of blowflies, but because the smaller housefly makes little or no noise, and is not so definitely attracted to meat, we allow dozens of them to remain inside the home, where they can do more harm than any blowfly.

Houseflies feed indiscriminately on manure, garbage, refuse and filth, which clings to the myriads of tiny, sticky hairs on their legs and body. When they enter your home, everything they touch—food, plates, cooking utensils—immediately becomes infected. Be-

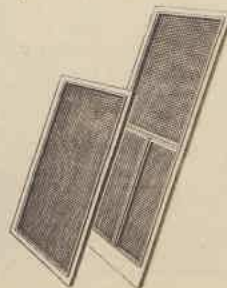
fore they can eat, houseflies must vomit an infection-charged fluid on the food—your food—to liquefy it. A disgusting habit—but unfortunately absolutely true.

And the housefly can transmit such diseases as POLIOMYELITIS, TUBERCULOSIS, DYSENTERY, or GASTRO-ENTERITIS.

Get surest protection for your family against these filthy disease carriers. Fit "Cyclone" screenwire on all doors and windows. Ask your hardware dealer for details.

Give your home the protection of

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954



# LONDON *Suits*

● Here are four suits chosen from the London spring collections. Their arresting colors are a departure from the traditional grey and black associated with London tailoring. One thing they all have in common is a pretty, soft, and flattering neckline.



**STRIKING WHITE TAILORED SUIT** (above) designed by Michael. The jacket is double-breasted, slightly waisted, and the skirt is slim. The black velvet dog collar scarf emphasises neckline interest, and is matched to black velvet gloves. Note new spring millinery slant—hat worn forward.



**A SATIN BOW** at the neckline is a feature of the scarlet suit (above). The suit is by Michael, who is having his first independent dress show in London. He was formerly with Lachasse.



**MICHAEL'S** butter-yellow wool suit (above) has spring's softly fitted lines. The jacket's wide open neckline is collared, the skirt is slender. Black gloves and shoes complete the ensemble.



**BLOND NUBBLY TWEED SUIT** (above) is by designer Ronald Paterson, a new member of London's "Big Twelve." The suit shows a relaxed boxy-line jacket and slender-line skirt.



to take its course. I suppose you want to see your friend at the station?"

"Yes, of course I do. Idiomatic business!"

"Then I'll go ahead in my car, and you follow closely in yours, sir. I don't say the case is hopeless. Strings might be pulled, as you might say, by somebody getting in touch with the Powers That Be. But once the machinery is set in motion—then—well, that's how it is."

It was of course the same police station; the one he had been taken to towards the end of the post quarry nightmare. Now it looked different, just a police station, yet it still refused to be commonplace, for as soon as Ravenstreet followed the inspector past the entrance he knew there was something wrong. Once inside the inspector's little office, he told him so.

"Wrong?" said Inspector Triffett, all words bewildered. "All that's wrong here, so far as you're concerned, sir, is that this foreign friend of

## Continuing . . . The Magicians

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yours has been here for about a couple of hours now. What else could be wrong?"

"I don't know. I just felt the moment I came in that something was wrong. I'm being fanciful, I suppose. Since I stopped being a busy industrialist, I've been rather fanciful. It might mean I'm beginning to break up, ten years too early, or it might mean I'm beginning to live. Well, let me talk to my friend Perpereck, please. I take it you haven't got him chained in some dungeon?"

"Now, now, sir, none of that," Inspector Triffett did not smile because his facial limitations did not permit such antics, but there was a faint suggestion of what would have been a smile on an ordinary face.

"He's been better off than we've been, I can tell you."

he said, "probably enjoying his smokes and some cups of tea and nobody to worry him. Now, sir, don't you get too fanciful about this place. We have to obey orders, whether we agree with 'em or not—that's how it is. But if nobody gives any trouble, it's all nice and friendly. Now we'll have a word with the sergeant in charge first." And he asked for Sergeant Parks.

Even Inspector Triffett could see there was something wrong with Sergeant Parks, who was a fat red-faced man.

"It's about this foreign gentleman, Mr. Perpereck, you took in," the inspector began.

Sergeant Parks nodded vigorously. His lips were compressed; he had a wild look.

"This gentleman, Sir Charles Ravenstreet, is a friend of his."

come to try and fix things up. You've had Mr. Perpereck nice and comfortable, eh?"

The sergeant nodded as before, looking if anything nearer bursting point.

"No trouble with him, I don't suppose?"

Sergeant Parks shook his head with what would have been enthusiasm if he had not looked so desperate.

"Here—here—here!" cried Inspector Triffett. "What's all this head-wagging for? Can't you talk, Sergeant? Got toothache—or something?"

Straining away, Sergeant Parks said: "No, Inspector, no toothache, no."

"By Christmas—you've been drinking—"

"Inspector, no. No, Inspector. Drinking, no."

"Stop that! What d'you think you are—a Zulu or something? Now talk properly—or I'll have some stripes off you for drinking on duty."

**S**CARLET, sweating, bursting, Sergeant Parks made a supreme effort.

"Properly can't hear," he stammered desperately, "talk for an—"

"You what? Say it again."

The sergeant mopped his brow with a shaking handkerchief, shut his eyes, and tried again.

"For talk—an hour—properly can't."

All baffled rage now, Inspector Triffett pushed him aside, threw open the door, and bellowed for a constable. A moment later, a bony young man with red hair came in, took one look at Sergeant Parks and then turned on to the inspector one of the sickliest grins Ravenstreet had even seen.

"Take that grin off your face, Dawe. Now what's going on here?"

"Talk can't sir, properly—"

"Don't you start that—"

"Help sir I can't it!" the inspector repeated in a fury.

"What sort of talk's that? If

you mean you can't help it, why don't you say so?"

"No, that won't do, Inspector," said Ravenstreet. "Because if he could say so, he could help it."

Both the sergeant and the constable, relieved at having found an interpreter, nodded together, but the sight of his staff performing like figures on a Swiss clock only made the inspector angrier.

"I'll be obliged if you'll keep out of this," he told Ravenstreet. "This is my business. Though I'll be buttered and sugared if I can make head or tail of it."

"Well, I did say I felt there was something wrong, didn't I?"

The inspector ignored that. He looked severely at his two wretched subordinates.

"Now don't try talking for a minute or two. Answer me by giving me a nod or shaking your head. Only don't go on and on—just once'll do. Now then. You're both sober? Right. But you can't talk properly—get the words wrong way round? Right. And this has been going on for the last hour? I see. Well, this beats me. We'll have to get the M.O. round. Now the sooner this gentleman's away the better it'll be for all of us, so we'll go along and talk to his friend. Go on, Sergeant—lead the way—let's get it done with. And don't try and talk—I can't stand it."

All four of them marched to the end of the corridor, down a short flight of steps, then turned a corner and halted before a stout door. The sergeant, no longer wrestling with speech, produced a bunch of keys with something of a flourish, and was about to unlock the door when the angry inspector pushed him away.

"It isn't even shut, you blockhead," cried the inspector, throwing the door wide open. "He's not here. Where is he?"

Sergeant Parks and Constable Dawe forgot their disability and started talking both at once and at full speed, still with all their words jumbled, so that it was impossible to understand what they were saying.

"That'll do," roared Inspec-

tor Triffett. "Enough to drive a man barmy!" He gave Ravenstreet a hard look. "Now sir, you go back to my office and wait there. And don't make any mistake about it, want you there when I'm back."

Ravenstreet was there about half an hour, ample time to reflect upon Perpereck's humorous devices, before the inspector returned.

It was obvious at once there would be no more easy informality. Here was no figure of fun. Even his very woodenness made Inspector Triffett more impressive, suggesting an implacable quality.

"I'll want a good deal of information from you, sir," the inspector began. "And there'll be trouble if I think there's any funny business. This is serious now. Before, it wasn't. Now it's different. Make up your mind about that, sir."

"I take it that Perpereck worked that trick on your sergeant and constable and then walked out while they were trying to understand each other?"

"No doubt about it. And we're bringing him back wherever he is. He can't make a monkey out of us and hope to get away with it. We'll after him now." Inspector Triffett tapped his desk.

"I'll tell you another thing. A chap that can work a trick like that and coolly walk out of a police station, he's an old hand, been in trouble before. If he's an ordinary sort of merchant, over here for a holiday, my name's Mulligan. What is this chap? One of these foreign hypnotists?"

"I don't think I'd know a foreign hypnotist if I saw one," said Ravenstreet. "Don't forget I've already told you all I do know about him."

"Are you sure? Because I think you're leaving something out. However," and Inspector Triffett stood up, looking grim and purposeful. "You're driving home, and I'm following you in my car. And don't try to lose me, to get back first and warn him, because then you

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## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): The start of a new enterprise, August 10, should be exceptionally fortunate. Push on rapidly through the week and enjoy the fruit of your efforts, August 14.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Delays, interruptions, petty annoyances are likely to prevent getting on with the job, August 10. August 13 is fine for shopping, or social life.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Fix that appointment, or interview for August 12; you'll be pleased with results. Be careful what you sign, August 13; read all the fine print.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): You might receive a little extra pay, August 12, or 13, or go on a savings campaign for a definite purpose. Don't fall for extravagance, August 14. Keep your purse tightly closed, you'll be glad later on.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Your personal relationships may be due for an overhaul, August 11, when a friendship, or a hobby, may be on the wane. August 12 is good for new ventures.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Reward for past efforts, perhaps an honorarium, or a gift, may be a feature of August 12. August 13 may bring fresh responsibilities.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Romantic Librans are likely to find the evening of August 13 glamorous. August 15 shines on short journeys, social activity.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 23): Make your bid for a step up the ladder of success in your occupation, or social world, August 10. August 14 may be full of pitfalls. So examine each situation, as it arises, on its merits.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Since August 11 is likely to be an off day, when mistakes are easily made, jump to no conclusions. A postponed decision can be happily made, August 16.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): The will to get things done, August 10, runs into a snag, August 13, but August 14, 15, promise fun, games.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Stick to your own judgment, August 12; take a firm stand where a matter of principle is involved. August 16 mixes business with pleasure.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): If you want a job, or extra money, August 10 is important. August 12 may be deceptive. August 14 for relaxing.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# YELLOW is no substitute for WHITE

*I soon discovered... washing alone was not enough, it needs Reckitt's Blue in the last rinse to keep whites really white!*

★ ALWAYS REMEMBER

the 3 steps to successful washing



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to make clothes clean



**RINSE**  
to remove loose dirt



**BLUE**  
to stop whites turning yellow

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954

Continuing . . .

## The Magicians

[from page 36]

really would be in trouble.  
Now let's be off."

They arrived together at the Manor in a melancholy late-evening spatter of rain. The house looked forlorn. Wiverson met them in the hall, and Ravenstreet saw at once that something had already happened to shatter the day's routine.

"Wiverson, this is Inspector Triffett. He wants to see Mr. Perperck."

Wiverson's surprise was genuine. "But he isn't here, Sir Charles. I thought he was with you. He never came back. And the other two gentlemen have gone."

"When? Where?"  
"They left about three hours ago, Sir Charles—just packed up and went. They didn't say where they were going."

"Now just a minute," said the inspector. "You say this Mr. Perperck didn't come back? You're sure of that? Well, did he get in touch with them—ring 'em up—send a message?"

"No, he didn't. Nothing happened. They just went."

The inspector stared at him. "And that's all you know?"

"Yes—he never came back—the other two left—"

"I see." The inspector turned away, and immediately Wiverson looked relieved. The next moment, the inspector was staring at him again, and this time pointing an accusing finger. "Knew you were hiding something. Now, then, let's have it."

"Go on, Wiverson," said Ravenstreet wearily.

"Mr. Wayland left a letter for you—"

"All right, bring it here." He regarded the inspector with some distaste. "I suppose you'd better see it or you'll be imagining we're all in some great conspiracy."

"Well, if you're not, sir, there'll be no harm done, will there?"

So they read it together, after Wiverson had been dismissed.

My dear Ravenstreet, Wayland had written, we must apologise for leaving you so hastily, but Perperck has communicated with us and as we could not have stayed with you much longer anyhow, we have decided to go at once and join him, to continue our discussions elsewhere. We are all most grateful for your hospitality and many kindnesses, and you may be sure you will be often in our thoughts.

If we could make you a happy man we would do so, but that is a man's own responsibility. However, Marot, who knows most about such things, asks me to tell you that of the various choices offered to you in the near future, the one that seems to offer least will be the best, though it appears to be nothing but pain and darkness. And we shall meet again; don't be impatient; the six dimensions of reality offer us many worlds, many times.

"Could be a sort of code," the inspector muttered.

"It could be, but it isn't," Ravenstreet told him wearily. Now that the Magicians had gone, he felt dry and empty, farther away than ever from time alive. "It means just what it says."

"I'll take a note of their particulars," said Inspector Triffett, bringing out his notebook. "Names—addresses—occupations—all you know about 'em, sir."

And that was his farewell to the Magicians.

Ravenstreet was talking to old George Hathon again in the club where they had talked after the last board meeting. It was about the same time of

day, just after six, and the cavernous black-leathery smoke-room was filling up once more with the representatives of power and money. They looked no better now than they had done before; if anything rather worse.

Old George too, as Ravenstreet noticed with regret, looked worse, as if age at last were galloping away with his huge sagging carcass.

"There's one thing, Charles," Hathon was saying. "I've won five pounds from young Garsion. I bet him you wouldn't say 'I told you so'—even though I've given you plenty of chances, you haven't done. He was certain you would. All these youngish chaps are the same—bounders. They think the rest of us are bounders, too. I'm talking now about the round-about-forty chaps. The fellows younger still are trying to be gentlemen."

"I never pretended to be a gentleman," Ravenstreet gave the statement no particular emphasis.

"We're probably talking about two different things. However, I've won a five. If he'll believe me. He'll probably ask you to confirm it. But let's be serious, Charles. Are you sure you won't change your mind?"

"Yes, George. There isn't a chance of my coming back to the Company. I don't think I would even if I was broke. I also think you're making a mistake—trying to swap horses again. It's Selby's type of enterprise now, and you'll be foolish if you try to take it away from him. Fight it out along that line. Or—if you don't feel like doing that—get out yourself, as I did."

Hathon nodded, grunted, coughed over his cigar. "I've more than half a mind to. Look—there's Karney—just coming in. What happened there, Charles? He seemed very sour when I mentioned you the other day."

"We didn't get on. I don't know if you read Mervil's papers, George—but they've taken a few cracks at me lately."

"So I heard. Don't read 'em myself. Don't like papers that are always telling you about other people's money but never tell you what the proprietor's worth or what the editors are getting. Also, I want the news—not what Mervil and his friends are thinking about the news. Though I don't want much of the news neither." He finished his whisky, slowly, reluctantly, as if there might not be much more for him.

"Well, I've asked you to come back, admitted we made a mistake, and that you won't, but never said I told you so—and that's that. What are you up to now, Charles? Something, I can tell. Found a woman perhaps—eh?"

Ravenstreet replied that he had not found a woman and had not been looking for one.

"Young Treves told me something at lunch yesterday," said Hathon. "Perhaps I oughtn't to pass it on. It's about a dashing smashing young woman called Mavis somebody-or-other—a cousin of his wife's, I think he said. Apparently you took her out once or twice, and told her that if she ever wanted a bit of help, financially, you might be ready to offer it. That right?"

"Yes—though what that's got to do with Treves—or, for that

To page 39

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6-ozs. (1½ cups) plain flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon bi-carb. soda, 2-ozs. (½ cup) Bournville Cocoa, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 eggs, 2 level tablespoons golden syrup, 4-ozs. Copha, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Sift flour, salt, soda and cocoa, and divide into two. Place in basin, sugar, eggs, golden syrup and half sifted dry ingredients. Melt Copha over gentle heat — it should be warm, not hot — test with fingertip. Add milk, vanilla and vinegar to Copha (the vinegar will give it a curdled appearance).

Pour on to ingredients in basin and beat 4 minutes. Add remaining dry ingredients and beat 1 minute longer. Pour into greased and floured 7" sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven, 25-30 minutes. When cool, add your favourite filling and ice with this Chocolate Icing.

**CHOCOLATE ICING:** 1 cupful (6-ozs.) icing sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls (½-oz.) Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoonful Cinnamon, vanilla, piece of butter the size of a walnut.

Place all in a dish, mix to a creamy consistency with hot milk.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954



matter, with you, George—  
 "Steady, my boy! I haven't  
 come to the point yet. It  
 seems that now she could do  
 with that bit of help—it's some  
 scheme she has—but won't ask  
 you, she told Treves' wife,  
 because she feels she's gone  
 and fallen in love with you,  
 Charles. Now I'd have said  
 that would make her want to  
 tell you. And as usual I'd  
 been wrong. They always  
 do the opposite. Well, what  
 do you think about that?"  
 "I'm glad you told me. I'll  
 write to her when I get back  
 into the country. Perhaps  
 she'll find it easier if she has  
 me write and tell me what she  
 wants. Anyway, I'll keep my  
 word." And here they were,  
 he thought, the choices—the  
 Company again. Mavis, what  
 next? Where was the appearance  
 of pain and darkness, the  
 choice that seemed to offer  
 least that would be the best?

The message reached Raven-  
 street towards the end of that  
 week. Would he ring Purchester  
 and ask for Matron?

When he did, Matron told  
 him that a patient on the  
 danger list in the Purchester  
 Cottage Hospital, a Mrs. Slade,  
 had been most urgently request-  
 ing a talk with him. Even  
 though the line was bad, sound-  
 ing as though somebody were  
 tramping saucers inside it,  
 Matron was able to convey her  
 cold distaste for this possible  
 encounter between Mrs. Slade  
 and Sir Charles Ravenstreet.  
 He suggested there must be  
 some mistake, as he could not  
 recall any Mrs. Slade. Matron  
 replied icily that Mrs. Slade  
 thought Sir Charles might re-  
 member her maiden name—  
 Philippa Stores.

Ignoring his stammering in-  
 quiries, she went on to say that  
 if he came to the hospital as  
 soon as possible, a few minutes'  
 talk might be arranged, but  
 even a delay of twenty-four  
 hours might be fatal. She gave  
 him the impression that he must  
 have been dodging this message  
 for at least two days, probably  
 in order not to interrupt an  
 idle riotous way of life, and  
 when he tried to tell her that  
 he had only just received the  
 message and would go down to

## Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 37

Purchester at once, she cut him  
 off.

He packed a small overnight  
 bag and drove as fast as he  
 dared towards the Sussex coast.  
 It was lunchtime when he ar-  
 rived at Purchester, but he  
 wasted no time on food and  
 drink, driving straight out to  
 the Cottage Hospital. It was a  
 long, low building, freshly  
 painted and as dapper in the  
 sunlight as a new toy, and it  
 had some of the finest roses  
 he had seen that summer.

At this moment a youngish  
 doctor, a horsey fellow, bustled  
 in, muttered something to  
 Matron that sent her off im-  
 mediately, and flicked open a  
 cigarette case under Raven-  
 street's nose.

"Mrs. Slade? No hope there,  
 poor woman. Inoperable car-  
 cinoma—secondaries all over  
 the place. Yes—about half-  
 past three she might be able

young children and their  
 mother, an indignant-looking  
 girl with red hair and blazing  
 green eyes. They were fol-  
 lowed by a tall dark young man  
 wearing a blue shirt and cor-  
 duroy trousers, a young man  
 with a grave, remote air.

Ravenstreet accompanied this  
 family into the waiting-room,  
 where several people were sit-  
 ting, saying nothing, staring  
 at the blue sky that seemed to  
 belong to another world. In  
 their clear uninflected voices,  
 the two children began asking  
 about Granny. The little girl  
 had her father's eyes, dark and  
 deep-set; the little boy, freckled  
 and green-eyed, was like his  
 mother.

The other visitors, as if  
 grateful for this reminder that  
 life was still in being, stopped  
 staring out at the lost world  
 to smile at Philippa's son,  
 daughter-in-law, and grand-  
 children.

He followed a sister, starched  
 and brisk, that Matron had sent  
 to conduct him to Philippa's  
 small private room.

"Now, Mrs. Slade," she an-  
 nounced with the cast-iron  
 cheerfulness of her kind.  
 "here's Sir Charles Ravenstreet  
 at last."

The room with its shaded  
 window seemed almost dark  
 after the brilliant white corri-  
 dor. It smelt sickly sweet. For  
 a moment he thought wildly  
 that the whole thing must be  
 a mistake, for he could not  
 recognise the white-haired  
 ravaged woman who tried to  
 smile at him. But then he saw  
 that it was indeed Philippa,  
 looking at him through, rather  
 than with, eyes slow-moving  
 and hollow with drugs.

Most of her, he felt, was  
 already somewhere else. Her  
 voice was very weak, wander-  
 ing in and out of audible sound;  
 and he sat close to the bed,  
 fighting to control himself.

"The delay wasn't my fault,  
 Philippa. I came as soon as  
 I received your message—only  
 this morning."

"You haven't changed—so  
 much, Charles." She spoke with  
 an obvious effort, as if her  
 mouth were too dry. "I didn't  
 want you—to see me like this.  
 But—there was something—I  
 wanted to say—and nobody  
 can say it for me." She showed  
 him the ghost of a smile.

"If there's anything I can  
 possibly do, Philippa," he be-  
 gan. But she stopped him.

Had he noticed a tall dark  
 young man—?

"With a red-haired wife and  
 two delightful children? Yes—  
 and I felt at once he was  
 your son. He is, isn't he?"

Her eyes gleamed for a se-  
 cond. "Yes—my son—Bryan."  
 "I liked the look of him very  
 much, Philippa—in fact, all the  
 little family. I want to get to  
 know them."

She smiled, a real smile this

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### Beauty in brief:

## Disguise a short neck

By CAROLYN EARLE

● You can suggest the look of length  
 for a neck that is naturally short with  
 planned hair-styles and necklines. The  
 way in which you wear accessories is  
 important, too.

FOR instance, hair combed away from the cheeks and  
 let fall in simple lines has a way of adding length  
 to the short neck.

Fluffing short hair up at the back to encourage an un-  
 cluttered look is another helpful notion.

To add length and loveliness, look for V-necklines or  
 those with an open look and with any trimming con-  
 centrated low in front.

For evening or summer, the long, slim halter neckline  
 is most flattering.

Graduated pearl strands, slender drop-earrings, or a  
 single piece of costume jewellery pinned just below  
 throat centre is for you.

And try long necklaces worn with scooped-out or off-  
 the-shoulder necklines after dark.

Matron, a severe Abbess sort  
 of woman in pale blue, regarded  
 him coldly, and said if he came  
 back about half-past three a  
 very short talk with Mrs. Slade  
 might be possible. It was all  
 most irregular, she added, only  
 near relatives being allowed  
 to visit patients on the danger  
 list, but Mrs. Slade had been  
 so insistent that an exception  
 had been made.

to talk to you, though don't  
 expect much—she'll still be  
 dopy. Only thing we can  
 do, of course. Her son was  
 in this morning—and he'll be  
 round again this afternoon, I  
 suppose. Don't know him?  
 Nice fellow—bit cranky per-  
 haps—but no harm in him.  
 Nice wife and kids too. Had  
 lunch? Try the back room at  
 The George—and tell 'em  
 Dr. Murdock sent you."

He told them Dr. Murdock  
 had sent him, but if this  
 brought him a better lunch he  
 was not aware of it, hardly  
 noticing what he was eating.  
 He was thinking about Philippa,  
 drugged and dying. Passing  
 time? If only Perperck, jeer-  
 ing at his tick-tock, were with  
 him!

Afterwards, he strolled round  
 the pleasant little town, vaguely  
 conscious of the sun's warmth  
 and the shadows and glitter of  
 the streets, but feeling himself  
 enclosed within some cold  
 dream.

On his return to the hospital,  
 he drew up behind the most  
 dilapidated little car he had  
 seen for months. Out of it  
 tumbled two lively looking

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### GOLDEN GOBINS

The Filling. Mince or chop 6 lb. cold meat  
 with a very little of one lightly beaten egg.  
 The Dough. 800 lb. flour, 1 teaspoon salt  
 and rub in 2 oz. of butter or margarine.  
 Add remainder of egg and just enough milk  
 to make a stiff paste. Roll out dough thinly  
 and cut into rounds 4" or 5" across.

NOW. Place a dessertspoon-  
 ful meat in the centre of  
 each circle of  
 dough, moisten  
 edges and gather  
 up to form a  
 ball. Fry in deep  
 fat, turning some-  
 times until golden  
 brown—about 8  
 minutes. Serve  
 with sauce or  
 gravy.



"Have you noticed?"



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 you go . . .  
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 people  
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time. "Yes—my son Bryan, And—Charles—your son too."

He choked back a cry. He understood it all now.

"That last day we had in the cottage, you wanted to tell me—but couldn't. That was the hidden thing, the secret. Of course I'd no idea then there was anything. I discovered it quite recently. You see, Philippa, I was—oh!—hypnotised by something, and I relived that last day, when we quarrelled because I insisted upon going back to the works. It's true—I relived every moment of it. In what was described to me as Time Alive—still there, all of it, not gone. And that's it—you were going to have a child—and then couldn't tell me—"

"I never meant to tell you—and then suddenly I had to—"

"Of course. Does he know I'm his father?"

"No. Though I think he's guessed something. But I had to see for myself—how you'd feel—"

"I'm glad, Philippa. It's strange news—but wonderful."

"Have you any children—I mean, any other children—Charles?"

"No. And my wife died some years ago."

"You've nobody—then?"

"Nobody, Philippa. But now I have. Why—those two are

## Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 39

my grandchildren. We're a family—"

She nodded slowly, closing her eyes. She seemed exhausted, so he talked to give her time to recover.

"I didn't simply remember that day, Philippa. I lived it all over again, as I was then but also as I am now. It's hard to explain, but that's how it was. Everything's still there, nothing's gone, but if we make the right sort of effort, these people say, we can change it. Please remember that, Philippa—nothing's gone, nothing's lost. I know that's true. That day when I should have stayed instead of going back to the works, when you should have told me what had happened, that day's still there, and if we can remember that—we can change it. Look—everything's different from what most of us think it is—we're just deceiving ourselves in the dearest possible fashion—condemning ourselves—"

But there he stopped, for he could not believe she was still listening. Perhaps she had drifted away altogether, although she was still breathing. He rose, trembling, uncertain what to do.

Then her eyes opened wide,

now for a moment or two there seemed no sickness and death in them; they were alight with gay intelligence, almost mischievous.

"Another man spoke after you stopped, Charles." Her voice was stronger too, nearly exultant. "I heard him quite clearly. He was a foreigner—and laughing as if nothing mattered. He said—and I'm quite sure of this, please believe me, Charles—he said that you knew now we didn't live in tick-tock—yes, that's what he said—tick-tock—not in tick-tock but in time alive."

"Perpere!" he cried. "That was Perpere, my dear. Telling us all's well—"

There was a noise behind him. The life seemed to drain out of Philippa's face.

"Oh—no—Matron, please," she muttered, her eyes closing again.

"You must go now," the Matron told him. "I thought you would realise that you mustn't begin shouting at a patient in this condition." She was holding the door open for him, dismissing him with freezing contempt. He heard her voice, gentler now: "Don't

worry, Mrs. Slade. Doctor will be here shortly—"

He walked slowly along the clean hard corridor lost in thought until someone spoke suddenly.

"I'm Bryan Slade," said the young man. He was standing outside the waiting-room door. "You're Sir Charles Ravenstreet, aren't you? You've been seeing my mother?"

"Yes. The Matron just turned me out. I heard her say something about the doctor coming shortly. I'm afraid I don't know when they'll let you see her. But you know about that, I suppose. I'm going down to book a room at The George. I'd be glad if you would come and see me there. It's important or I wouldn't worry you now. Any time up to midnight will do—or even after that."

IT was about ten o'clock, the end of a day that dragged on interminably, when Bryan Slade came to join Ravenstreet in the small empty lounge and to accept a beer.

"I took my wife and children home, had some food and then went back," he explained.

"They let me see her for a few minutes, that's all. They know I'm here. They don't know how long she'll last out—not long, they think."

He gave Ravenstreet a curious searching look that was very disturbing.

Ravenstreet moved uneasily. The room was cool enough but seemed to have no air in it. Loud voices came from the bar outside, but they made no sense. Wondering what to say, he stared hard at a notice of a Young Farmers' Rally, as if it might contain important news.

"I hope the little talk we

had didn't take too much out of her."

"That was probably the hospital view. I think it did her a great deal of good. Some things you said to her." Bryan hesitated a moment, raising his eyebrows in a way that suggested wonder rather than scepticism. "Somebody else spoke to her too, she told me. From a distance. She seemed quite clear and certain about it."

"I think he did, you know. I know the man and am sure he has some strange knowledge and powers and I believe he linked himself to me in some way and then spoke directly to her. It sounds fantastic, I know, but you must take my word for it."

The young man nodded, hesitated again, then smiled rather shyly, looking so like his mother in a certain mood that Ravenstreet found it startling.

"She says you're my father."

"Yes. We talked about that. She told you of course that I never knew?"

"She explained that—yes. I wasn't altogether surprised. There were some things I never understood. And children notice far more than their parents imagine they do. Deb—my wife—and I have often compared notes about that. We've decided to assume that our two'll know everything about everything. You liked my family, mother said."

"Yes, I did, Bryan. I took to the whole lot of you—before I knew where I came into it."

"We've a cottage about four miles away—not much of a place, I'm afraid. It was almost derelict when I took it over, but I'm making it into something. Come and have a look at us. Deb doesn't know definitely about you yet, of course, but I think she began to do some quick guessing this after-

noon. And she liked the look of you too, I may say."

He swished the beer round in his glass mug, and for the first time looked somewhat embarrassed.

"I don't think they'll let you see mother again. They felt they were stretching a point today. I can't make a fuss. They've been very good about various things—"

"I didn't expect they would. And I know it doesn't matter now. Death's serious enough, and I'm not pretending it isn't. But we are in our time, and our time lives. I know enough now to know that, even though I can't hope to understand it all. But we'll talk about that later. What I want to say now is that I've retired from industry, have been handsomely rewarded, have nobody but myself to look after, and I want you, like a sensible chap, to tell me how I can make myself useful. By the way, what's your job, Bryan?"

"It's a mixture. When I left the Army I wanted to work with my hands. I've always liked working with my hands. So I tried all sorts of jobs, usually just one jump ahead of that particular union. I must warn you, I'm against the trade unions—"

"Sorry to hear it," said Ravenstreet, not too heavily. "I've had plenty of fights with 'em in my time. But I know they're necessary. What's your objection? Political? Are you one of these new young Tories?"

"No, it's not political. But as an odd-job man—and that's what I've been, still am up to a point—I think they keep everything too inflexible, slow and wasteful. Like the State and its ministries. I believe we could have gone twice as far as we have done since the War if we hadn't had these

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RUD



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Page 41



# At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



**This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health**

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

**If YOU suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, sick headaches, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!**

—as they helped this young mother and her family. Theirs is the story of thousands of other Australians. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that these and kindred ailments cost Australians approximately \$25,000,000 a year. Much suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away crippling everyday poisons with a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

## How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your tiredness, your aches and pains are quickly relieved, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

## Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe and sure

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief to generations of Australians from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid. If you, or yours, suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and start a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

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Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

Continuing . . .

from page 41

him at once; and already his relationship with her gave him something deeper than pleasure. And unlike Bryan, who was happy with his hands and things and a few simple crusading ideas and was quite incurious about the universe and life in general, she could never hear enough about the Magicians and spent entranced hours asking him about them.

After the funeral, he insisted upon their staying with him at Broxley. Any doubts Bryan may have had, because of his various jobs, were instantly demolished by the impetuous blazing-eyed Deb, who announced that a third August in that cottage would be unendurable, that the lives of the children were menaced by the wet plaster in the kitchen, and that all Bryan's jobs, plus a few more, would be waiting for him when he got back, a stronger, healthier man.

So they set out, in brilliant sunshine, for Warwickshire, Ravenstreet taking Deb and Rufus and Bryan taking Patience, who divided her loyalties between her father and the dilapidated little car.

"I'll tell you a secret," cried Deb as they rolled across Berkshire and Rufus slept in her lap. "I adore luxury. I don't expect it—I know that doesn't work, you have to give up too many other things that are better—but when it suddenly arrives, I adore it. Now Bryan doesn't—he'd just as soon be uncomfortable and a bit squalid, so long as he's doing what he wants to do. Patience is just like him."

WITH A delightful little laugh, Deb added "You're enjoying all this, aren't you? Not the luxury part—you're used to it—but having a share of a family—um?" "Yes, and I'll tell you a secret now. I'd forgotten this part—no, that's not true, but I didn't like to mention it before. The Magicians—you see, they come into it—"

"I hoped they would. I'm all for the Magicians." "As well as showing me time alive, they always seemed, in a rather vague way, to promise me something good—not depending on ideas and beliefs but perhaps something they knew I wanted even if I didn't know I wanted it—"

"We come into this. Shut up, Rufus. Go to sleep again or look for cows or something. Yes?"

"I'll show you. Wayland's letter when we get to Broxley. The one he left behind. In it he said that Marot told him to tell me that I'd have various choices in the near future, and that the one that seemed to offer least would be the best. Though it seemed nothing but pain and darkness, he said. Well, you can see what that was."

"Yes," she said, frowning a

little. "We know what that was." Then in a different tone, coming from a cleared brow: "But it made her much happier too. Quite different. Bryan's sure about that—and he saw her twice after you and I did."

There was one of Mervil's newspapers in the hotel where they lunched. On the front page was a column headed "Wonder Drug on the Way," with some vague but artfully enticing stuff in it about a possible cure for worry. So Mervil, with or without Sepman's formula, had found the idea too attractive to resist.

Did that mean that the Magicians had lost after all? Or was Mervil bluffing? And where were the Magicians now?

He was not the only man asking that question, as he discovered after dinner, when he had left Bryan and Deb in the drawing-room and had gone into the small study to do some accounts. With the dusk and the bats and the sound of the nightjars came Inspector Triffett, seemingly taller and more wooden than ever, wearing his bewildered expression.

"I rang you up a day or two ago, sir," said the inspector, "but you were away. Being not far from here on an inquiry, I thought I might venture to call. And this time I'm lucky. But it's the only piece of luck I've had so far on this foreign hypnotist case. Now I'll put it to you straight, sir. I asked for—and you gave me—some particulars of those three. There wasn't much to go on—"

"All I had, Inspector." "That's what I want to know, sir. And no funny business. You gave me just what you knew about 'em?"

"Certainly. I wish I did know more about them."

"And you've had no contact since they left here, sir?"

"No, I haven't, Inspector. Again I wish I had. I'm even more anxious to find them than you are." He motioned to the inspector to sit down. "I feel I owe them a great deal. I keep wondering where they are and what they're doing."

Inspector Triffett, sitting bolt upright, stared hard in his own unblinking fashion. Then, like a ventriloquist's doll who had taken to conjuring, he produced from nowhere a well-worn notebook, which he flicked open with his thumb.

"Then you're out of luck, too, sir. Not only we don't know where they've gone but we can't discover where they've even been—or who they are—or what they are. Now here are the details, sir." He read from the notebook, very solemnly.

"Wayland, supposed to be a retired civil engineer who has worked many years in the East. Not known anywhere. No line of inquiry shows any result. Nicholas Perpereck, probably Bulgarian by birth, now a merchant travelling between Italy and Greece. Same thing. No trace. Marot, French, an opium dealer in Bordeaux. Now that looks more likely, doesn't it? But it isn't. We heard two days ago there's no opium in Bordeaux called Marot. So we don't know where they've gone to, where they came from, who they are."

"I'm not surprised," said Ravenstreet. "They were like that."

Inspector Triffett closed his notebook with a sharp slap, rose majestically, held out his hand. "Well, that's how it is. Now if one of them should get in touch with you, Sir Charles, will you promise to let me know?"

Ravenstreet smiled as he shook hands. "Certainly not, Inspector."

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## UNUSUAL SUSPENSE NOVEL AS OUR NEW SERIAL

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "The Iron Cobweb," an unusual suspense novel by Ursula Curtiss.

When had she first begun to be afraid? What—or whom—did she actually fear? Was there a normal explanation of the incidents that bewildered and terrified her?

These thoughts tormented Elizabeth March until she found herself leading a strangely two-sided life—one side of it a delightful family life with her husband and two engaging small children, the other a dark misery of tension and fear.

This cleverly written serial will keep you engrossed until all its secrets are revealed in its final, dramatic climax.

Watch for the long opening instalment in next week's issue.





## COLOR SCHEMING

Simplicity and courage—the courage needed to combine different, even startling, colors—are the present mode in interior decoration, says Joan Martin. In the final article of our series on home color schemes, she discusses the use of black and white relieved with vivid colors.

By JOAN MARTIN

**This Week:  
Black and  
white**

**B**LACK and white, the color combination that is a "must" in every smart woman's wardrobe, is equally attractive in the home.

The sophisticate who is looking for something a little different could give some thought to the hundreds of lovely color schemes that can be built round it.

On this page we give you three suggestions to help you in your plans. First is the dining-room shown above. Because this is a room used only for short periods daily, it may be decorated with more originality and less regard to tradition than a bedroom or a living-room.

So here we show a room that undoubtedly looks unusual but also has a dignity and restfulness so essential in a room used for dining. It is actually

not an extravagant room, but it achieves that effect with a clever use of color and line.

The whole room takes its character from the black-and-white-tiled flooring (the tiles may be of linoleum, plastic, or rubber), and to continue this theme one wall is painted black as a dramatic contrast to the white paint used elsewhere.

One whole wall of black would look very heavy, but here it is broken up in the centre with citron-yellow curtains, swagged in white.

These curtains need not necessarily be there to screen a window or door. They may be merely dummies, but be sure to take them as high as possible, because this gives them an important look.

On the chairs tomato-red is used as a vivid contrast, but, for those who would prefer a less startling color, yellow, green, blue, or pink could be used.

The second illustration shows a corner of a living-room where there is also floor interest. In this room it is a rug which, being patterned, is a decoration in itself. Plain peacock-green material covers two of the chairs and black upholstery the others.

The lampshade and the card table are mustard—so there is your color scheme: black and white, peacock-green, and mustard.

This combination could be reversed, using mustard and black for the upholstery and peacock-green for the accent color. The unusual black-and-white picture framing gives interest to an otherwise plain white wall.

The third illustration suggests a color scheme for a room in the modern manner. The floor is painted black and the rug is white. One wall is dusty pink, the others white, and the divan-couch is covered in inky black. A turquoise-blue table and lime-green curtains provide the sharp color accents.

**LIVING-ROOM (right)** in which mustard-yellow and peacock-green are combined with black and white to make a novel, attractive color scheme.

**MODERN ROOM (left)** has a black-and-white scheme relieved with vivid colors that are successful because they are carefully balanced.

*DINING-ROOM, showing a simple black-and-white scheme combined with brilliant color. In planning your color scheme, simplify to a definite, carefully thought-out plan, usually in three colors, and don't be afraid to use the colors in combinations that are different.*





# ALL LEADING WASHING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS RECOMMEND **Rinso**

When you see how Rinso goes to work in your washing machine, you'll understand why the people who make washers recommend Rinso for best results.

Like thousands of housewives all over Australia, these washing machine manufacturers have proved that Rinso's suds are thicker, richer . . . best by far for making short work of the biggest family wash.

No matter what you're washing, whites or coloureds, handkerchiefs or blankets, those hard-working Rinso suds guarantee a whiter, brighter wash every time you switch on your washer.



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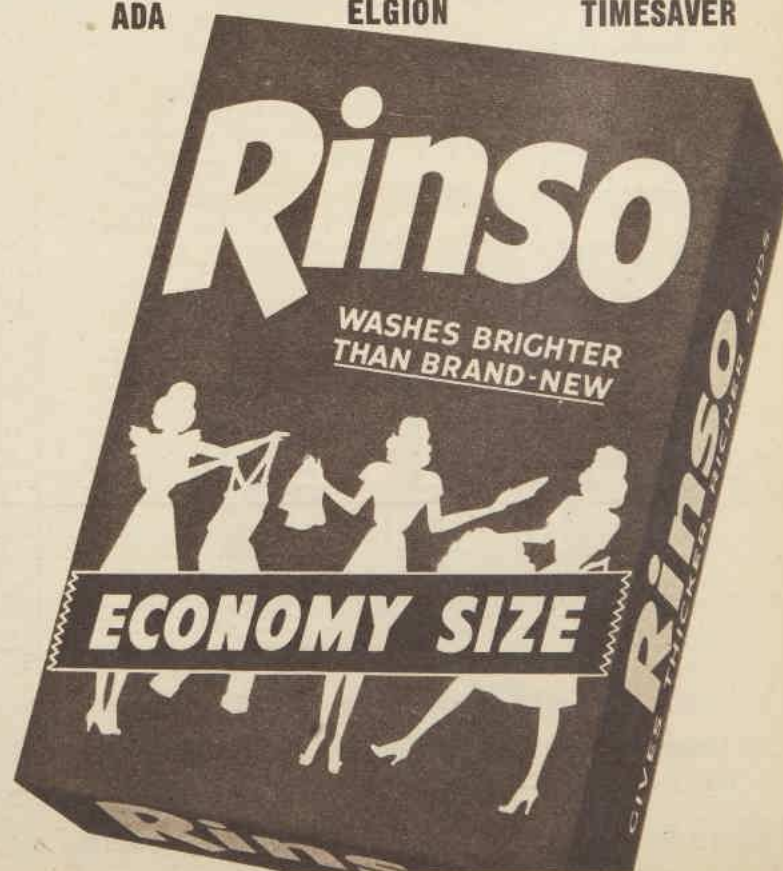
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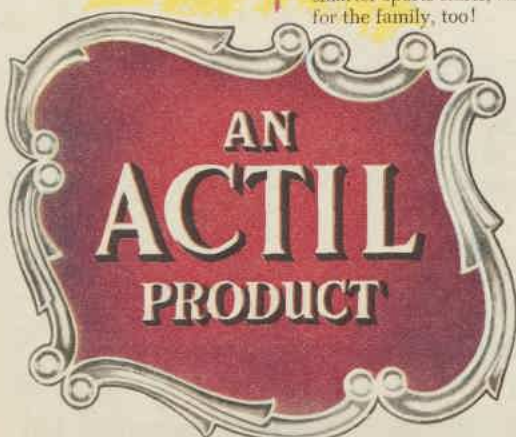
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Page 46

# Rock gardens



A rock garden can be a beautiful addition to any garden if it is properly made and situated in an attractive and suitable spot.

*WATER cascading over the stones of a rockery makes a beautiful setting for multi-colored flowers and foliage.*

**T**HERE are certain principles which must be followed in making a rock garden. It is not enough to dump a load of rock on the site and then fill up the spaces with soil.

Too often gardeners presume that a round or conical heap of stone piled up in the middle of a lawn and planted with a few succulents constitutes a rockery.

Do this, and you will find the result is bare and very artificial.

A rock garden is a special type of perennial garden where dwarf herbaceous perennials and low, woody plants predominate, with bulbs and annuals skilfully introduced to give additional color and variety.

The ideal situation is on a natural bank, where flowers, foliage, and rocks can be teamed together to hold the soil and to give a beautiful effect.

Rock gardens are ideal for a steeply sloping garden.

If the land is flat, the rock work should be built up slightly to get the effect of a slope, however gentle.

Most effective rockeries can be made where there is no natural rock, provided it is done with imagination.

Natural scenes can be created in small gardens by using a suitable corner or, sometimes, the whole garden.

The rock garden has a great advantage in a tiny garden, because a wide variety of different plants can be combined in relatively small planting space.

Stones used should harmonise with the surroundings. If you are building in a sandstone area use sandstone for your rock garden.

Aim to copy as nearly as possible a natural outcrop or a grassy and rocky knoll.

The latter is ideal for cold areas where you can grow alpine plants.

Dig the site thoroughly before placing the rocks in position. Any spots which may become waterlogged must be drained or the plants will rot.

To drain the site, make a rubble getaway.

Choose boulders already carrying lichens and mosses, as they add natural beauty, placing the most weathered or natural side upwards.

Avoid the stepping stone or paving type of rock, as well as thin, scaly, and soft rocks.

Start the construction at the bottom of the bank and use both large and small stones together.

Distribute the large boulders first, planning irregular terraces with gentle slopes separated by miniature cliffs.

Bury all rocks to at least a third of their depth. Rock strata should run in one direction so that the grouping will look natural.

At least one or two big boulders must be used. Egg-shaped rocks should be placed on their sides at the widest

## GARDENING

part, broad-based ones should be set base down.

Ram soil tightly round the rocks once they are placed in position. A good garden loam enriched in equal proportion with compost and sand is best, as it is light and friable and will neither bake nor become waterlogged.

Clay is quite unsuitable.

Alpine plants need very porous soil. If you are planning to grow them, add plenty of coarse sand or crushed rock to the soil and supply nourishment by humus.

In the larger rock garden it is possible to excavate a miniature ravine and through it lay a narrow grassed or flagged path.

Water adds great charm. If you cannot afford artificial cascades, make a little pool, eight to 10 inches deep, built under the shelter of one of the big rocks.

There is a great variety of suitable plants. Choose yours for foliage as well as for flowers.

Select hardy types and don't have too many tall plants or the effect of bold outcropping will be lost.

Combine some upright shrubs (Kurume azalea and lavender) with scramblers (Cotoneaster horizontalis and creeping veronicas).

There are many herbaceous perennials which will be effective.

A few suggestions are alyssum, cat mint, thyme, ajuga, dwarf pinks and thrift, Blue Gem ageratum, verbenas, some of the many campanulas, snow-in-summer, saxifrage, sedums, cotyledons, and echeveria.

Among suitable bulbs are crocus, grape hyacinths, scillas, and snowdrops, which look lovely when massed.

Phlox, linaria, lobelia, and violas are also attractive.

Among the loveliest rock plants are the dianthus family. There are many members but one of the prettiest is *Dianthus deltoideus*, known as the Maiden Pink. It grows in tufts which eventually form a spreading plant six to nine inches high, and produces a mass of small pink flowers.

Another beauty is the Carpathian harebell, *Campanula carpatica*. It has glorious clear blue flowers held erect on wiry stems. There is a white variety which is also attractive. The harebell is another tuft plant which grows from eight to 15 inches high.

Sedums are excellent plants for a rock garden.

*Sedum acre* or Love E-tangle is one of the gayest. It grows into a dense mat about two inches high, has the brightest of green leaves, and is covered with yellow flowers in early summer.

*Sedum Sieboldii*, Siebold's Stonecrop, grows three to nine inches high. The bluish leaves have red edges and the flowers are pink.

*Sedum spectabile*, the Showy Stonecrop, is a bigger plant, growing one to two feet high, with bluish-green leaves. It blooms in late summer with purplish or rose flowers.

*Sedum coeruleum* is an annual which produces small blue flowers on red stems.

Cotyledons make a good contrast in the rock garden with their carved, fleshy rosettes.

*Cotyledon paraguayensis* with its warm pink tones is one of the most attractive.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 11, 1954



## Honey recipe

# £250 CONTEST

First progress prize of £5/5/- for a recipe using honey is awarded to a delicious lemon honey dessert entered in section 2 by Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley Street, Noble Park, Vic.

**S**ERVED freshly made and hot, the tangy flavor of lemon combines well with the mellow sweetness of honey.

### LEMON HONEY DESSERT

Three lemons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched almonds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 6oz. good shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Peel lemons, removing all white pith, cut into thin slices. Arrange in alternate rows with split almonds in base of greased 8in. square or round tin. Mix honey with melted butter, pour over lemon slices and almonds. Cream shortening, sugar, and lemon rind, add egg, and mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Pour over mixture in dish. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin 5 minutes before turning on to serving-dish. May be served with lemon honey sauce if liked.

### How to enter

**SEND** us your favorite recipes which include honey in the ingredients. You may enter any one or all

of the following five sections:

1. Cakes (including small cakes, pastry, fancy breads, and biscuits).
2. Desserts (hot or cold).
3. Confectionery.
4. Beverages.
5. Savory or meat dishes with honey.

Start sending your entry or entries in now, because in addition to the major section and consolation prizes three more weekly progress prizes of £5/5/- each will be made for the best recipe in any one of the five sections.

**PRIZES** to the value of £250 will be paid in this new cookery contest for your favorite recipe in which honey is used.

The list of prizes to be won is: First prize: £100; Second prize: £50; Third prize: £25. Five section prizes each of £10. 25 consolation prizes each of £1.

Closing date of the contest is September 1. Prizewinners will be announced in October.

Recipes must be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed.

Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page the section in which recipe is to be entered.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney. Mark the envelope "Honey Cookery Contest."



**APRICOT SHORTCAKE** served cut in wedges and topped with whipped cream makes a luscious treat. See recipe.

## SHORTCAKE WINS £5

**A**PRICOTS top the delicious sweet which wins this week's main prize of £5 in our popular recipe contest.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### APRICOT SHORTCAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. flour, 2oz. rice flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, apricot halves, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue, almond essence.

Cream butter or substitute

with sugar, add egg-yolks beaten with milk. Work in sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Place in a greased flanning or 8in. sandwich-tin. Drain apricots, cut each half in two, reserving some to decorate. Press the apricot quarters into top of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, cool. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar, icing sugar, and almond essence. Spoon on top of cake mixture, place apricot halves, cut side down, around edge. Pipe a border of meringue around top, return to oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve in wedges.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Wright, 49 High St., Harris Park, Parramatta, N.S.W.

### Embroidery

#### transfer



**THIS** effective rose design in cross-stitch is one of 12 motifs featured on embroidery transfer No. 200C. Price, 1/-, plus 3d. extra for postage. Order from our Needlework Department. See address, page 52.

## Prize for garden novelty



**FERNS**, succulents, or trailing green growing in the side pockets of this garden drum and a patch of flowers on top will brighten a small porch, verandah, or a dead spot in a garden. A tin can be used this way for growing herbs.

An empty drum used as a flower garden is the prizewinning entry this week in our home-makers' contest on how to make something new from something old.

**MRS. R. M. Peeler**, 7 Yaldwin Street, Kyneton, Victoria, wins the prize of £3/3/- for the idea.

Provision is made for growing flowers around the sides of the drum, so that quite a colorful garden can be made. Flat-dwellers and those who have no garden space will find it a useful suggestion.

To prepare the drum, cut 12in.-long horizontal slits around the sides as shown in the sketch. The slits may be spaced evenly or alternated in rows as preferred. Press the top portion of each slit in to make room to plant a flower.

Pierce some holes in the base of the drum for drainage, then paint the outside in a bright color. When paint is dry place a layer of crocks in the drum to a depth of 1in., cover with layers of decayed leaves, and fill with soil. If possible, stand the drum on bricks.

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/-, and, when space allows, a consolation prize of £1/1/-, is awarded for the most original entry in our contest on how to make something new from something old.

Address your entry or entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## NOW THE ONLY BREAKFAST CEREAL ENRICHED WITH

# Glucose

### "Life's Vital Force"

These delicious flakes are an essential vitality food, bringing you Glucose—the source of all your energy.



**BRIGHT NEW PACK!**

## New luscious flavour



**TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!** Never before has wheat tasted so good! Glucose makes every flake more delicious.

**SEE THE DIFFERENCE!** Watch how each golden flake stands up to milk. Crisper and firmer than any other wheat flake or biscuit.

**FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!** Made from the outer layers of the wheat grain which are rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron — these new improved Kellogg's Bran Flakes are more nourishing, too! Mildly laxative—ideal for children and elderly folk.

## New Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

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**NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING! SUPPER DRINKS**

made with Cadbury's RED LABEL DRINKING CHOCOLATE

Just add a teaspoonful of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate to a cup of hot milk and you have a supper drink that's different; a cup of delicious hot chocolate. So easy to make, the kiddies can even prepare their own. No sugar to add either, because Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already sweetened. Try a packet today — the whole family will love it! 1½lb. packet — 2/-

**CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE**

Made in a minute—right in the cup!

Made by Cadbury's at Claremont, Tasmania, in the famous factory by mountain and sea.

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# New a meal in 7 minutes!

## "KRAFT DINNER"

— a nourishing meal in a packet!



Costs  
only a few pence  
per Serve!

**Always delicious — alone  
or with other foods**

*Here's a complete meal of macaroni and cheese!  
Ready in 7 minutes! Four generous servings!*

*Now! Serve hasty week-day meals and tasty week-end snacks  
— from one packet — the KRAFT DINNER way!*

*So quick and easy! In exactly 7 minutes you serve a big,  
steaming dish of macaroni and cheese.*

*So tasty! Here's tender macaroni, rich with a delightful  
cheese flavour. KRAFT DINNER is macaroni and cheese —  
at its very best!*

*So economical! Four generous servings in every packet!  
Every serve costs only a few pence! Simple directions on every  
packet.*

*Save time and money! Next time you are shopping, look  
for KRAFT DINNER — in its bright red and yellow packet.  
Take it home for delicious, nourishing family meals and snacks.*



KRAFT DINNER Supper . . . Only 7 minutes from packet to plate . . . just the thing for a hasty, tasty Saturday or Sunday night supper — alone, or garnished with tomatoes or vegetables. When you and your family taste your very first forkful — you'll agree that this new KRAFT DINNER brings you macaroni and cheese *the way you like it best!* You'll serve the KRAFT DINNER often, because it's so inexpensive, delicious and satisfying.

**KRAFT DINNER in the RED and YELLOW packet**



# Spring Luncheon

Spring dishes should be a compromise between heavy winter food and cool salads

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

## DEVILLED ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Five long thin bread rolls, butter, 1 small tin ham spread, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 level tablespoon butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  level tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tin asparagus or home-cooked asparagus, paprika.

Split bread rolls lengthwise, open out, spread with butter, then with ham mixed with mayonnaise and mustard. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add cheese, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Toast prepared rolls, arrange heated asparagus sticks along centre of rolls, top with hot cheese sauce. Dust with paprika, serve with pea halves filled with currant jelly, radish roses, carrot curls, and peas with chopped shallots.

**To Cook Fresh Asparagus:** Cut off lin. of lower stalks, wash. Scrape lightly with knife. Tie into a bundle, stand tips-up in boiling salted water in deep saucepan with water coming to within lin. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. of tips—tips cook in the steam. Cover and simmer 20 to 25 minutes. Serves five.



**DEVILLED ASPARAGUS** (left) served on a toasted savory roll is very appetizing. Try the unusual accompaniment, a pea half filled with red currant jelly.

## ASPARAGUS GOLDENROD

Five slices wholemeal bread, melted butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thick white sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato puree or concentrated tomato soup, 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt, pepper, 1 tin asparagus, 3 hard-boiled eggs, grated cheese.

Trim crusts from bread, cut slices in halves. Brush both sides with melted butter or substitute. Place on oven-tray and bake in moderate oven until crisp and lightly browned. Stir white sauce over medium heat, add tomato puree or tomato soup, onion, salt and pepper to taste. Continue stirring until mixture is hot, but do not allow to boil. Sandwich 4 or 5 sticks of asparagus (heated in its own liquor, which is then reserved for soup) between 2 pieces of crisp, hot bread. Arrange on serving-plates, top with hard-boiled eggs cut into eighths. Pour sauce over, sprinkle with cheese or some of the egg-yolk rubbed through a strainer. Serve hot with pineapple sticks and bacon, and shredded cabbage with sliced, stuffed olives. Serves five.



**ASPARAGUS GOLDENROD**, right, is a satisfying main dish—and so simple to prepare. Thinly sliced savory shortcake may be used instead of wholemeal bread.

## ASPARAGUS SWISS TARTS

(above) flavored with bacon and shallots are fine luncheon fare. The garlic bread to serve with them is easily made and very savory.

## ASPARAGUS SWISS TARTS

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 tin asparagus, 2 rashers chopped grilled bacon, 2 chopped shallots, 2 eggs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, salt, pepper.

Roll shortcrust thinly, cut, and line five individual pie-tins. Pinch a frill around edge and brush inside lightly with egg-white (from eggs for filling); allow to set and form a seal. Drain asparagus (reserve liquid for soup), cut into lin. lengths, saving tips for garnishing. Fill into pastry-cases, sprinkle with chopped bacon and shallots. Beat eggs with milk, season with salt and pepper, spoon carefully into pastry-cases. Place in hot oven and bake approximately 30 minutes, reducing heat to moderate after pastry has browned around edges. Serve hot with garlic bread, tomato and cucumber slices, shallots, softened cottage cheese.

**Garlic Bread:** Melt  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter in small saucepan. Add 1 cut clove garlic, stand 5 minutes, remove garlic. Brush butter over triangles of day-old bread. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown. Serves five.



**SNAP!** your packet open!

**CRACKLE!** those luscious RICE BUBBLES onto your plate

**POP!** them into your mouth!

**RICE is a wonderful food!**



Yes, rice IS a wonderful food—and these Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are a wonderfully delicious and nourishing breakfast cereal. So crisp they sing out loud Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour on the milk! And, every spoonful contains the proteins, minerals and vitamins you and your family need every day. Remember, too—you serve this breakfast straight from the packet. No cooking. No pots and griddles to wash up. Enjoy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles regularly in YOUR home.

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**Make Baby's Hair CROW CURLY**  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3-6 EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**

## WHEN KIDNEYS WORK TOO OFTEN

Are you embarrassed by too frequent urination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist 10-day under guarantee, satisfaction or money back.

would be better to meet him in town and bring him home.

And thus giving herself just one hour flat in which to make all the appalling lies come true.

She put down the receiver, shaking a little. His name was Don—Don Bradley. He sounded wonderful. And he was tall.

"You'll know me all right," he had said. "I take up a fair bit of room." And then, afterwards, "In any case, I'll recognize you."

"How?" she had said.

"You'll see," he told her.

It was at that moment that the fantastic idea had swooped. Mrs. Henry Scott's garden—a dream garden which Mrs. Henry Scott had once invited Rosemary to visit before. With the unpredictability of the very wealthy, the lady had whisked herself off on a trip to America.

But, "Any time, my dear," she had said when Rosemary had addressed her club Garden Circle. "Any time at all!"

Now, Rosemary decided, was the time. To Mrs. Henry Scott's she and "Greenfingers" would go. It wouldn't matter, she told her nagging conscience, probably she would never see him again.

"Greenfingers," she reflected with a chuckle, would see the sort of garden he wanted to see, the sort every reader of "Homelovers" gardening feature imagined the "Homelovers" expert to have.

And if they were unlucky enough to meet someone, well, she had permission. That would mean the end of "Greenfingers" friendship, she supposed, but at least she would have tried.

Keeping her fingers crossed as much as possible, she dressed in her newest suit. Her reflection was slim, pleasing, and utterly guileless. She grinned at it, caught up a bag and gloves, and left.

Mr. Don Bradley was standing by the big centre pillar of the hotel foyer, the large bulk of him well tailored in a dark suit. He looked unmistakably of the country. Rosemary thought, as she walked towards him, and yet not contrived. Merely large and untroubled, with an ease that made other men seem harassed and petty by comparison. She judged he would be about thirty.

He took her hand and beamed down upon her. "Rosemary herself! By the way, is that your real name?"

She nodded. She felt his eyes, grey and shrewd and kindly, upon her. "Mr. McInnes thought it suitable for a garden expert." She laughed a little as she said it.

He watched her gravely. "Oh, it is. Most suitable. I say, I hope I'm not being a frightful bore insisting on meeting you, but Mac said you wouldn't mind."

"Mac?"

"McInnes. He's a friend of mine."

"Oh!" She was aware of coloring hotly. McInnes knew she had no garden. How could he send a friend to see it? She answered, choosing her words carefully. "Of course not. I'm delighted. I—I expect Mr. McInnes has told you all about my—my garden?"

"Not a word!" Mr. Bradley said cheerfully. "I asked for your address and when he forgot to let me have it I telephoned. His secretary gave it."

"I see," Rosemary said. Dumb, dumb secretary, she thought. However, Mr. McInnes wasn't a traitor after all. She drew a deep breath. "Well—well, I suppose we had better go now. We'll have to take a tram."

"No," he said. "I've got the car. Which way?"

It seemed to Rosemary that Don Bradley, happily chatting away about his farm and garden, seemed taken aback when she told him to stop outside Elginford. And even more so

## Continuing . . . The Azalea Walk

from page 3

when they walked through the smaller gate beside the large iron ones which were locked.

"But this isn't the place?" His brows were drawn in puzzlement. "You don't mean Elginford's your home?"

"It's really a relative's—my aunt, as a matter of fact," she lied hurriedly.

"And you live here?"

"You can see why I love writing about it," she told him hastily, passing over his question. "Of course I don't do the garden single-handed. One person couldn't. But the planning and favorite spots—"

Well, it wasn't as though she couldn't, given the opportunity. In Mrs. Henry Scott's place, she would have it even more beautiful, a paradise.

"I see," Don Bradley said soberly, but there was an inflection that made her look up sharply. "I didn't think you would," he said gently. "It's pretty big."

They had turned down the side path now, the one that led to a small stream.

"I must see the iris," Don said. "You've always made me envious with your descriptions in 'Up the Garden Path'."

"Down the Garden Path," she corrected.

"Sorry," he said with a side-long look. "I've sometimes felt it was Up the Garden Path you were leading me in that enjoyable weekly page."

"Of course not!" She gave him a swift glance, but his face was perfectly innocent.

It must be near here, she thought. There had been a picture of the iris beds beside the water in one of the local papers. She had seen it, and had described it in her page. "Further along," she murmured.

Don smiled down at her. "I can't tell you how much encouragement and help I've had from your letters. Getting a garden going in our district is pretty hard. A lot of the soil near the house had to be carted on. Still, I always reckon, 'If Rosemary can grow it, so can I.'"

"You do?" She smiled too, looking up into his pleasant, tanned face and feeling more like a treacherous garden grub than a respected garden expert.

"The nemesis died," he told her. "Too windy for it. But the iris did well."

"Seventeen species," she murmured.

"Er—perhaps not quite seventeen," he said embarrassedly. "but several."

"Oh!"

"And I've an Azalea Walk like yours," he went on. "that is, it will be. At present I've only one, but give me time—"

"I will," she said faintly.

There was no iris bed. As the ornamental stream filtered through the gratings to disappear underground, Rosemary faced the truth.

The iris in all varieties, or even in a few of those described in her article, were not. Either Mrs. Henry Scott or her gardener had banished them.

"How silly of me," Rosemary said desperately. "Of course—we changed the iris beds to the back of the house last—last spring. I'll show you later, but we'll walk this way first."

She hurried over the little bridge and along the path that ran by the bank below the house. Perhaps, she thought wildly, she could lose him behind a bush and take to her heels—get into the street and away.

It couldn't go on, this deception. It was getting worse and worse. And if she escaped, well, he would only think her quite mad.

But Don was keeping up with her. Just once he turned, looking back along the path, and

there he somehow caught his foot on a projecting root and dropped to one knee, swearing under his breath.

Rosemary turned to see his face white and set. "What is it? You've hurt yourself?"

"A bit of a sprain." He managed to stand upright, balancing himself on one foot. "If I can get to the house and rest it a bit."

The blood drained away from Rosemary's face until it was as white as his. "No," she whispered. "You can't."

He didn't seem to hear her. Painfully he pulled himself up the steps to the side door.

"You can't," she said urgently. "It—it's—oh, you don't understand. We can't go in!"

"It's all right," Don said dazedly. He pushed open the door and sank down on a couch in the hall. "Don't worry. Aunt—He leaned forward, his face on his knees.

"It isn't my aunt," Rosemary whispered. "You see—"

"Don't worry," he repeated slowly.

Before her wild eyes he sagged gently forward in a faint.

Frantically she wondered what she could do. At any moment someone would come. Nobody would leave a house like this open and unattended.

She would have to explain. She would say he was hurt outside the gate—that she had brought him in and he collapsed. Surely . . . But Don—forgetting all this, she sank on her knees beside him, waiting for his return to consciousness.

ROSEMARY became aware that he was stirring and she put her arms round his shoulders, raising his head.

"Water," he said. "Feel giddy. Water." He pointed to a door opposite. "In there."

Wondering how he knew, she pushed open the door. There was a powder-room with a wash basin. There was a glass on the shelf above and she filled it and brought it to him.

Don drank all the water. She noticed he had loosened his collar and tie and had raised one foot on to the couch.

She looked at him worriedly, part of her mind tensed for a sound from anywhere in the house. Don was so nice, so terribly nice, but now he had to know.

She had to get him away somehow before anyone came, even though it meant his knowing the truth and despising her for her trickery.

"Don," she began urgently and incoherently. "Mr. Bradley, I'm afraid—I mean I've something terrible to tell you—"

He shook his head wearily. "Don't."

"But—but I have to. We—you see we can't stay here. You—"

There was a slight sound from the end of the long hall and an elderly man came between the heavy velvet curtains. Rosemary felt her heart jump twice over.

Yet the man walked on unconcernedly towards them. "Sorry I didn't hear you, sir—why, what has happened?" He stopped, peering from Don to Rosemary. "You've had an accident?"

"This is Miss Morris, Edward," Don spoke calmly. "I slipped when I was showing her the garden. Only a bit of a sprain, I think."

Through a haze of bewilderment Rosemary watched the old man fussing about putting cushions at Don's back and under the hurt foot. "Have to get the doctor, sir," he was saying. "Your aunt would ring

Dr. Mason at once if she were here."

His aunt! The only thing left now, Rosemary realised out of the surging of shock and humiliation that twisted her very soul, was flight.

Her face was burning and the blood beat furiously in her ears and throat as she looked at Don. It even blurred her sight of him. She heard the strained formality of her own voice. "I—I'm late for an appointment, Mr. Bradley. I have to go."

"No!" Don tried to reach a hand to prevent her. "Please don't. I'll explain everything. Please don't go. I—I can't bear you to."

At the door she turned, struggling to retrieve some shreds of dignity. "I—I hope your foot will be better soon," she managed before the train welled up and overflowed as she stumbled down the steps to run down the drive to the road.

It was late Sunday afternoon. The mellow sunshine streamed over the Pelargonium Bank and highlighted the bright wet faces of virginia stock flowers in the window box four floors up.

Rosemary had just watered them. Even if you're no longer a magazine gardening expert (the resignation having been posted an hour earlier) and your heart is broken, your soul humiliated, when you love your flowers you water them.

You even fork around the azalea's feet and moved it a fraction closer to the fresh air. And if you draw a little solace from the fact that another bud has formed on your treasure you mightn't hear the first gentle tap on your door. Or even the second, if you're completely lost in thought.

Rosemary didn't. But she heard the third. In fact she dropped the watering-can and wondered for a crazy moment whether the bottom panel of the door had fallen in. And the door opened, ever so slightly, and she heard Don Bradley's voice saying "Rosemary—you wouldn't keep a chap out when his foot's got half a ton of plaster on it."

Actually she was too busy getting him inside, complete with crutches and plaster, to answer. But when she did it was only "Oh, Don, your foot!"

"Broken!"

She put him in the old chair with the castors and wheeled and pushed him towards the window. It was an effort, but they made it.

"The Pelargonium Bank," he murmured. "Oh, darling!" There was something in his face that made her wildly, joyously proud of that Pelargonium Bank. And of the seven sweet-pea flowers up the side of the window and the pink and red nemesis he could see if he craned his neck.

"I—I haven't a garden," she said unnecessarily. And then she was in his arms. Between kisses she heard his explanations of how he had seen her photograph in Mac's office way back when the gardening feature started.

He had been determined to know her, even though it meant his writing fictitious letters about a mythical garden. He told of his astonishment at being led straight to his aunt's home, where he was staying for the few days with old Edward.

"You wouldn't have known, though, if it hadn't been for the foot. I was so tickled with your courage."

"It was terrible," she said. And then he kissed her again lingeringly, romantically, on the lovely Azalea Walk she had described so often. At least it was right between the Azalea pot and the window, and that was just as satisfactory.

(Copyright)



# Susannah and the Elders

from page 10

"They just got to," I said. "If they throw a monkey wrench into this I'll just die."

"I'd better show you a few things before you start in," said Midgie. She knows a lot about being neurotic, so she got down off her bed and began to sigh and twist her hands and make faces.

"That's the way my mother does it," she said, "when my father asks her why the house has to cost a small fortune every month, or when she buys a new fur coat."

I watched her and then I tried it out. I think I was pretty good, because Midgie just went bug-eyed. "You've got a lot of talent," she said.

"Thanks."

"You going to start today?"

"Yes. Right after she reads to us out of 'Ivanhoe'."

Midgie thought I ought to fix up a little bit so I'd look like I was nervous. I have this old green dress which is sort of a terrible color on me, and I put that on. Then I washed my face a lot till it looked sort of scratchy, and Midgie said I should take a hanky along to kind of twist every once in a while. Then we went to class.

There was Miss Adams, looking just as nice and plain as she always does, only she was wearing a little bunch of violets on her blouse and it made her extra pretty. I sat down right in front of her, and Midgie sat down across the way.

Miss Adams asked how we all were and everybody said fine, but me. I just sighed and looked at my shoes. Miss Adams didn't see that, so I decided I'd have to ham it up a little.

Well, she read "Ivanhoe," and all the kids listened and I sighed about a hundred times. Just before she stopped I gave a little snuffle and blew my nose very loud. That did it. She looked at me and her eyes got all soft and troubled.

The bell rang. I got up very slowly, like I was sick, and started to shuffle out, but Miss Adams called after me.

"Susie," she said, "stay a minute, will you, dear?" I could tell she was hooked. I shuffled back and sank into my chair. She came down and sat beside me. I could smell the violets and I could feel her nice soft hand as she patted mine. She's really a doll.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem very happy today."

"It isn't only today," I said, making my voice squeaky. "Oh? Do you feel you could tell me about it?"

I guess I should have waited a minute like I was thinking it over, but I just nodded and started in. I told her the whole thing, with a lot of sniffling in between the sentences, and a little crying just before I finished up.

Miss Adams is the type who is very soft-hearted, and since this was a pretty sad story she began to look very sympathetic and upset.

"It's a big problem for a little girl," she said slowly. "Perhaps I could have a little talk with your father one of these days."

"That would be fine. When?"

"Do you think he could come over to school and visit with us?"

I thought fast. If she talked to my father at school it would be pretty businesslike, and I didn't think it would lead to anything. If she came to our house it would work a lot better.

"He doesn't go out much," I told her. "He mostly pots around making things in his workshop." I said that because I didn't want her to think my father was a glamorous lover or anything like that, because I knew she wouldn't care for that type.

"You ask him if he'll be kind

enough to see me tomorrow afternoon," she said. "You and I can drive over and have a little visit."

"Oh, thank you," I said. "Don't brood about it, will you?"

"Well," I said, "I'll try not to, but what I need is someone to mother me like you've been doing."

She gave me a real nice hug and told me to go and take a little nap—she'd see what could be done.

I knew right then and there that I'd been right to be so crazy about her. She was kind of new at the school but I'd loved her from the first day she came.

She always has time to be nice to the kids and the gardener and the cook and everybody around the place. I looked into her background, too, and it was real nice and plain. She was born and brought up in Springfield, Ohio. She was engaged to a boy who was killed in the war and she wasn't very interested in love, but I could tell she was lonely.

The reason I know that is that she sort of acted like my father. I mean she pots around the school doing knitting and painting little postcards and stuff, and she never goes out. Like I told Midgie, she was practically perfect for my father if I could get them together, and if Moffit and Morris said okay.

I guess I acted neurotic so hard that by the time Midgie and I got ready for bed that night I felt a little bit neurotic. "I hope I didn't overdo it," I told Midgie. "It's sort of sticking to me."

"Don't worry," said Midgie, "you'll get over it."

"It would be wonderful if Miss Adams fell in love with my father," I said. "She's good at mathematics and she'd straighten out all the bills." I was getting sleepy.

"What she'll have to straighten out is Moffit and Morris," said Midgie. "They don't believe in marriage one little bit."

"If they spoil this one," I said, "I'll do something desperate. I might have to go all the way and have a breakdown. Could you show me how?"

Midgie didn't answer. She was already asleep.

The next day I rang up home and told Jerroic I wanted to talk to my father. Father was there because he was on suspension for turning down the desert picture.

I told him I was coming home and bringing one of my teachers who wanted to talk to him. My father right away asked if I was sick or anything because he's very nervous about my health, but I said, "No. It's something mental."

That really got him excited. He said, "Susie, what's happened?"

And I said, in a kind of fainty voice, "It's about my adjustment."

He said he'd be home and to hurry up. Midgie was in the phone booth with me and she said that all I had to do was leave them alone together but if I was smart I'd listen in on the conversation. I said, "Leave it to me."

Miss Adams and I had an awfully nice ride to our house. She knows an awful lot about girls and their problems and I really told her a lot of things that had been worrying me.

When we got to the house my father came out on the driveway to meet us. My father doesn't go around in Hawaiian shirts and scarves like most movie stars. He usually wears a shirt and a tie like he was a businessman.

Anyway, he looked very nice and sweet like he always does, and when I saw him my heart just melted, and I knew the best thing I could do for him was to get him a nice wife like Miss Adams.

He gave me a great big bear hug and then said "How do you do?" to Miss Adams and asked her if she wouldn't come inside and have some tea. He'd tried to get Jerroic to clean up the den but it was pathetic how awful it looked. I mean, it's a nice den but it needs to be neat and clean.

Anyway, he gave Miss Adams a chair and then asked me would I please go ask Jerroic to make us a tea party.

I said yes because I wanted them to get started. I rushed out to the kitchen like mad and told Jerroic about the tea.

Then I went out the back way and came around so I could listen under the window in the garden and take a peek once in a while. They were talking loud enough for me to hear, and it was pretty interesting. My father was talking and Miss Adams was listening with a nice sympathetic look on her face.

"That poor baby," my father was saying. "To think she was eating her heart out all this time and didn't say anything to me. It hasn't been much of a life for her since her mother died. Things in this business are pretty hectic. I've tried to live clean and decent, you understand," he said.

"Of course," said Miss Adams.

"I mean it's just a kind of crazy accident, my being in the movies. I've wanted to get out of it for a long time. Settle down. Live a simple life and do right by Susie."

He gave a great big sigh.

"The trouble is," he went on, "I'm not too well off financially. I mean I've made a lot of money but I don't hang on to it. Mishner's got me on an allowance now, and he socks it away, but I'm getting past my prime."

"You look wonderful," said Miss Adams in her nicest voice. "and I think you are wonderful for being so unaffected. Frankly, I thought I'd find someone quite different."

My father got red in the face, but he was smiling. "Have you known Susie long?"

"I've only been at the school six months. She's a darling girl. Very mature. And she loves you very much. In fact, that's the whole trouble. She feels responsible for you."

"Gee," said my father. "Yes, she does. She worries about your being—" Miss Adams stopped. "May I speak frankly?"

"Sure."

"Well, she thinks you're lonely. I hope you don't think I'm being tactless or pushing."

My father shook his head. "She's right," he said. "I am."

Miss Adams' eyes got very soft and tender. "I know how you feel," she said. She paused, and I could tell she was thinking of her own fiancé and how he was killed.

Then she said, "I think that sometimes we don't do the right thing when we're grieving for someone. We shut ourselves away and brood."

"That's right," said my father. "I've done a lot of brooding."

"I guess," said Miss Adams, "that we ought to try to live in the world. To find new interests."

My father looked at her like he was just really beginning to see how nice and plain she was. "It would help a lot," he said, "to have someone around who understood."

It was Miss Adams' turn to

To page 53

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1. **PATTY CAKES:**  
INGREDIENTS: 6 ozs. butter, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour, pinch salt.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased patty tin, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen cakes.

2. **LIGHT FRUIT CAKE:**  
INGREDIENTS: 1/2 lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1/2 lb. plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 1/2 lb. castor sugar, 1 oil, coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 ozs. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

METHOD: Cream butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add sifted flour and salt; continue beating until soft, white and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved, add yolks. Mix into creamed butter and flour. Fold in almonds, fruit and sherry, then baking powder, sifted with cornflour. Turn into 8-inch round or square tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1 1/2 hours.

3. **ORANGE CAKE:**  
INGREDIENTS: 8 ozs. butter, 1/2 lb. sugar, 1/2 lb. plain flour, 1/2 lb. orange juice, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 cup Cream of Tartar self-raising flour.

METHOD: Cream butter, sugar and orange rind thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add orange juice, mix well. Fold in flour, which has been sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

4. **COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES:**  
INGREDIENTS: 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1/4 cup plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 cup coconut.

METHOD: Beat butter until softened; gradually add sugar, vanilla and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into 2-inch balls, place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin when cold.

5. **CHOCOLATE CAKE:**  
INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. butter, 3/4 cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, 1/2 teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, pinch salt, 3 level tablespoons drinking chocolate, good 1/2 cup milk.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar; add boiling water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, ice one layer with chocolate icing and join layers with cream.

6. **GINGERBREAD CAKE:**  
INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1/2 cup milk, 1 beaten egg.

METHOD: Sift flour and spices into a bowl; add the sugar and mix. Melt the shortening, add the milk to it, warming it slightly before stirring in the treacle, beaten egg, soda and baking powder. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and thoroughly. Pour into buttered and paper-lined slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. When cold, cut in squares and sift with sugar.

7. **SPONGE SANDWICH:**  
INGREDIENTS: Three large eggs, good 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk.

METHOD: Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and frothy; gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into two greased 7-in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill and ice when cold.

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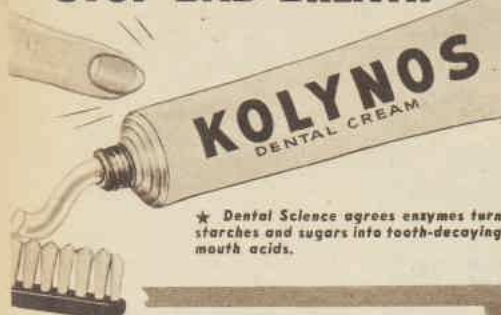
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## Continuing . . . . Susannah and the Elders

from page 51

get red in the face, but it made her look like a nice red apple. "Yes," she said, "it would."

Just then, right when they were beginning to be friendly, in came Moffit and Morris. I thought I'd die. They were wearing kind of duck-hunting caps and they had a big paper sack full of beer cans.

Honestly, it made me feel just crummy to see them coming in looking like a couple of tramps. Uncle Ted looked around and said, "If it isn't a tea party!"

That remark could only mean one thing. They were going to be cute, and when those two were cute they were horrible.

That meant they'd gum up the works for sure, with Miss Adams starting to like my father fine, and him liking her.

Uncle Alan was bending over and peering at Miss Adams, saying, "And who is this colleen?" That's when I started for the door in a hurry.

My father was introducing Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted as his two best friends when I came in.

"It's the darling of our hearts," said Uncle Ted, giving me a kiss on the forehead. "A real little mother to all of us."

"All the woman any little house needs," said Uncle Alan, and he looked sideways at my father.

"Susie's a fine girl," said Miss Adams. She stopped a minute and then went on, "Susie," she said, "we've had a talk about your problem, and I don't think it's quite as bad as you do."

"Just look at the house," I said loudly. "Look how patchy it is!"

"Well, yes, it could stand a woman's hand, but you see—"

Uncle Ted spoke up. "I know where I can get a great Hungarian cook for you. Great!"

"She loves kids," said Uncle Alan.

"And company," echoed Uncle Ted. "All hours of the day or night."

They were so obvious. They were afraid that if my father got married they couldn't come over any time they wanted to and drink beer and drop ashes on the rug and play poker.

What did they know about the holes in my father's socks, or how he needs somebody around to rub him with liniment when he gets lumbago.

A person just can't go all his life drinking beer and talking about the movies. A person has to have someone around who knows if you're allergic and who feels sorry for you when the stock market isn't good.

I watched my father to see if he was listening to them, and he had a sort of undecided look on his face. First he took a good long glance at Miss Adams, and then at Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted and then at me.

"I suppose a housekeeper would be a good idea," he said, in a low voice.

Miss Adams got up and put on her gloves. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted got up. Miss Adams shook hands with them and said, "I know you all love Susie and want what's best for her."

Then my father began to look like a puppy in a dog kennel. "I'll walk you to the car," he said.

The minute they left the room, Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted began to talk to me.

"You'll love this housekeeper," Uncle Alan said. "Makes the greatest strudel in the world. The greatest."

"It'll be wonderful, honey," said Uncle Ted. "You'll live at home instead of at school and have the run of the place."

"And we'll be around all the

time. We won't let you down. Your old man will think he's triplets. Never a dull moment."

I could feel tears beginning to sting in my eyes. Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted are fine. I really love them, but they aren't the same as having a nice wife for my father. I knew my father would listen to them the way he always did, and have a very lonely old age.

They didn't even give him a chance to talk about Miss Adams. The minute he came back into the room, Uncle Alan said he had tickets to a fight at the Legion Stadium, and didn't my father think that Casey would beat Goralik?

I didn't want to sit around listening to any opinions on boxing when my heart was breaking, so I just ran out.

Pretty soon I heard the front door slam and then everything was quiet. I suppose that my father was beginning to pot around the way he does when he feels miserable, but I heard some whistling and singing.

I know that my father enjoys the boxing matches, but not enough to go around whistling and singing about them. I got closer and closer, and then he came into the room, and he had a big smile on his face. He kind of jumped across the floor and scooped me up in a bear hug. "She's going to have dinner with me, Susie," he said.

I stared at him. "But what about Uncle Alan and Uncle Ted and the Hungarian housekeeper?" I asked.

"She can keep house for them," he said, and he smiled a kind of foolish smile. Right then and there I knew my worries were over, because there are some things a grown-up man can do for himself, and one of them is to ask somebody to marry him.

I suppose I could have let them take it from there by themselves, but I thought I'd better keep an eye on them until they went out on their first date.

I hung around while my father got all slicked up. He started about two hours before he was supposed to get Miss Adams. Then he called in Jerriro and told him to slick up the house.

Then he kissed me about four times and said to watch out the window because he'd be back in a flash.

I was pretty nervous until they came back, but the minute I saw Miss Adams I knew I'd done it. A girl just doesn't get all fixed up like that for nothing. She looked like she'd been doing a little whistling and singing herself.

My father made her a cocktail and we all sat around for a little bit. Then my father said very bashfully, where would she like to eat, and she said she didn't care. Any place he liked, she would like.

They got up and both of them kissed me good-night like I was a little baby. In fact, my father said, "Bless you, Susie," but that's the Irish and sentimental in him.

I must have a little Irish and sentimental in me, too, though, because when they walked out of the house together I had a funny lumpy feeling like I get when I read Cyrano de Bergerac. It was lovely.

I waited till they drove off and then I ran like mad to the phone and called up Midgie. All I had to do was tell her it came out like one of my father's movies. She understood, because she's in the business, and she knows they all have to have happy endings.

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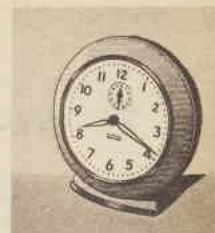


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## Mandrake the Magician

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water exploring too near the cavern. Mandrake follows the thief back to the hideout, and there finds Narda alive and well. After a struggle, Mandrake overpowers the two criminals and hands them over to the police. NOW READ ON

BEGINNING: THE VISITORS. IN A HOSPITAL:

I CAME AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. WHAT HAPPENED?

ONE OF OUR PILOTS WAS JUST FLOWN BACK FROM AFRICA FOR TREATMENT. HE HAD A BAD CRASH OVER THERE.

WE'VE EXAMINED HIM--HE SEEMS SANE--BUT HE STICKS TO THAT WEIRD STORY!

WHAT WEIRD STORY?

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NOW TELL MANDRAKE YOUR STORY.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

NOW, I'M SICK OF TELLING IT. YOU ALL THINK I'M WACKY! WELL, MAYBE I AM.

"OKAY, HERE GOES. BUT LET ME FINISH BEFORE YOU START LAUGHING. I WAS MAKING A ROUTINE JUNGLE FLIGHT, WHEN I LOST MY WAY. I SAW THIS VALLEY FILLED WITH MIST--"

"I FLEW DOWN, JUST ABOVE THE MIST, AT ABOUT A THOUSAND-FOOT ALTITUDE -- THEN I SAW THEM--"

"I WAS FLYING AT NEARLY A THOUSAND FEET, WHEN I SAW THESE GREAT HEADS. I FLEW NEAR THEM TO MAKE SURE--"

DID YOU MAKE SURE? WHAT ELSE DID YOU SEE?

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! I COULDN'T SEE THE REST OF THEM BECAUSE OF THE MIST. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL--

"SUDDENLY, THIS GREAT HAND REACHED OUT OF THE MIST AND GRABBED MY PLANE!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- August 11, 1954



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TODAY I WAS SURE HE WAS READY... HE BEAT ME ON THE BUS THIS MORNING AND THEN GAVE ME HIS SEAT—ALL OF A SUDDEN PLITE, Y'KNOW!



SO TO MAKE IT EASIER, I GAVE HIM AN OPENING... I TOLD HIM I WAS DYING TO SEE TH' PICTURE AT TH' STRAND—SO WHAT DOES HE DO?



I'VE BEEN READING PSYCHOLOGY BOOKS ALL DAY, TRY'NA FIGURE IT OUT... COULD IT BE HE DOESN'T LIKE ME ANY MORE SO QUICK? WHY? WOULDN'T YOU THINK THE WAY FELLAS ARE SO SIMPLE-MINDED, THEY'D BE EASY TO UNDERSTAND?



I GUESS THEY'RE NOT AS SIMPLE AS THEY LOOK...



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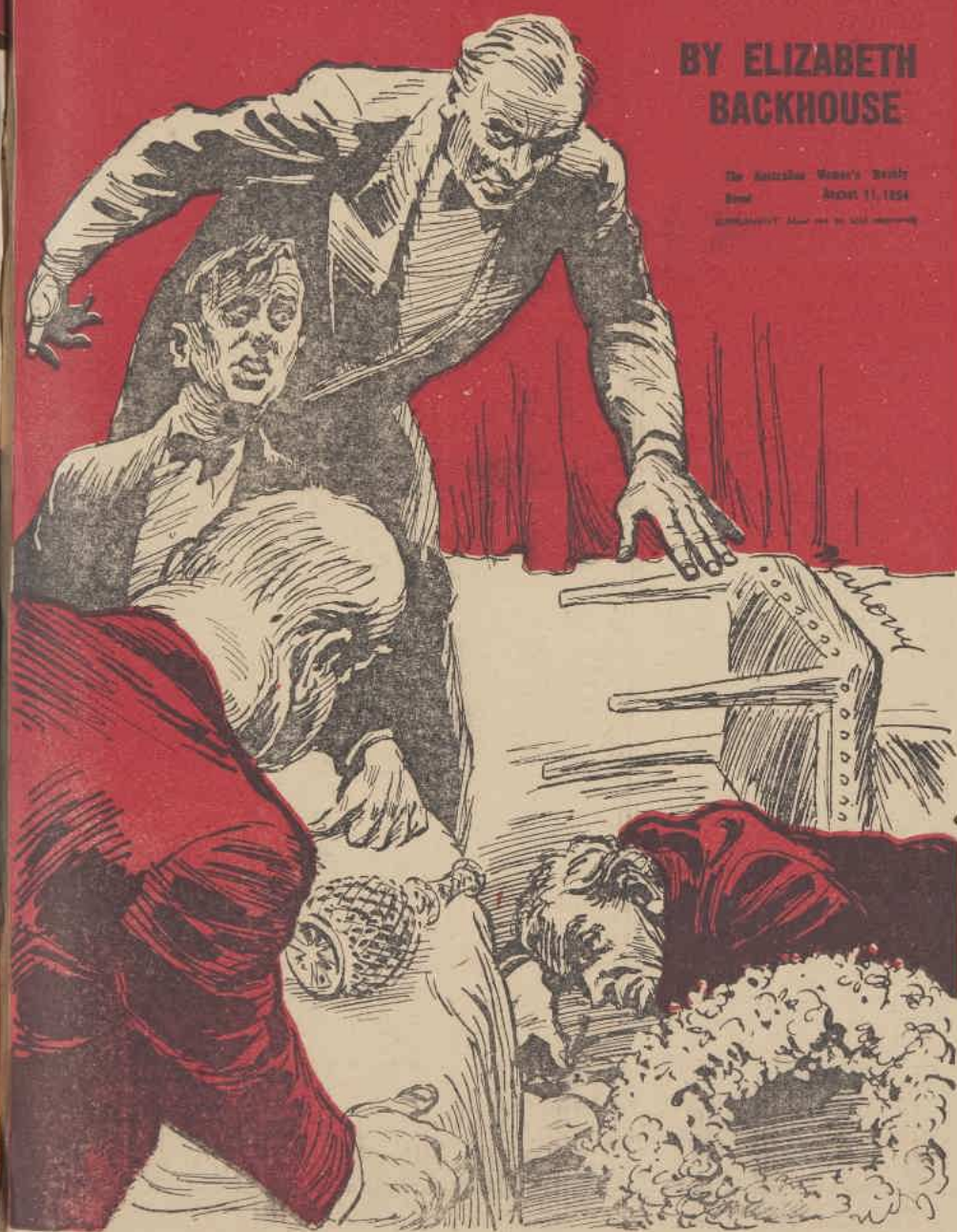


# A WREATH FOR THE PARTY

BY ELIZABETH  
BACKHOUSE

The Australian Women's Weekly  
Week  
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## A WREATH FOR THE PARTY

THE windows of a certain long-established, exclusive men's club looked out on to the tranquil scene of Hyde Park. The time was early evening, but already there was increasing dusk in the park and the little clumps of crocuses and patches of daffodils were hidden in shadow. From the park the club building appeared as a dark shape against the deepening sky, but the many windows with their bright shafts of light gave to the uncertain shape an airy animation. It would seem, to an observer that the club members were not completely satisfied with the somewhat staid, conservative atmosphere and were eager to add to it the freshness and perfumes of both the spring evening and the park.

But the observer, on looking closer, would see that one window was closed and the curtains drawn so that only a thin chink of light showed.

The room behind this window was small, one of those private dining-rooms which were available to club members who wished to celebrate some special occasion.

On this evening it had been reserved for Joseph Ludd, a member of the club for many years and senior director of the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited, importers and distributors of jewellery, furs and other luxury goods. His guests were three co-directors: Martin Ashe, Herman Jowett, and Hilary Stephens, also club members. An empty chair at the table marked the place where Richard Longfield would have sat; but at the last moment Longfield had sent word that he was unable to be present.

The event which they had been called upon to celebrate was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited; the founder of the firm having been the father of the present senior director.

Stefan, the wine steward took up the decanter of old port and silently replenished the glasses of the four men who sat around the table. Usually this particular vintage brought forth either soft murmurs or more voluble words of appreciation, but the four said nothing. Stefan regretted that he had not succumbed to temptation and substituted an inferior brand. The switch would never have been noticed.

The whole evening, so far as Stefan could see, was a failure. The atmosphere in this small, private chamber lacked any sense of cheer or even of goodwill. It seemed he thought as if the four men actually hated each other. There was something in the eyes of each, something in the tense frowns which encircled the delicate stems of the wine glasses. The very air seemed malignant. And yet, why?

They had just eaten, but with no apparent knowledge of the excellence of it, a meal which, earlier in the evening, had brought a thrill of pride to the chef who had conceived the idea of it and who had supervised its preparation. To Stefan, who was in his own way a connoisseur of good cooking, the meal was enough to delight the eye, nose, and palate; and he thought, it had cost more than many a man received in his weekly pay-pocket.

Despite his annoyance with the guests he served, Stefan appreciatively sniffed the aroma of the expensive cigars which three of the four men now lit up, and thought that there were not many members of the club who would smoke such excellent cigars with so little enjoyment.

Still puzzled and a little angered by the lack of appreciation, Stefan withdrew.

Joseph Ludd, the eldest of the four men, looked up then from his silent contemplation of his wine and scowled at the other three. Yet there was more in his gaze than mere irritation; there was a measuring. How much longer could they work together? How much longer before something dangerous flared up?

He looked for a long minute at Hilary Stephens. He felt not only disgust where Stephens was concerned but also a disturbing sense of fear. Stephens was a weakling. Even now, after so little wine, he was half drunk; his pale eyes were shifty and his mouth already tremulous. Soon he would begin to blurt out his fears and the other two, Martin Ashe and Herman Jowett, would scream at the weakling. Fear, and a hatred of each other. They were queer things to bind four men together.

"Pity you g Longfield couldn't make it," Martin Ashe said in a transparent effort to break the silence and hold back the fear which was growing with every sip of wine. Stephens let pass down his thin throat. "A nice youngster I think he should do well."

No one bothered to be; Martin Ashe in his effort to make the evening more companionable, yet they all regretted the absence of Longfield; with Longfield present everything would have been different. They would have played up to each other to make an appearance of friendliness. With only the four of them it was useless. They hated and mistrusted each other.

"Stephens! Why don't you stop drinking?"

Ludd's question was like the sharp crack of a whip.

**H**ILARY Stephens did his best to summon a little manhood. He tried to steady the trembling hand which raised the glass to his lips. Wine! It was the one thing which warmed him, which made him manful, which rubbed his memory of its sharp edge. After he had drained his glass he felt better. He smiled stupidly at Ludd.

"Why should I stop drinking?" he asked. "Tell me that."

No one answered him, and yet they all knew. Fear again, stayed their lips from forming the words. Stephens reached out for the decanter and, with a trembling hand, refilled his glass.

The door of the room opened. Joseph Ludd, who sat facing the door, opened his eyes wider as he stared, the other three turned their heads.

Herman Jowett gave a cry. "What's that?"

The waiter who stood in the open doorway did his best to appear as if the thing he held was nothing unusual. He tried to look as if wreaths were sent to the club on every day of the week.

Attached to the wreath was a white, black-edged envelope. The waiter coughed.

"It appears to be addressed to Mr. Martin Ashe," he said, and coughed again.

"Leave the thing alone," Joseph Ludd advised, but Martin Ashe, grinning as if he were trying to accept the presence of the wreath as a very good and original joke, got up from the table. He took the wreath from the waiter who with well-concealed regret, withdrew. He would have liked to know a good deal more about that wreath. A funny thing to send to a celebration.

"Queer what a sense of humor some people have," said Jowett. "Now who do you suppose sent that thing and why? Maybe it was your wife, Martin?"

"Shut up," Martin Ashe muttered. "Mine and my wife's affairs are nothing to do with you."

"True," conceded Jowett. "They don't concern me."

Something in the way Jowett said those few words brought Hilary Stephens to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. Jowett laughed.

"Have some more port, Hilary. Look, the decanter's still a third full." Confused, Hilary sank back into his chair.

Jowett turned his attention to Martin Ashe who had now detached the white envelope from the wreath. "Well, Martin, aren't you anxious to know the name of your well-wisher?"

Martin Ashe's face was now white. The others were watching him. Joseph Ludd was measuring him up, wondering if he were afraid to open the envelope; and on Herman Jowett's far red face was a leering expression.

Martin Ashe was short-sighted. Now, still with that frozen grin on his lips, he raised the envelope until it was only a few inches from his face. He studied the writing. It told him nothing. It was very careful, copper-plate. There was nothing familiar about it.

"Why don't you open it?" Jowett jeered.

Again Hilary filled his glass. "Yeah, open it," he hissed. "Let's see who sent it."

Joseph Ludd's eyes narrowed as he watched.

Quickly as if to get the event over, Martin Ashe tore open the envelope. For a second only he stood still, then he gasped and fell forward, the envelope dropped from his fingers, and the wreath, which he had placed on an empty chair, overbalanced and fell beside him.

Joseph Ludd sprang to his feet: the jeer vanished from Jowett's face and left there a white fear which was much uglier; Hilary Stephens half rose and then collapsed again into his chair. Joseph Ludd hurried around the table. He bent down beside the sprawled figure of Martin Ashe. He knew, even before he slipped his hand under Ashe's jacket, that death was there with them.

"He's dead," he said as he rose from his bending position. His voice was dull, but quite without fear or concern.

"Can you smell anything unusual?" Jowett asked hesitantly.



"It's the flowers, the wine and champagne. It's suddenly struck you," Ludd said harshly. "What else could it be?"

"I thought . . . Well, no, nothing, I guess."

"There is nothing else," Ludd said. Ludd bent again and retrieved the envelope which had fallen from Martin Ashe's fingers. He held it away from him as he extracted a small white card. On the card, in the same beautiful, copperplate writing, were two words, but they brought to the harsh countenance of Joseph Ludd an unmistakable tremor of fear.

"What's on it?" Jowett asked in a tense voice a little above a whisper. Silently Ludd passed the card to him. Jowett bent forward to read it.

"I'm going to be sick," he gasped. "The smell!"

As Jowett got up and lurched from the room Hilary Stephens reached out to pick up the card. Twice it slipped from his unsure fingers but the third time he held it. As he read the words he began to tremble, then he got uncertainly to his feet.

"Feel sick," he stammered. He jumped towards the door, stepping awkwardly over the body of Martin Ashe. "Going to be sick."

Joseph Ludd was left alone with the body of Martin Ashe. Again he picked up the card. He examined it carefully. He doubted if the other two had really read what was on it. But perhaps they had taken in the words before the feeling of nausea had overtaken them. He looked down without any pity at the body of Martin Ashe.

Who he wondered, desired the death of Ashe? Who had sent that wreath, and the card bearing only the words: "The Uninvited?"

Chief-Inspector Christopher Marsden looked at the body of Martin Ashe and shook his head. He did not approve of murder, especially when it occurred at a place which he regarded as his second home.

Marsden was a bachelor. He spent many of his leisure hours in the smoking-room of the club indulging in his private pastime of reading detective novels and making mental notes of where he considered the hero of detection had gone wrong, or had missed a point or two.

"Well?" he asked, as Police-Surgeon Shepherd finished his first cursory examination of the body.

"There'll have to be a post-mortem, of course; but as far as I can see now death was due to heart failure."

"Ah!" Christopher Marsden let his glance shift lazily to the bruised wreath. "Natural causes then? Not murder?"

Dr. Shepherd pursed his lips.

"Well," he answered, "that depends on what caused the heart to fail. Did it stop normally? Would it have stopped tonight in any case, or," he glanced meaningfully at the wreath, "did it stop through fear or from some other cause? I'll have to make a more thorough examination."

"Ellis has already arranged for the removal of the body. Everything in the way of photographs etc. has been done . . . Funny case this, Shepherd, that wreath arriving and that black-edged envelope . . . I'd rather like to know who 'The Uninvited' is."

Dr. Shepherd grunted. "Crack-pot most likely. But I shouldn't wonder if 'The Lean Terrier' had the case torn to pieces in a very little time, that is if there is a case! Well, I'll get along, I am, suppose you'd be grateful if I informed the widow? It's not out of my way."

Dr. Shepherd's reference to "The Lean Terrier" pleased Christopher

Marsden. That was the name the men at the Yard had given him. Well, he thought, if there was any case, he'd hang on to it all right; in the meantime, he'd better get the body removed and begin questioning the other members of the dinner party.

After the removal of Ashe's body, Christopher Marsden and Detective-Sergeant Ellis seated themselves at the table at which, an hour or so earlier, the four directors of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited had taken dinner. Police-Constable Townsend took up a position near the door.

Stefan, after the room had been photographed, had done his best to make it more suitable for its changed role. The table was now bare of any linen, the curtains were drawn, and fresh air flowed in to dispel some of the staleness of the smoke and wine.

Marsden glanced at Townsend. "We'll have Joseph Ludd in."

A few moments later Joseph Ludd was shown into the room.

"Please sit down, Mr. Ludd," Christopher Marsden said. "This is just a routine matter. There are a few questions I should like to ask you."

"I am only too willing to help you," Ludd said, brusquely. "Martin Ashe and I worked together for over twenty years. It's a great shock his dying like this."

"I'm sure it must be."

**J**OSEPH LUDD now sat in the chair which earlier in the evening Hilary Stephens had occupied. In some respects Ludd now seemed a different man. The malignity which had hung over him was gone, he was more relaxed and seemingly anxious to co-operate. He sat well forward, his massive shoulders hunched. Yet his appearance, despite his apparent concern, was aggressive; but that, Marsden thought, might be due to his bulk as much as to anything and to his undoubted great physical strength.

"I understand that you are Joseph Ludd, senior director of the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"You were in this room to-night with three of your four fellow-directors?"

"Quite so. It was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the business."

"Ah! So you were enjoying yourselves?"

"Well, we were celebrating."

"But enjoying yourselves?"

Joseph Ludd fixed the chief-inspector with a hard stare. "Of course."

"Were you on friendly terms with the deceased?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, Mr. Ludd, did you have any prior knowledge that a joke was to be played on Mr. Ashe this evening? I mean, did you know a wreath was to be sent to him?"

"I certainly did not."

"Do you think either Mr. Jowett or Mr. Stephens knew anything of the sending of the wreath?"

"I don't suppose for one minute that either of them knew anything of it."

"Now then, Mr. Ludd, what was Mr. Ashe's reaction when the waiter brought the wreath into the room?"

"He laughed. He thought it was a joke."

"What did you think?"

"I considered it in very bad taste."

"Tell me what happened after Mr. Ashe laughed?"

Joseph Ludd shifted his position, sitting back, but he still kept his gaze fixed upon the chief-inspector's face.

"I advised him to have nothing to do with it, but he still thought it was a joke. He got up from the table, took the wreath from the waiter, who left the room and a few moments later Martin opened the envelope . . . I think just before he opened the envelope he placed the wreath on that chair by the door. Then he collapsed. I ran round to him, but he was dead."

"What did the others do?"

"Nothing. They both seemed shaken. Stephens had, I'm afraid, been drinking rather heavily. I don't think he realised what had happened."

Marsden picked up the small white envelope, edged in black, which had lain on the table. He held it up.

"You have seen this before?"

"Yes. It's the envelope which came with the wreath."

"Did you read the card which was inside?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea who this person might be—this 'The Uninvited'?"

"None."

"Did you notice if Mr. Ashe had any difficulty in opening the envelope?"

"He fumbled a little. I thought he was nervous."

Marsden's next question came sharply. "But you said Mr. Ashe took the whole thing as a joke? Why should he fumble?"

A little angry color came into Joseph Ludd's sallow cheeks. "Martin was very shortsighted. Perhaps it was that which made him fumble and not nervousness."

"Did you examine the inside of the envelope?"

For the first time Ludd hesitated.

"No," he answered, after a slight pause.

"I see. Then you didn't notice anything unusual about the inside?"

"I did not."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Ludd. I don't think we'll need you any more tonight, but I'll just take your home address and telephone number."

Just as Joseph Ludd reached the door Christopher Marsden stopped him with another question.

"Perhaps you could give me a little information as to whether Ashe and his wife were on good terms?"

Joseph Ludd regarded the chief-inspector coldly. "I'm afraid I am not in the habit of prying into other people's private affairs."

Christopher Marsden smiled innocently at him. "Thank you, Mr. Ludd."

The door closed behind Joseph Ludd.

"Well, Ellis, and what did you make of him?" Marsden asked.

"Well, sir, there was that point about Ashe being nervous. Then there was the envelope. Obviously either he wished he'd examined the inside or he was put out because you had discovered something peculiar about it."

"Exactly," purred Christopher Marsden.

He took up the envelope and handed it to his sergeant. "Look closely at the inside, Ellis."

Ellis took the envelope and examined it. "Seems an ordinary enough envelope, sir?"

"Look again, Ellis."

"Well, sir, it's lined, but most good envelopes are."

Marsden took the envelope back. He said quietly, "It seems to me that the lining is of a very fine rubber substance . . . Probably both waterproof and airtight. A very neat job. This had better go to the laboratories for a thorough examination. Well, Townsend, you can show Mr. Jowett in now."

Jowett quietly sat down in the chair which shortly before Joseph Ludd had occupied. His blue eyes had something of doubt and apprehension in them.

"Did you dine well?" Marsden asked.



Jowett blinked. "Well, yes, I suppose . . . The usual club dinner you know."

"Really? I understood from Stefan that the chef had prepared something extra special for your celebration?" Jowett frowned, then laughed. "Yes, the old boy did let himself go a bit, now that I think of it."

"I can't say I appreciate Madras Chicken myself," Marsden said.

Jowett regained what little color he had lost. So this, he thought, was the renowned "Terrier!"

"Nothing like the old chef's curry," he said, and grinned confidently at the chief-inspector.

"Any idea who sent that wreath, Mr. Jowett?"

Jowett's eyes became suspicious and wary.

"Can't say I have. Somebody with a warped sense of humor. Receiving a thing like that is enough to kill anyone with a heart as dodderly as Ashe's was."

"You were on friendly terms with Mr. Ashe?"

"Of course! We were all friends together . . . Ashe giving like that is going to mean a big gap."

"Then you think his death was due to natural causes?"

"What else?"

Marsden's eyes suddenly became cold and penetrating.

"I was wondering what made you and Mr. Stephens ill. Stefan tells me you were quite ill. Not the chef's cooking, surely? Not the wine or the cigars, which were of the best? What then? Was it the thing that killed Mr. Ashe? Something to do with the wreath? What do you think, Mr. Jowett?"

Jowett moved and tried to get away from the glance of those cold, compelling eyes.

"I don't know what you mean. You're talking as if someone killed Ashe . . . No one killed him. No one had a chance. Ludd Stephens and I were all at this table. He just dropped down by the door. No one went near him."

"Except perhaps 'The Uninvited.' Who is 'The Uninvited,' Mr. Jowett?"

"I don't know. Could be anyone—could be Mrs. Ashe. Could be young Richard Longfield, our junior director. Might have been his joke."

"Why wasn't Mr. Longfield present tonight?"

"He telephoned through to the club about six-thirty to say he couldn't come. That's all I know."

"I see. And now, Mr. Jowett, can we get back to the reason why you were sick?"

"I thought," Jowett began, and stopped, remembering Ludd's peremptory tone.

"You thought, what? Were you going to say you thought you had smelled something, perhaps?"

Jowett made a great effort and laughed. "There was enough to smell in here. What with curry, the wines, cigars, flowers, and no windows open . . . That and the shock of Ashe falling dead were enough to make anyone sick."

"And you didn't touch the envelope, or the wreath itself?"

Jowett shook his head. "No."

"Well, Mr. Jowett," Christopher Marsden said, "thank you very much. If we want you again we'll get in touch with you either at your home or at your office."

For a few moments after Jowett left the room Christopher Marsden sat silently regarding Detective-Sergeant Ellis. He looked with admiration at the word of shorthand notes before the sergeant.

"Well?" he asked at last.

"What about Stephens, sir?"

"Stephens, dear boy, passed out beautifully about an hour ago. We'll have Townsend see him safely home. He'll keep for questioning, if necessary. Dr. Shepherd ought to have something for us by the morning. What did you make of our last customer?"

Ellis grinned.

"Sir, as you yourself are always saying, he raised a few points for further reflection."

Marsden regarded his young sergeant with real affection.

"Do you know what the four directors of Joseph Ludd and Company had for their dinner?" he asked.

Detective-Sergeant Ellis looked surprised.

"Why, sir, Madras Chicken, wasn't it?"

"No, Ellis, it wasn't. Stefan tells me they all ate Pilet de Sole Bagatelle cooked inside celery, with mornay sauce. A vast difference, eh? A man would have to be very preoccupied not to notice it. And that, Ellis, is yet another point for reflection."

Next morning when Marsden arrived at his office accompanied as usual by Spodge, a liver-and-white spaniel, Ellis was already seated at his corner desk. Marsden unclipped the leash from Spodge's collar.

"Good dog," he said, "go and chew our sergeant's boots."

Spodge disregarded his master's instructions, but he gave Detective-Sergeant Ellis a sly look as if he knew well enough what he had been told to do. He nudged his way to the mat under his master's desk and flopped down on it.

Marsden let himself down into his large, leather armchair. His gaze alighted upon a plain buff folder on his desk. On it, in Ellis' rather childish but bold handwriting were the words: "The Martin Ashe Case."

"Ah, Ellis, you've been busy."

"Just the usual routine stuff, sir. Particulars of the dead man's family and all that, and names and addresses of the four partners. Haven't got much yet, of course; but the information should be easy enough to collect, if . . ."

"Yes, Ellis. If Dr. Shepherd confirms our suspicions."

"Yes, sir."

ELLIS bent his head over his work. What, he wondered, would his chief make of those few notes already in the buff folder? Things such as that Martin Ashe was fifty-two years of age, that he had been married twice, the second time only three years before to a girl scarcely half his age, Miriam Ashe . . . Already her name figured in Detective-Sergeant Ellis' list of suspects.

The telephone rang. Ellis reached out and picked up the receiver.

"Sir," he said briskly, "it's Police-Surgeon Shepherd."

Marsden picked up the receiver of his own instrument. "Hello, Shepherd! What? So it was, eh? Thought so . . . No, old chap, just a hunch. Detective-Sergeant Ellis had it, too . . . Yes, I'm training the boy well . . . Mm . . . All right then, let me have all the data in writing, and, Shepherd, thanks a lot for getting on with the job."

He put down the receiver and there came into his eyes that light, and keenness which had helped to earn him the name of "The Lean Terrier."

"Murder!" he announced. "A devilishly clever murder. No weapon, mark you, just a little envelope containing a particularly potent gas. Just enough to kill a man, if, like Martin Ashe, he had a heart too weak to withstand the sudden shock on the lungs. It's

my belief it had something to do with making both Jowett and Stephens ill, too. Ludd, however, was not affected. Iron constitution, Ludd. A point there for reflection, Ellis, when we look for our murderer. 'The Uninvited,' whoever he or she may be, knew about Ashe's heart, also knew he was so shortsighted he would hold that envelope pretty close to his face . . ."

A knock sounded on the door.

"Who is it?" Ellis called, but Police-Constable Townsend practically burst into the room without waiting to reply.

"Sir," he said, and held out a folded slip of paper, "the lab. report has just come in."

Marsden took the paper and unfolded it. It took him only a few moments to read it.

"Ellis," he said, and now his blue eyes were keener than ever, "what did I tell you? That little envelope was certainly lined with a very strong but fine rubber solution, and it contained a quantity of N.H.3, or, in everyday language, ammonia, in a very highly concentrated form."

Less than half an hour later Spodge once again found himself attached to one end of his lead, approaching a tall house near Queen Anne's Gate, which looked as if, with the high cost of living and the comparative impoverishment of its owner, it had come down in the world a little. In as modest a way as possible, by the presence in its tiny foyer of a small wall notice-board on which was given the names of its tenants it announced that it had been reduced to three apartments.

Christopher Marsden studied the notice-board. Mrs. Ashe, he saw, lived on the second floor.

"Spodge," he said sternly, "party manners, please."

They began to climb the stairs. On the landing of the first floor they waited to allow an elderly, badly hunched and horribly scarred little man to pass. Just for an instant as the stranger muttered his thanks the eyes of the two men met. Marsden found himself strangely disturbed. For some reason the eyes of the ugly, crippled, deformed man had not fitted in with the rest of the picture.

"Probably the tenant of the third floor," he thought, and pitied the man not only because of his ugliness and deformity but because of the irons he wore on one leg.

The door of the second-floor apartment was opened to him by a young man of about thirty years of age. A good-looking man, Marsden thought, the type who would row on the Thames and play cricket on Sundays. Quite probably a likeable fellow, but just now he appeared none too eager even to be polite.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Ashe cannot see, anyone," he said.

Marsden produced his card. "I'm afraid I must speak to Mrs. Ashe," he said.

"Oh, well," the young man agreed, "I suppose you must." He smiled more freely, then frowned. "All this business has naturally upset Mrs. Ashe very much. She could not sleep after the police doctor left last night. I really would be grateful if you could see her a little later. The sending of that wreath was certainly very odd, but we all expected Martin to go off some time with that heart of his."

"I promise you I will try not to upset Mrs. Ashe."

The room into which he was led was at the back of the house and looked out over a small suburban garden. The room was tastefully and quite expensively furnished.

Mrs. Ashe who was sitting near a small table, upon which the morning



coffee-tray rested, rose to meet him. She appeared, Christopher Marsden thought in surprise, strangely calm for a woman whose husband had just died. But more even than by her calmness he was struck by her extraordinary beauty.

"Mrs. Ashe," he said, "I do hope you'll forgive this intrusion. You see, I'm Chief-Inspector Marsden of Scotland Yard. We've just received some further particulars concerning your husband's death. It was necessary that I see you."

At the mention of those words "further particulars" a suggestion of disquietude showed itself in Miriam Ashe's deep blue eyes, but in everything else she was perfectly composed.

"Do sit down, Chief-Inspector," she said. "Have you met Mr. Longfield? He is the junior director of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited."

Marsden looked with renewed interest at the young man who had opened the door to him.

"Ah, the absent guest," he said. He noted with satisfaction that Longfield's calm was slightly ruffled.

"Mr. Longfield was with me last night," Miriam Ashe said quietly. "I telephoned him just as he was about to leave the office."

With what appeared to be an attitude of complete indifference Marsden bent down to stroke Spodge, but he fondled the soft ears of the dog rather abstractedly. Why, he thought, had she telephoned Longfield when her husband was in the same building? And why was Longfield here now? He looked up as Mrs. Ashe addressed him.

"You'll join us in coffee?" she asked. "Richard and I were about to have coffee with Mr. Isaacs just before you came. Unfortunately he couldn't wait—you must have passed him on the stairs."

The doorbell rang. "Who now?" Miriam asked, and there was irritation in her voice. Yet, despite her displeasure she gave Marsden a strange, measuring glance. Would he ask the question which was obviously in his mind? Had he the right to ask it?

Longfield took a cup of coffee from her hands and carried it across the room to Marsden.

"Do see who is at the door, Richard," Miriam Ashe said as the bell sounded again.

Longfield left the room.

"I believe, Chief-Inspector," Miriam Ashe said, "you said that you had some further information about my husband's death?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ashe, I'm afraid I must tell you that your husband was murdered."

Before Mrs. Ashe could make any reply, Longfield re-entered the room accompanied by Hilary Stephens.

Stephens, now that he was sober, seemed to be genuinely distressed.

"I had to come, Miriam," he said. "Is there anything I can do? I am so dreadfully sorry." His thin face was deathly white. "It was awful. Martin dying like that," he said. He shuddered. "Awful..."

"Do sit down, Hilary," Miriam said, and now her voice and manner were quiet again. "Richard, see if you can find another cup for Hilary, will you? Hilary, I don't think you have met Chief-Inspector Marsden? He — he is here in connection with Martin's death."

Hilary's head jerked around towards Marsden. He stared at the chief-inspector. "How—how-do-you-do?" he stammered.

Marsden inclined his head. "I was coming around to see you later in the morning," he said. "Just a routine matter. When a man has

been murdered, you understand we have to make a few inquiries."

Longfield, who had re-entered the room, stopped near the doorway, looking agnast, then, regaining his composure, he carried the cup and saucer over to Miriam and remained standing near her. Hilary Stephens' thin hands gripped the wooden arms of his chair.

"M-murder!" he stammered. "But it couldn't have been murder! I was there!"

"Then you saw what happened?" Marsden asked.

Like a child Stephens dropped his gaze. "No... I didn't really. I'm afraid I'd been drinking rather heavily."

"Tell me, Mr. Stephens, what made you ill last night?"

Hilary tried to remember, then he smiled foolishly.

"There was a funny smell," he said. "Jowett was ill, too. Funny thing that Jowett's never ill."

"What was the smell like?"

STEPHENS tried to remember, but finally he shook his head. "Was it something pungent, something like ammonia?"

"Well, yes... Ammonia, yes."

"When did you first smell it?"

"I think when Jowett handed me the card. It seemed to hit me then."

"Do you know what was on the card, Mr. Stephens?"

"I think something like 'The Uninvited,' but it means nothing to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Stephens. Now then, can you tell me what was the relationship between Martin Ashe and his other partners? Take Mr. Ludd and Mr. Jowett first... How did he get on with them?"

A foxiness came to Stephens' shifty eyes.

"They didn't get on," he said. "Only yesterday afternoon the three of them were arguing and shouting about something." He turned eagerly to Longfield. "You remember Richard! You said it ought to be a gay party if they kept that spirit up."

"I seem to remember something like that," Longfield agreed. "But it probably meant nothing. They always seemed friendly enough when I saw them together."

"You don't know," Stephens said. "You've only been in the firm a short while."

"Then, Mr. Stephens, you don't think they liked one another?" Marsden asked quietly.

"They hated one another," Stephens answered emphatically, and there was something in his face as he spoke which caused Marsden to think that Stephens was probably speaking the truth.

"Just one more question, Mr. Stephens, then I won't keep you here any longer. Have you any idea who could have sent that wreath to Mr. Ashe?"

"No, I haven't." He sank back in his chair, looking exhausted and a little nervous.

He gulped down the coffee Miriam handed him, as if eager to leave before Marsden again attacked the subject of the murder, stood up, and, with a shaking hand, placed his cup and saucer on the tray.

"You'll let me know, Miriam, if I can be of help to you?"

"Thank you, Hilary, I shall."

"Well, I'll see myself out. No, don't bother to get up."

There was a pause after Stephens' departure, in which, while they drank their coffee, the three human occupants of the room sought answers to their own thoughts. Marsden found

he was pursuing first one train of thought then another, but they all came around to the same thing: who had murdered Martin Ashe, and why?

Miriam Ashe and Richard Longfield had at least two thoughts in common. Would this man from Scotland Yard discover what they had not yet themselves put into words, namely that they loved each other, that the knowledge of and joy in their love was more real to them than the reality of Martin's death? If he did find out that they loved each other, what conclusions would he draw? Would he suspect either of them? Did he suspect them now?

"Your cup," she said, and her voice, belying the agitation of her thoughts, was even a little languid. "I'll take it."

Christopher Marsden leaned forward.

"You understand," he said, "that I must ask questions." He smiled and addressed himself to both of them.

"Do either of you know anything at all of the sending of the wreath?" he asked.

"I don't," Miriam answered. Richard shook his head. "No, I don't know anything about it."

"Well, then, think carefully, both of you. Can you think of any person, either man or woman, who could describe himself or herself as 'The Uninvited'?"

Again, after careful consideration, they both answered in the negative.

"Can either of you think of anyone who wished to harm Mr. Ashe? Do you know of any enemies he had?"

For a moment they were both silent. Then Miriam said slowly: "He was a businessman, I suppose he could have enemies, though I must say I don't know of any. He seemed a fairly popular man."

Richard frowned. "Frankly, at the moment, I can't think of anyone who actually disliked Martin. He was well, a likeable chap."

Marsden gave Miriam a shrewd yet kindly look. "Was your marriage a happy one?" he asked.

"Of course."

Marsden shook his head. "No, Not of course," Mrs. Ashe. Marriages are not always just naturally happy. Sometimes they are, quite frequently they're not, and very often there is a state of, shall we say, indifference about them. The parties don't know whether they are happy or not."

"I was happy," Miriam said. "In any case I was not unhappy."

"But not, shall we say, in love?"

With an effort Miriam stopped herself from glancing at Richard.

"My husband," she said, "was fifty-two years of age, Mr. Marsden. I am now twenty-eight. When I married, three years ago, I had a great affection for Martin; he was a very charming man. Possibly I mistook that for love."

"I see... Mr. Longfield, why didn't you go to the celebration dinner last night?"

"I would rather not say."

Marsden gave him a long, steady look.

"You may have to say if you are called before the coroner," he said. "Don't you think it would be better to tell me now? Perhaps it is one of those things that are not important."

"Tell him, Richard," Miriam advised quietly. "He will only find out later."

Longfield sighed. "It seems wrong, somehow," he said. "After all, I may have made a mistake."

Marsden waited.

"It was just that Miriam and I had arranged to go back to the office last night to study the accounts while we were sure the others would be away. You see, Mr. Marsden, I came across something funny a week or so back — I wanted Miriam to cor-



robust or dispel my suspicions. We've not been doing too well lately—other firms cutting in on our business, one in particular—and foreign-currency troubles. We've had to pull in a bit.

Well, it looks as if someone has withdrawn quite substantial sums of the company's money and made false entries of transactions. Miriam and I went over the books last night. Something seems wrong."

"Ah, I see. So you got Mrs. Ashe to telephone you just after six so as to give the impression that something of importance had called you away from the office?"

"Yes. Later I telephoned the club and said I could not attend the dinner. It seemed the only chance we had."

"Do you think Martin Ashe knew anything about the state of the ledgers?"

"I don't think so. Martin was the overseas buyer and in charge of the sales overseas. He had very little to do with the actual office work. I don't think he even knew where the ledgers were kept."

"Who then?"

"Any of six or seven men, at least. Ledger-keepers, accountants, Joseph Ludd himself, Stephens or Jowett—they all had access to the accounts. That's why I feel it has nothing to do with Martin's death—he could not have found out."

"Unless of course someone told him? Why, for instance, didn't you tell him instead of telling Mrs. Ashe?"

"Because," Longfield answered firmly, "of the state of his heart. The shock of a thing like that might have killed him."

"Well, Mr. Longfield, I think it would be best if neither you nor Mrs. Ashe mentioned your suspicions to anyone else at the moment. It looks as if we'll have to investigate the accounts of Joseph Ludd and Company. There are, no doubt, a good many shareholders."

"I," said Miriam Ashe quietly, "am the principal shareholder."

The inquest on Martin Ashe, which was to have been held on the Friday morning following his death, was postponed for seven days to give police officers time to investigate the affairs of Joseph Ludd and Company Ltd. Particularly in respect to the suspicions expressed by Richard Longfield concerning the misappropriation of certain funds.

The court, because of the notoriety which some newspapers had given the case, was full. There was an atmosphere of such tension, mingled, to some degree, with unhealthy curiosity, that Miriam Ashe felt momentarily sickened. However, she retained an appearance of imperturbability and gave no sign of the nausea she felt. She looked steadfastly ahead, seeing no one.

Not far from her sat Richard Longfield; but some curious intuition warned her to be careful and not to give Richard any of her attention.

In the two hours before the luncheon adjournment nothing was revealed which had not already been recorded in the lengthy statements which Christopher Marsden and Detective-Sergeant Ellis had obtained in the days prior to the inquest.

When, in the afternoon, the inquest resumed its hearing, Christopher Marsden noted that the court was just as packed as it had been in the morning. His gaze seemed to pass in an unseeing manner over the sea of faces before him; but behind the seeming dullness of his eyes his mind was alert. He noticed that sitting a little behind Miriam was that same small man whom he had passed on the first floor

landing of the house where Miriam Ashe lived. Just for an instant the dullness left Marsden's eyes.

Who was the man? Was he the Mr. Isaacs who had visited Miriam Ashe on the morning following her husband's murder, and who had not remained to take coffee with her and Longfield? Was it only curiosity that had brought him to this inquest, or had he some connection with the dead man? He looked at the man's face, noting the scars and twisted mouth. What calamity in this man's life had so frightfully deformed and disfigured him?

Martin Ashe's own doctor was the first witness to be called in the afternoon session. He spoke with a quiet assurance and authority which made it quite clear that Martin Ashe had a very weak heart, a condition which had considerably worsened during the last three years of his life.

"Would you say then, Dr. Milward, that the deceased could have met his death by breathing in a very concentrated form of ammoniac gas?"

"I would."

Police-Surgeon Shepherd was called and corroborated Dr. Milward's evidence, but at much greater length and with more technical detail about the ammoniac gas.

**C**HIEF - INSPECTOR Marsden was the next witness to be called. Immediately he had the attention of the whole court. He spoke quietly, and it seemed a little regretfully, as if he found the business of reconstructing the method by which Martin Ashe had met his death not to his liking. He explained the particular manufacture of the envelope, again speaking at length and with a good deal of technical detail.

The coroner looked down at the papers before him. The inquest, so far as he could see, was nearly over; but there was one important aspect upon which he had not yet touched.

"Chief-Inspector Marsden," he said, "will you please explain the reason for and the result of your enquiry into the financial condition of Joseph Ludd & Co. Ltd. of which company the deceased, Martin Ashe, was a director."

"On the 24th of April I visited the home of Mrs. Miriam Ashe, widow of the deceased. Mr. Richard Longfield was present. During the course of my visit I put several questions to Mr. Longfield, one of which was to ascertain why he had not attended the celebration dinner on the night before. His reply was that with Mrs. Ashe he had inspected the books and accounts of Joseph Ludd & Co. Ltd. his reason for so doing being that he believed that false entries had been made and that quite substantial sums of money had been withdrawn."

There was an excited stir in the court. Joseph Ludd's expression was ugly and belligerent. Stephens and Jowett, on the other hand, seemed genuinely astounded, yet there was fear in their eyes.

Marsden continued: "Together with Detective-Sergeant Ellis and two other officers, Inspector Forbes and Inspector Russell, both of whom are qualified accountants and auditors, I examined the books and accounts of Joseph Ludd & Co. Ltd. The evidence of that examination is that the firm was showing a good profit until four years ago, at which time there is a sudden, unexplained shortage of an amount of £45,000. At that time the company's directors were Joseph Ludd, Martin Ashe, Herman Jowett, Hilary

Stephens, and Jonathan Waring. The last named, Jonathan Waring, was killed in an air accident over the Pyrenees just over three and a half years ago. Four months before Waring was killed the company took out rather unusual and very large insurance policies covering all five directors."

"What was the amount of each of these policies?"

"Each policy was for £50,000."

"Was there anything peculiar about the terms of these policies?"

"Yes. Each policy covered death by air accident only. The premiums were all paid by the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited, and the payee, should any of the five directors be killed in an air accident, was in each case the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited."

"Am I right then in assuming that at the death of Jonathan Waring, three and a half years ago, an amount of £50,000 was paid by the insurance company to the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited?"

"Yes."

"How did the paying in of that sum affect the finances of the firm?"

"They became normal again. The £50,000 was paid into the company's account, thus giving a margin of a little under £5000 over the £45,000, which had seemed to disappear six months previously. Nothing so far as can be ascertained was done to track down the missing £45,000. For a period of two years the accounts continued to show a normal condition, but from then until the present time there is evidence of certain irregularities and it would appear that an amount of slightly over £24,000 has again vanished."

There was a babble of excitement in the court, which, however, the coroner effectively silenced.

"Was the life of Martin Ashe insured?" the coroner asked.

"He had a small personal insurance on his life for the sum of £300 only, the amount being payable to his widow. The policy was taken out twenty-eight years ago, at the time of his first marriage."

"What happened concerning the four remaining policies for £50,000 each?"

"After the death of Jonathan Waring they were all allowed to lapse. Only the one premium in each case was ever paid."

Christopher Marsden resumed his seat.

"This inquest," the coroner said, "was not convened to investigate the affairs of Joseph Ludd and Company Ltd., except in so far as they have a direct bearing upon the death of Martin Ashe. We shall try now to determine what, if any, connection there was."

Miriam Ashe was the first witness to be called. The coroner questioned her gently, taking her through that part of her written statement where she had admitted going with Richard Longfield and examining the private records of the company's accounts.

"What did you think when Mr. Longfield suggested to you that there was something not quite right in the accounts?"

"I thought he had probably made a mistake, but he seemed so certain I thought the best thing to do was to investigate the matter myself."

"You didn't see anything wrong in looking into the private accounts of this company?"

"I didn't like it; but there was no one else. Mr. Longfield could consult without actually putting the matter in the hands of the law. My husband could not be told because of his heart. The shock, I think, would have killed him. I happen, also, to be the largest share-



## A WREATH FOR THE PARTY

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holder of the firm, I was vitally concerned."

"After you had made your investigations what decision did you come to?"

"I was convinced that Mr. Longfield's suspicions were justified."

"Have you any idea who might be responsible for the seeming loss of that sum of money?"

"No."

"Do you think it is possible that your husband could have been involved?"

"I am quite sure he was not. For the past nine months, until a fortnight before his death, he was in Spain. He was the overseas agent of the firm. He spent very little time at the London office."

"Mrs. Ashe, do you think it possible that Richard Longfield could be in love with you?"

Angry color flooded Miriam's cheeks, her blue eyes flashed.

"The idea is ridiculous," she said emphatically.

"But he has been a very frequent visitor to your home, especially in the past few months?"

"So have many other people. All my husband's partners and friends were welcome at my home."

The next witness to be called was Richard Longfield. The Coroner became less lenient.

"I suggest," Mr. Longfield, that it would have been quite possible for you to have access to the company's accounts at any time and to certain of the firm's assets such as precious jewels?"

"It would have been possible, of course."

"Have you at any time made improper use of this privilege?"

"No."

"Then how did you discover that a sum of £24,000 was missing?"

Christopher Marsden shot a quick glance at the three directors who sat facing him. He noted, with an inward satisfaction which shocked him that all three looked apprehensive and that in the eyes of Jowett and Ludd there was something very akin to a desire to kill Stephens. He too dared to feel any such primitive instinct. Longfield, also, glanced quickly at the three senior directors. He did not flinch.

"I am," he began, "in charge of the Export and Import Department. This department deals very much with the customs entry and clearance of precious jewels. It is the procedure when applying for customs clearance to give the value of each item. A few weeks ago we had to send a package of emeralds to Casablanca. It was an urgent order to be despatched by air-mail on the same day I had arranged with a customs official to come to the London office to inspect the jewels and give a clearance on them; however Mr. Walters, the clerk who usually passes on to me the recorded value of each jewel—that is the selling price in sterling—was away from the office. I therefore looked through the records myself. I became interested in the accounts and studied a few pages rather closely. It was then that I became suspicious."

"Did you mention your suspicions to Mr. Walters on his return?"

"Not exactly. I asked him who made the entries in the precious jewels ledger. He said that that particular ledger had been taken out of his hands nearly a year ago. He seemed rather cross about it. I asked him if he ever examined the records when he was asked by me to obtain a selling price. He said that he never actually handled the records. When he received a request from my department he sent his secretary to Mr. Ludd's office. The

price was always obtained from Mr. Ludd's own office and then passed on to me."

"Do you consider that Martin Ashe knew anything of these irregularities?"

"I don't know; but I should think it extremely unlikely as he had been out of the country for nine months, during, in fact, the whole time the irregularities were taking place."

"Tell me, Mr. Longfield, if those records were kept in Mr. Ludd's private office how did you obtain them?"

"As it happened, Mr. Ludd was out of the office, so that when I asked Mr. Walters' secretary to get the price for me she just brought me the ledger."

"As you had charge of the Export and Import Department would not it have been easy for you to appropriate some of those jewels, and having access to the records to make false entries?"

Longfield answered angrily: "Possible, but not probable seeing that it was I who brought the matter to light."

In order, Ludd, Jowett, and Stephens were called and questioned; but from each of them nothing but denials of any implication were obtained. They also denied strongly that they had had any conversation with Martin Ashe on this subject. They stated, one and all, that so far as they knew, Martin Ashe had been as much in the dark concerning the matter as they themselves. There the questioning ended.

Shortly afterwards, the coroner delivered the verdict that Martin Ashe had come by his death by being wilfully and maliciously murdered by a person or persons unknown.

SINCE the murder Marsden, with the assistance of his sergeant, had covered a great deal of ground which led nowhere.

He had made no progress at all in attempting to discover the identity of the sender of the wreath. Messrs. Berry and Berry, the florists who delivered it, had received a typewritten order by post, with three pounds and the black-edged envelope enclosed. The signature on the order had been illegible but as the payment was adequate that had not mattered to them.

Now Marsden looked more hopefully at a bunch of newspaper clippings that his sergeant had just deposited on his desk.

"This is about the lot, sir," Ellis said. "Some of the smaller papers made a splash of the affair. Some fairly good photographs, including one of the burnt-out aircraft."

Marsden picked up one cutting in which was a photograph of Jonathan Waring.

"Good-looking chap, sir," Ellis remarked.

"He was," Marsden agreed. "Dark I should say about five foot eleven, blue eyes, very direct eyes. Ellis, a slight cleft in the chin. His age? What does it say? Here we are—thirty-seven years of age."

He picked up a second cutting and began to read aloud:

"Jonathan Waring, a director of Joseph Ludd and Company Ltd., was killed when a private plane in which he was the only passenger crashed on the French side of the Pyrenees yesterday evening. The pilot, a Spaniard named Miguel Corres, was also killed. A peasant who was watching his herd of goats four miles from the place where the aircraft came down, stated that he heard an explosion and saw the plane burst into flames. He immediately set out to walk to the village of St. Francisca, which village lies

high up in the Pyrenees and is fifteen miles distant from the scene of the tragedy.

"A party of St. Francisca set out to locate the wreckage, though it was feared from the peasant's description of the explosion that no one had survived. It proved, however, quite impossible for the rescuers to find the wreckage in the night. In the meantime a telegraphed message had been sent to the Toulouse police, who immediately despatched police officers, a doctor, and an ambulance. It was, in fact, this second party which first arrived at the scene of the crash very soon after dawn broke over the Pyrenees. It was evident that both the pilot, Miguel Cortes, and his only passenger, Jonathan Waring, had been killed instantly. The bodies were removed by ambulance to the village of St. Francisca."

"An inquiry is to be held. It is a point of interest that Mr. Waring had just delivered to a famous firm in Madrid the emerald known as 'Egypt's Eye,' a stone of great beauty but evil repute, the legend being that any person wearing the stone is liable to invite misfortune and even death. The last person to own the gem was Lady Coroline Sheldon. She committed suicide a little less than twelve months ago."

"Interesting, sir."

Marsden looked up from the cutting.

"Get your coat," he said. "We're going to call on Mrs. Jonathan Waring."

Mrs. Waring lived in a typical suburban house of the better middle-class type. In the front of the house was a small patch of garden and at the back of it was a larger garden with apple trees along the bottom fence, and currant, raspberry, and gooseberry bushes bordering the lawn. Inside the house was comfortable and cheerful.

As Christopher Marsden stood looking out at the back garden, looking through the french windows of the sitting-room into which a girl of about fifteen years had shown him, he thought what a pity it was that Jonathan Waring had died so young and had left all this.

Marsden turned away from the window as a woman in her late thirties entered the room. Mrs. Waring was a pretty little thing. Blond with almost straight, shining hair which curled under around her face. Her expression was sweet. Christopher Marsden smiled at her.

"I am Chief-Inspector Marsden," he began, and he knew at once by the color which left her face that she knew who he was and in what connection he had come. "This," he continued, "is Detective-Sergeant Ellis, my assistant."

"Please, won't you sit down," Mrs. Waring invited. "I . . . I don't know how I can help you . . . I suppose it's about the inquest yesterday. I read about it in the paper . . . My children, John and Betty, were quite upset . . . You see they had begun to forget . . ."

"It's a pity, Mrs. Waring; believe me, I am sorry we have to see you at all, but we must look into every aspect. It is over three years since your husband died; but perhaps there are things you remember which may help us now."

Mrs. Waring lifted her hands and let them fall into her lap with a helpless gesture.

"How can I help?" she asked.

"Tell us something about that last trip your husband made, Mrs. Waring. Try to remember anything he said about it."

"I don't think there's much I can tell you. Jonathan was surprised Mr.



Ludd asked him to take the emerald. You see he never travelled abroad. He had the job Mr. Longfield has now—customs clearance. He rarely went out of London. This trip was his first.

Detective-Sergeant Ellis caught a quick gleam of interest in Marsden's eyes.

"You say it was his first business trip abroad, Mrs. Waring?"

"Yes, Martin Ashe was the overseas agent. Sometimes Mr. Jowett or Mr. Ludd made special trips. On this occasion Mr. Ashe was already in Spain. He had left London a week before. Then the matter of the emerald came up and Mr. Ludd asked Jonathan to take it. Jonathan didn't want to go. He didn't say anything to me at the time, but I think he felt doubtful about taking that particular stone. It wasn't a lucky stone, you know."

"How long before your husband left on that flight did he first begin to become despondent, Mrs. Waring?"

Mrs. Waring frowned.

"He wasn't himself for some time before, months even, ever since they all took out those insurance policies."

He said it was a bad omen for someone.

I think he knew someone was going to be killed."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Waring?"

Mrs. Waring looked down at her hands. "I don't know," she said, in a little above a whisper. "I can't explain."

"Mrs. Waring, you will have seen by the published record of yesterday's inquest that at the time of your husband's death the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited was short of the sum of £45,000. Do you know if your husband was aware of that deficiency?"

Mrs. Waring looked up instantly. There was in her blue eyes a spark of anger.

"Yes," she said. "He knew. He discovered it just as Mr. Longfield has done this time; but he didn't say anything to anyone. He wasn't sure. He said that if there was anything wrong it would have come to light when the yearly balance sheet was presented to the shareholders. He was waiting until then. You see, he couldn't believe it. He trusted the others. They often came here. They were good to our children—especially Hilary Stephens."

"Was your husband killed before or after the presentation of the yearly balance sheet to the shareholders?"

"Before."

"Now, Mrs. Waring, did your husband make his discovery before or after those insurance policies for £50,000 were taken out?"

"Before. He didn't like the idea of the policies at all. He said . . ."

"What did he say, Mrs. Waring?"

"He said the devil would take care of his own. I don't know what he meant."

Marsden looked at the now bowed, golden head before him.

"I must ask you something personal, Mrs. Waring," he said gently. "Did you receive any part of that insurance money once it was paid?"

Again there was anger in Mrs. Waring's eyes as she looked up.

"Nothing," she answered. Then more flatly: "I had nothing. We had just paid off this house. There was practically nothing in the bank. John and Betty were at fairly good schools. Jonathan and I had just managed with his salary, that was all. It seems silly now, but he didn't even take out an insurance for himself."

Christopher Marsden waited.

"If it hadn't been for Jonathan's Uncle Joseph I don't know what would have happened. I was getting desperate. Then, six months after Jonathan's

death, a registered letter containing thirty pounds came from Uncle Joseph. He said he would send something every month. Every month the money came. Thirty pounds, sometimes more. I even managed to bank a little."

Christopher Marsden smiled at her. "Where does Uncle Joseph live?" he asked.

She smiled back at him and shook her head.

"That's the funny thing. I don't know. I always understood he lived in Canada—in Montreal, I think; but the envelopes always have a London postmark. There is never any address in the letter, and the envelope is always typewritten. He sounds a queer man in one way; I suppose he doesn't like the entanglement of a family."

She got up and took a registered envelope from a small writing desk.

"This is the last one," she said. "It came yesterday."

Christopher Marsden studied the envelope carefully. It bore a London postmark, but the address was typewritten. Inside the envelope, wrapped in a single sheet of quarto typing paper, were thirty-five one-pound notes.

"Does he always send it like this, Mrs. Waring?"

Mrs. Waring nodded her head.

"Yes, he does. I presume it's because he doesn't want me to try to trace him through his London bank. He never sends a cheque."

"Never signs his name either?"

"No."

"Mrs. Waring, would you allow me to keep this envelope? Probably it's of no importance, but maybe I could find out something about Uncle Joseph for you. Perhaps some day you may need to get in touch with him."

His ruse succeeded. Mrs. Waring gladly gave him the envelope.

"I should like to know where he is," she said wistfully. "I should like to thank him."

**J**UST then a boy of about seventeen years came into the room. He was a tall, handsome youth, very like the photographs of his father.

"John," his mother said, "these gentlemen are from Scotland Yard."

The boy nodded his head.

"I saw the police car outside," he said.

"This is Chief-Inspector Marsden."

Interest came into young Waring's eyes. He smiled as he shook hands with the detective, then his smile vanished and his face grew serious.

"I've got an idea about who killed Martin Ashe," he said.

"John!" his mother cried warningly, but he disregarded her.

"You know that rubber envelope," he said. "Well, my father knew all about those things. Bit of a scientist in his own way. He experimented with rubber quite a lot; he made a report on his researches to Joseph Ludd. It will be in the files somewhere. Anyone who had read my father's report could have made that envelope. I . . . I wanted to tell you about it before, but mother and Betty said we ought to keep out of it."

The boy's face as he finished speaking was flushed.

"John . . . you shouldn't," his mother began. "Anyone—other people besides your father—know about the use of rubber—millions of people."

John's color deepened. Perhaps he had made a fool of himself.

Christopher Marsden spoke quietly.

"The boy was right to say what he did, Mrs. Waring. It may be important, or it may have no bearing on the case." He stood up and shook hands with her and with John. "It is very good of you to try to help us."

Leaving them, Marsden gave Police-Constable Townsend orders to drive straight back to the offices of Joseph Ludd and Company.

A few minutes before half-past five he and Ellis were shown into Mr. Ludd's private office. Ludd was sitting behind a massive mahogany desk, signing the last of the evening's mail. He waved them into chairs.

"I won't be a minute," he grunted. "Can't neglect business. All this publicity hasn't done the firm any good."

He finished signing his mail and pressed a button on his desk. Almost immediately, as if she had been patiently awaiting the summons of that bell, Ludd's secretary entered. Ludd handed her the mail.

"I've just come from East Sheen," Marsden began. He saw by Ludd's face that he had no need to explain further. Ludd knew Mrs. Waring still lived at East Sheen. "I believe the late Jonathan Waring at one time compiled a report on some of his—um—minor inventions and experiments; something, I believe, on the use of rubber as a waterproof lining?"

For an answer Ludd again pressed the button on his desk. His secretary was a little longer in appearing. There was something almost unfriendly in her eyes as their gaze swept over Marsden and Ellis. Was she going to miss her train through them?

"Miss Bell," Ludd said, "you understand the filing system here, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ludd."

"Well, then, about three or four years ago Mr. Waring wrote a long report on methods of improving our packing, and safeguarding all valuable goods under certain conditions. That report was filed away somewhere. I want you to find it."

"Yes, Mr. Ludd."

The girl's voice had a trace of sullenness in it. When she had gone Ludd removed his spectacles, and sat back looking at his visitors.

"I'd forgotten about that report until this moment," he said. "We'll have to wait awhile. The girl will have to go down into the basement. Only the current year's files are kept up here. The commissionaire and anyone else who is about will help her. Pity Jowett isn't in. The filing system is his baby. He's always starting something new. But he was called away just after three—some big deal. Sometimes things happen suddenly in our business. Take this present instance."

He settled himself more comfortably and went on conversationally. "Some years ago the Duchess of Ravensdale purchased through us a diamond necklace. A few months afterwards we had an offer for that same necklace far in excess of what the Duchess had paid. However, the Duchess wouldn't sell. Time and time again we've approached her, but she would never sell. Now, today, she rings up. She wants to sell, and with the same buyer eager to obtain that necklace. It's not an opportunity to be missed." He picked up his spectacles, looked at them, and put them down again.

"Diamonds are my favorite stones," he said. "They're lucky. I'll tell you something, Marsden. If Jowett manages to pull this deal off our luck will turn."

So Ludd talked, and as he spoke about the jewels he loved something in him seemed to expand and grow warm. He was no longer just the bluff man of granite.

It took Miss Bell, the commissionaire, and two clerks, over half-an-hour to find the file in which the reports of Jonathan Waring had been kept. There were in all some twenty or more reports, each one dealing with some



subject which Waring had studied and mastered.

Miss Bell carried the file up from the basement and placed it on Ludd's desk. Her expression said plainly enough that she wasn't going to hunt through the dusty pages for any particular report.

"It's dirty down there," she said sullenly.

Marsden pricked his ears.

"Young lady," he said, "in what condition was the particular file when you found it? I mean, was it covered in dust, or did it look as if it had been disturbed lately?"

"I haven't dusted it," the girl answered. "You can see for yourself."

"Yes," Ludd replied, and there was a queer glint of humor in his eyes. "See for yourself, Mr. Marsden. The dust of three years, I should say, only disturbed where the girl's fingers have touched the cover."

He handed the file to Marsden. "You can take it," he said.

Marsden took the file, handling it carefully. Certainly, to all appearances, it seemed that it had lain undisturbed for years.

"Ellis," he said, and passed the file over to him. He stood up. "We won't keep you any longer, Mr. Ludd. Thank you for your help."

Marsden and Ellis were about to leave the office when the telephone rang. Miss Bell, intent now on being a martyr to the last, picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Mr. Ludd's secretary speaking," she said. For a few moments she listened, her face grew pale, her eyes started, then she gasped, shuddered, and dropped the receiver on the desk.

"What is it?" Ludd asked sharply.

"Mr. Ludd . . . Mr. Jowett. His car has gone over the cliff at Cliffville near Ravensdale. . . They say he's dead."

Cliffville was hardly even a village. It boasted an inn, a post office, and a small country store which sold everything from pieces of lace to pots and pans. These three—the inn, the store, and the post office—stood back from the edge of the cliff some three or four hundred yards.

The land which stretched away from the cliff was fertile, supporting rich and progressive farms, all of which were worked by the tenants of the Duke of Ravensdale. His house, with its surrounding parklands, stood high above the farms like a massive white overseer.

The news of the tragedy at the cliff traveled quickly from farm to farm, and quite a crowd had gathered around the edge of the cliff top by the time Marsden was approaching it in his car. They stood in groups, talking about the tragedy, pointing out the place up which the innkeeper and three other men had brought the body.

"We're nearly there, sir," Ellis said to Marsden in the back seat of their car.

"You see that danger signal just ahead? That indicates the cliff road which Jowett must have taken. On a day like this he should have kept to the main London-Ravensdale Road."

They drove slowly towards the danger signal. Immediately behind it was a signpost, with three arms, one pointing along the way they had come, one towards Ravensdale, and the other indicating the cliff road. The last-named warned motorists to reduce their speed to not more than ten miles per hour.

"That seems plain enough," Marsden said, "but the fact remains that, warning or not, Jowett did go over the cliff. Why?"

As Townsend stopped the car in front of the inn, Marsden saw Dr. Shepherd's car.

He then turned to watch another car as it pulled in to the parking place. Even in the bad light something about the driver was familiar. He waited. A small, stooped figure of a man left the car and made straight for the inn.

"Now I wonder?" Marsden said to himself.

With Detective-Sergeant Ellis, he left the car and wandered over to the cliff edge. Because of their plain clothes they caused no great interest, though several people were eager to acquaint them with the full story of the tragedy.

"Speeding, he was," one farmer said.

"He passed my farm a bit back on the road there and he must have been travelling at something like fifty miles an hour. I watched him take the wrong road—it's my guess he didn't read the signpost properly. I started to run, yelling out to him, but he went straight over the edge. You can guess the rate he was travelling by the fact that he took the iron railing with him."

"Tell me, what did you do after the car went over the cliff?" Marsden asked.

"I kept on running, and yelling. My farm, you see, runs right at the back of the inn. I told the innkeeper. He was serving drinks in the back parlor—a couple of farmers, were there. We all four got down to the car as fast as we could."

OTHER people had stories to tell, though no one other than the first farmer, had actually seen Jowett's car. Neither had anyone heard the crash. The sea had taken care of any noise; even now it was increasing its roar to a deafening volume.

"See what's being done about salvaging the wreckage, Ellis. I particularly want the radiator."

Marsden detached himself from the crowd and made his way to the inn.

Inside the inn Marsden's gaze went straight to the stooped figure, he had watched emerge from the car outside. He felt an inner sense of satisfaction because his instinct of recognition had been correct. Sitting alone at a table was the ugly, deformed man he had first seen on the stairway at Miriam Asha's home and had seen again, only yesterday, at the inquest.

Marsden went up to the table. The man looked up. It was obvious that with him, too, recognition was instantaneous.

"Ah, Chief-Inspector Marsden," he said.

Again Marsden experienced a slight sense of shock, the man's voice, like his eyes, did not fit in with all the ugliness of deformity. It was a charming voice.

"I've just been hearing about this dreadful accident. It's something of a shock to me. I believe I knew the man. I believe he and I were keen competitors."

"Oh?" said Marsden.

"Yes. The barman here tells me the man was a Mr. Herman Jowett. It's a shock. I used to enjoy trying to put one over on Jowett, you know. I shall miss him."

"Then you knew Martin Asha, too?" The man smiled.

"You ask anyone at Ludd's if they've heard of Benjamin Isaacs. They'll tell you Isaacs has taken away more business from their firm than they like to think of. I'm an expert, Mr. Marsden."

"Tell me, Mr. Isaacs, you wouldn't be here now because of the Duchess of Ravensdale's necklace, would you?"

An expression of incredulous surprise came into Isaacs' eyes.

"How did you know that?" he asked sharply.

"I know that Jowett was after the same thing."

Isaacs whistled.

"I tell you, Mr. Marsden, there is something very strange. I was after the Duchess' necklace, yes. It's a very rare thing. A beautiful thing. But the Duchess doesn't want to sell. I just called on her. She refused to see me at first, but finally when she consented to see me, she was very indignant. She said most emphatically that she would not sell at any price."

"Do you mean," Marsden asked slowly, "that she never had any intention of selling?"

"That's what she says now."

"H'm! Do you mind telling me, Mr. Isaacs, what gave you the notion that the necklace was for sale?"

"Not at all. I received a telephone call at my office about three twenty-five. I came at once, naturally."

"Did you recognise the voice?"

"I had no occasion to. The man who rang said he was the Duchess' private secretary. I had no reason to doubt it at the time."

"I see. But you doubt it now?"

"What else can I do? The Duchess says the necklace was never for sale, and the secretary, whom she interviewed in my presence, denied telephoning—the fellow seemed more amazed, if anything, than the Duchess herself. I am afraid, Chief-Inspector, that both poor Jowett and I have been hoaxed."

Marsden looked up as he caught sight of Dr. Shepherd descending the stairs. He excused himself.

"I may have to call upon you later, Mr. Isaacs," he said. "We shall probably require a statement from you. In the meantime, thank you for your help."

"Then you don't mind if I get back to town?"

"Not at all."

Dr. Shepherd's expression was grim. "Nasty business," he said when he saw Marsden. "I just can't understand how it happened. That signpost with the danger signal and everything—it's as plain as a pikestaff. Brakes may have failed of course. But why take that road at all?"

"Why indeed," Marsden agreed. "You have examined him, of course?"

Shepherd shrugged his shoulders.

"As well as one can in these circumstances. Death due to multiple injuries. Time of death near enough to four thirty-five. His watch stopped at four thirty-two which is a good indication. Shocking accident. Didn't particularly like the fellow, what I saw of him—but poor devil! Well, I guess you won't want me, Marsden. I'll make out my report and let you have it. The innkeeper, by the way, is anxious to be rid of the body. I told him we'd see to it as soon as possible."

Marsden nodded his head. "I must see the innkeeper. This business doesn't satisfy me, Shepherd."

Dr. Shepherd gave his friend a narrow, searching glance. "It doesn't satisfy me, either, if that's any satisfaction to you."

A somewhat dishevelled Ellis, accompanied by Townsend and the local constable, entered the inn.

"We've got the radiator front, sir. And we've examined the brake bands and as much of the car as we could get at and see with the aid of a torch. It's badly smashed—most of it, but everything looks as if it was normal enough before the accident. Townsend here, who was a mechanic before his P.C. days, says the brakes are in excellent condition."

"As to the radiator front, sir," Townsend said, "it's dented in where it struck the rocks, but I can't see where it hit that railing."

A gleam of light came into Marsden's eyes.



"Get me that railing, Townsend, if it's at all humanly possible, and without getting your feet too wet. You understand me? No foolhardy risks."

"Yes, sir."

"P.C.—um?"

"Baker, sir," the local constable volunteered briskly.

"P.C. Baker, if you feel this falls in your province, help him."

"Yes, sir."

The two young constables withdrew. "Come, Ellis," Marsden said, "while Townsend and Baker are fishing for the lost railing you and I will try for other sport."

Outside it was drizzling. Marsden and Ellis walked along the main London Road in the direction of the signpost that stood at the point where the road forked. At the signpost they stopped.

The signpost, which was fairly new had recently been repainted.

"Ah," said Marsden, as he studied the three arms of the signpost, "note that, Ellis. The road around the cliff edge is actually a truer continuation of the road from L—d—m than the one which runs directly before the inn. Thus, a driver who would be inclined to continue on the line of the cliff road, provided there were no signpost and no danger signal, rather than to change direction. We begin to understand, Ellis. That is, we would begin to understand if there had been no danger signal and no signpost."

"Perhaps, sir, he didn't notice them—or only when it was too late to pull up."

Answering your second point first, Ellis, I should say it is improbable. According to the evidence of our good Townsend the brakes of Jowett's car were in excellent condition. He could have pulled up in a few yards. But what happened? He continued at a great speed for a distance of approximately seventy-five yards and plunged over the cliff."

"Then, sir, he did not see the signpost at all?"

"That is my belief, Ellis. The man is dead and cannot tell us why he failed to notice the warning. But the evidence must be here somewhere. Let me have your torch."

For fully ten minutes Marsden examined every inch of the signpost. Twice he carefully removed a few threads of white material, which he wrapped in his handkerchief. He carefully examined the joints of the post and the black lettering on the white background.

"Mm," he said at last. "We'll try the danger signal now."

The main body of the danger signal was round and was two feet in diameter. Its surface was made up of some thirty of forty tiny, reflecting red discs. Above this round portion was a metal, rectangular structure—nine inches deep—which ran the full width of the signal. Cut out of this portion was the word "DANGER". Inside was a strip of red glass lit up by battery; thus the word "DANGER" was thrown into prominence. The whole structure, which was heavy, was supported very much as a picture-frame is, by a back wedge.

"He must have been in a daze all right to have missed that," Ellis said. Marsden bent down so that his knees almost touched the long, wet grass.

"We're just in time, by jove," he said in a moment. "A little later and the rain would have destroyed this piece of evidence. Look, Ellis, note the different coloring of the grass. Look at the pattern. That slight imprint! Look, you can trace it around with your finger—the circular body, with the rectangular piece at the top. It's a story, doesn't it? An ugly story."

"Then that's how it happened! Somebody put the danger signal face downwards in the long grass. That person in some way also concealed the signpost—or changed the direction of the arms. Those white threads you took, sir."

"Exactly, Ellis. I think if you examine the face of the danger signal you'll find blades of grass on it. But that can wait. First we'll have a look around and then re-examine the signpost. Somewhere in the grass our murderer may have left other evidence."

With the aid of Ellis's strong electric torch Marsden and Ellis began to search in the long, wet grass. At first they met with no success, but suddenly the beam of light from the torch picked out a white object.

"Something here, sir," Ellis said. He stooped to pick up the white object.

"A small roll of material, sir—looks like old sheeting."

As Marsden fingered the material he thought with satisfaction of the white threads he had removed from the signpost. He began to unwind the roll.

"By Jove, sir!" Ellis exclaimed a few moments later.

He gazed with mounting excitement at the two sleeves of white sheeting which Marsden held in his hands. Each bore strong black lettering, one saying "Ravensdale—2½ miles," the other "Cliff Road Go Slow."

"So that was it, Ellis," Marsden said. "Cover the arms of the signpost with these. Lay the danger signal down on its face and the scene is set! Poor Jowett drove along the road to keep his appointment with the Duchess, saw the signpost, thought he was keeping safely on the Ravensdale Road and so plunged over the cliff."

He rolled the sleeves again and pushed them down into his pocket. "And now for the signpost again," he said.

This time they examined the signpost with even greater care. A sudden intake of breath on Marsden's part caused Ellis to look at his chief sharply.

"Look there, Ellis, in the grass, at the foot of the post! A wreath, Ellis! A wreath with a card attached to it."

"I've got it, sir."

"Then handle it carefully, Ellis."

"The envelope, sir! Look what's written on the envelope!"

Slowly, and in a cold, steady tone, Marsden read: "To Herman Jowett from 'The Uninvited'."

MIRIAM ASHE stood looking out over the garden which lay at the back of the house in which she lived. Her beautiful face was too white and the dark shadows under her eyes showed that she had slept little.

"Miriam," the uncertain voice of Richard Longfield caused her to turn her face towards him.

"It's no good, Richard," she said dully. "I won't run away."

"It wouldn't be running away," he insisted. "You could let Chief-Inspector Marsden know where you were going. In any case you would probably have to get his permission. Don't you see, Miriam, this murderer is a maniac. He'll probably strike again. Don't you see I'm afraid he may attack you next?"

She made a poor effort at laughter. "Don't be silly, Richard. The whole business is just playing on our nerves."

Stephens is in a shocking state. He came here last night after Marsden had been to see him, and I was glad to see him go. That's one thing I admire about Ludd. Ludd doesn't flinch."

"Ludd didn't flinch when he sacked me immediately following the inquest," Longfield said. "He took a grim pleasure in wishing me off the premises. Do you realise, Miriam, that this murderer is in all probability, someone directly concerned with Ludd's business? Remember, two directors of Ludd's have been killed, leaving two directors, one ex-director—myself, and you, the largest shareholder."

"I want you to leave London, Miriam. Tell no one where you are going. Don't even tell me. Don't leave any address with anyone except Marsden. Go away until this business is cleared up. Meanwhile, I have to find a job."

A light came into Miriam's eyes. "Richard, why don't you go to Benjamin Isaacs? I like Isaacs, he's a kind man. He came here you remember the morning after Martin's death. I really felt his sympathy was genuine. Go to him, Richard."

Suddenly he smiled at her. "I'll go to Isaacs," he said, "if you'll promise to leave London until this is all over."

She looked back at him. Behind the laughter in his eyes she saw the anxiety. She knew at that moment that their love for each other was mutual.

"All right," she said softly. "I promise I'll have a talk to Chief-Inspector Marsden."

"Good. As soon as I know you've left London I'll go and see Isaacs. By the way," he added, "I didn't tell you, but I couldn't think up an alibi for yesterday afternoon between two and five. Being out of work I just wandered about the streets. Don't think Marsden thought much of it. That sergeant of his would have booked me on the spot."

"Oh, Richard!"

He smiled rather sheepishly at her. "How did you get on?"

"I was all right. Mrs. Daniels, my daily, was with me all afternoon. We were going through the linen cupboard mending, and making pillow-slips of some of the good pieces of old linen sheets. Mrs. Daniels is thrifty."

Richard smiled at her. He picked up his hat from a chair near the door. "That narrows the field down a bit," he said. "Not that I ever suspected you, but looking at the business from a cold, calculating angle it leaves Ludd, Stephens, and me. I wonder what kind of alibi Ludd and Stephens had?"

Marsden was checking over with Ellis the facts they had definitely established on the case when Miriam Ashe was shown into his office.

"I'm glad you telephoned me, Mrs. Ashe," Marsden said. "How can I help you, or have you thought of something which may help us?"

"No," she answered, "it's just that I thought, or rather Mr. Longfield thought, that I should leave London for a bit."

She told him briefly of Richard Longfield's fears for her and what he wanted her to do.

"Mr. Longfield is a thoughtful young man, it seems," Marsden said. "Have you decided where you are going, Mrs. Ashe?"

"Yes, I think so. Once when I was a little girl my father took me to Ilkley. I always have liked the Yorkshire moors. I feel it would be quiet there. I've never mentioned Ilkley to anyone. No one would know where I was."

"I think it would be a good idea, Mrs. Ashe, not that I feel you are in any danger, you know. However, the change would do you good, and I think it would be as well to abide by Mr. Longfield's advice and tell no one where you are staying. There is a very nice hotel just outside Ilkley, right up on top of the moors. Beautiful country for walking. I go there some-



times Spodge chases both real and imaginary rabbits."

Miriam relaxed a little. She smiled at him.

"It sounds nice," she said. "I think I should like it there."

Christopher Marsden opened the drawer of his desk.

"Somewhere," he said. "I have a card. Ah, here we are. Now, if you would like to stay at this place Detective-Sergeant Ellis will be very pleased to telephone and book a room for you."

"I think I should like to stay there very much," Miriam answered.

"Right,"

He smiled at her, then glanced at Ellis.

"Book Mrs. Ashe a room, Ellis. You know the number, and while you have a line let the local police there know where Mrs. Ashe will be staying."

He looked back at Mrs. Ashe and smiled reassuringly at her.

"I don't think for a moment that any harm will come to you either here or anywhere else, but just to be sure we'll keep an eye on you."

"There's something else," she went on hesitantly. "I think Mr. Longfield is really worried. . . . But he couldn't tell anyone. Chief-Inspector Marsden I've known him for three years ever since Jonathan Waring was killed in that air accident. Richard Longfield is a gentle person. He thinks of other people's welfare, he's unselfish and honest. I'm sure, quite sure he had nothing to do with the murders."

Marsden waved aside her rush of words.

"You mustn't worry over Richard Longfield," he said. "If you know him as well as you think you do then you have no cause to worry."

"No," she agreed, "there really is no cause. It's just I suppose that he's out of work and that he had such a silly slip yesterday afternoon."

"Albion yes. You, I think were going through your linen cupboard?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Yes, I was."

Marsden took from the drawer of his table a small light roll of white material. He unrolled it carefully, making sure that the black lettering did not show.

"You see," he said, "that I have here some old sheeting. Mrs. Ashe you are a housewife, would you be kind enough to give me your opinion of this material? In what type of house would it be found? It doesn't seem to me to be of very fine quality."

With some reluctance Miriam fingered the material, passing it between her fingers and thumb.

"It's very old," she said slowly, "probably part of a sheet which was beyond repair. Originally, I should say, it was an unbleached calico sheet. The type of thing a thrifty housewife would buy or a boarding-house keeper."

"Ah, thank you, Mrs. Ashe, that has been very helpful."

Marsden rolled the material and placed it in his drawer.

"It's lucky Mr. Isaacs didn't go over the cliff too," he remarked. "He must have passed by that way at about the time of the accident."

"Mr. Isaacs?"

"Yes, I saw him first on the morning after your husband's death. I passed him on the stairs."

"Oh, yes, he's a very kind old man. He came to see me to ask if he could be of any help. He has promised to give Mr. Longfield a job."

"Have you known Mr. Isaacs long?"

"About three years, I think. Yes, it would be about that. He came over from the Continent and was engaged by a rival firm as head buyer. They say he knows more about jewels than any man in the business."

## A WREATH FOR THE PARTY

"So he told me."

She laughed.

"Did he? But you mustn't take any notice of that, he doesn't really mean to boast, it's just that he is an expert. It's funny, you know, but he reminds me of Jonathan Waring, not that Jonathan talked about his knowledge as Isaacs does. On the contrary, Jonathan was a very modest man and very quiet; and I don't think he knew half as much as Isaacs does about jewels. I don't think he really liked the business very much. But there is something about the two of them that is the same. The eyes, I think. Isaacs' eyes, if you have noticed them, are very curious, blue and questioning, and at times almost childlike—Waring's were like that."

At that moment the telephone rang.

"It'll be Daisy," Ellis said. "Are you thinking of going today, Mrs. Ashe? There's a train at three-ten. Shall I say you will be on it?"

"Well, yes."

"Right, I'll ask them to meet the train."

ELLIS showed Miriam out. When he came back, Marsden asked him, "How far back have we checked on Longfield?"

Ellis turned sheets in the folder in front of them.

"Here we are, sir. Born in 1920, English. Place of birth, London. One of two children. Younger brother killed in bombing accident. Longfield himself injured in same accident, also suffered severely from shock. Needed medical attention for several years—treatment for nervous disorders, nightmares. Education: Kindergarten at five years of age, then private prep school a till ten years of age, followed by London public school and finally London University—one year only. Was an average scholar, good on the sports ground."

"Served for three years in army, medically discharged following strenuous campaign in Libya and Europe. His medical papers described his condition as something between shell-shock and nervous exhaustion. His discharge from the army practically coincided with the ending of hostilities. Worked in Cornwall for six months as a farm laborer. Began work at Ludd's just three years ago—seven months after the death of Jonathan Waring."

Ellis closed the file. He glanced at his chief and was immediately aware of the bright, penetrating glance of Marsden's blue eyes.

"So you think Longfield is our man, Ellis?"

Ellis shrugged. "Don't you, sir?"

"I think there'll be no harm done in making further inquiries regarding him. I'll despatch a message to Inspector Stuart, he's taking a few days' leave in Cornwall. He's just the man to find out if Longfield acted at all strangely while working on that farm. It's also probable that Longfield visited the local doctor. Let me have the name and address of that farm."

Ten minutes later the message was written and was on its way through all the channels of officialdom and telegraphic routine. In no more than a few hours Inspector Stuart would find his holiday interrupted.

What remained of the morning passed quickly. At one o'clock Detective-Sergeant Ellis went in search of lunch; but Marsden remained sitting at his desk, his hands idle, and his eyes thoughtful. The room was exceedingly quiet, only the ticking of the clock made any appreciable noise.

Spodge, feeling the time was near when he and his master should take themselves off either to the club or

to their London apartment, crept out from under the table and stood eyeing his master with something of an anxious expectancy. Marsden looked at his dog.

"I was reflecting, Spodge, on the problem of Uncle Joseph Waring. A matter for reflection indeed."

Spodge sank back on his haunches, both the anxiety and the expectancy left his eyes. He did his best to look intelligent.

"Uncle Joseph, Spodge, who every month sends to his nephew's widow and her two children the sum of approximately thirty pounds resides in Canada and has lived there for the past fifteen years. Yet the envelope which contains the monthly money invariably bears a London postmark, and the money itself is always in English one-pound notes. What's the answer, Spodge? Is Uncle Joseph really in London and not in Canada? Has he a secret agent in London who despatches the money for him? Or, more persistent and teasing thought, has he nothing at all to do with the sending of the money?"

A keener light came to Marsden's eyes. He picked up his pen and began to write at a furious pace. His writing finished, he pressed the buzzer on his desk. In a very little time a police constable came in to him from an adjoining office.

"Ah, Jackson, get this cable off to Montreal. Let me have the reply as soon as it comes in."

"Yes, sir."

The door closed behind Jackson. Marsden looked down at his dog.

"We'll see what the Montreal police make of Uncle Joseph. Here's a secret for you, Spodge. The Lean Serrier's beginning to get a bite on to something, but no bragging, mind. Come along then. We'll go to lunch."

Christopher Marsden arrived back at his office after lunch to find Ellis in quite a state of excitement.

"A Miss Deborah Vincent, of Chelsea telephoned, sir, to say that Joseph Ludd was with her from two until five-fifteen yesterday afternoon."

Marsden raised his eyebrows. "Tell Townsend to bring the car round. We'll go and call on her at once."

Deborah Vincent took an immediate liking to Spodge, and Spodge, being possessed of charming manners, rewarded her cries of pleasure over him by putting up one paw, which he allowed to be shaken.

"But he's a darling!" Miss Vincent cried.

Some little intonation of her voice told Christopher Marsden that he, being a member of the police force, was not expected to own such a dog as Spodge. Perhaps a bulldog would have been more appropriate.

Miss Vincent led them into a small but cozy sitting-room. The settee and three armchairs were covered in bright chintzes. On two small, well-polished tables, there were amber-colored bowls of brilliant assorted flowers. The paintings on the wall were delicate water-colors.

At Miss Vincent's invitation both Chief-Inspector Marsden and Detective-Sergeant Ellis were seated. Spodge sank down near his master's feet.

Deborah Vincent was, Marsden thought, about thirty-eight or possibly forty years of age. She was small, but with a firm roundness.

"I telephoned," she began, "because I wanted you to know something before the inquest on Mr. Jowett is held. Mr. Ludd, I understand, would not tell you with whom he spent those so very vital hours yesterday afternoon, so it was necessary that I should tell you. Mr. Ludd was here. He arrived at about



ten minutes past two—a fact which my char will bear out, and he did not leave until after five. My char was working upstairs all the time. She will be able to corroborate both these times."

She relaxed back in her chair the gaze of her amber eyes on his face, her soft, full lips not quite in their natural line. She waited.

"Surely there was nothing to prevent Mr. Ludd giving that information himself, Miss Vincent? If as you say, he spent the afternoon in your company at this flat, then he has an excellent alibi."

She shrugged her small shoulders. "Well," she answered "he would never have told you."

Marsden moved a little uneasily.

Deborah Vincent spared him the question he must have asked.

"Joseph Ludd and I," she began, "for a long time now. This has been a second home for him. He's, he's not a bad man. I could tell you things about him that would make you wonder—in many ways he's a remarkably good, even gentle, man. You think of him as a man of granite, as a man who won't bend. It's—it's the wrong view."

"Stephens, Jowett, and Ashe all hated him," Marsden said quietly. "They've worked with him a long time. Then there's Longfield."

Her face became troubled and a shadow came into the clear amber eyes.

"Joseph never discusses them." Then quickly fire came to her eyes again. "Stephens and Jowett!" she said, and there was disgust in her voice. "Can you expect a man like Ludd to respect them?"

Marsden thought of the weakness of Stephens and the belligerence of Jowett. Deborah Vincent, seeing the thoughtfulness of his eyes, continued.

"Joseph Ludd is the strongest man I know. There's nothing weak about him, nothing. Everything he does is firm, resolute, planned. Of course, Mr. Ludd has no respect for weaklings like Stephens or braggarts like Jowett. Jowett's dead, and I'm sorry to say it, but it's true. They hated Mr. Ludd, of course; they knew he had no regard for them."

"And what of Martin Ashe? And perhaps Jonathan Waring?"

"Jonathan Waring is easy. Mr. Ludd liked him. I liked him, too. Jonathan was a nice chap. He had personally Ludd used to call him a crackpot but in a friendly way. Jonathan had many wild ideas on reforms. I think he wanted to revolutionise the business. Mr. Ludd doesn't like changes, so Jonathan's ideas came to nothing."

"I know, I've been studying the file. It seems that Mr. Waring had a brain. And Martin Ashe?"

"Martin changed after Jonathan was killed. He grew morose, he seemed to worry a lot. That horrible insurance policy seemed to worry him too. He said if Mr. Ludd had never thought of the policy, Jonathan wouldn't have been killed. He couldn't get that idea out of his head. But of course there was no connection. The fact of Jonathan's being insured wasn't the cause of his death. He was killed in an air accident, plain and simple."

There was a strange new light now in Marsden's eyes. His thoughts were rapid and excited.

"It was a very large policy and it did cover the rather amazing deficiency which existed at the time of the accident."

"What do you mean?" she asked him sharply.

"Only that if Martin Ashe knew of that deficiency it would not be unnatural for him to think that the collection of the insurance money was rather convenient. Perhaps Mr. Ashe

came to certain assumptions by either straight or crooked thinking. We don't know. The important thing is to find out why there was such a large deficiency. We haven't found out yet, but we will."

He paused.

"You have already helped to clear Mr. Ludd of any suspicion which may have threatened him," he went on. "Can you help now, Miss Vincent, to throw some light on that deficiency? £45,000 of shareholders' money just vanished. Three men who may have known something of it are dead, one killed in an air accident, two murdered. Of the original five directors who might be expected to know something of such a shortage only two remain, one half crazed with evident fear, and the other. Do you think Mr. Ludd would give us any information, Miss Vincent, even if there was danger to his life?"

She leaned forward. "What do you mean?"

"Two men have been murdered, both directors of the same firm, it is not improbable that there will be other murders—unless we can act quickly enough to prevent them."

He heard her gasp.

"But, Miss Vincent, that thought must have occurred to you?"

She smiled. "Yes," she admitted, "but who—? who could it be? Who is 'The Uninvited'?"

"We want to find out as urgently as you do. Can you help us?"

"I can't." Her voice grew husky.

"Believe me, I would help if I could. I knew nothing of that £45,000, or of the more recent deficiency until I read the report of the inquest on Martin Ashe. It shocked me. Joseph never discusses business."

"Do you know of anyone who could help us, Miss Vincent?"

**D**EBORAH Vincent looked away from Marsden to the flowers in the nearer of two bowls.

"Faith might be able to help you," she said in a little above a whisper. "I sometimes think he talks things over with her."

"Faith?"

She looked quickly back at him.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was speaking of Miss Faith Primrose. Mr. Ludd was once engaged to marry her. She saw the surprise on his face and smiled at him."

"Faith is nearly fifty. She has spent the last twenty-seven years in a wheelchair, ever since she was thrown from a horse three days before she was to have married Mr. Ludd. That is one of the nice things I hinted at about Mr. Ludd. He has never deserted Faith even though at her mother's death she was left penniless; I am necessary to him, yes in a way; but I don't replace her."

Again as she looked at him there was an appeal in her eyes.

"Please don't tell her about me," she continued. "She doesn't know. She lives in Kensington, in a flat overlooking the gardens. Mr. Ludd chose that particular flat so that her nurse could wheel her in the gardens. I believe she likes the statue of Peter Pan. It's a nice day, you'll probably find her there now. You can't mistake her. She has silver hair, and she will be wearing either a pale blue or a pale pink shawl."

"You like her?" Marsden said and his voice was gentle.

"I have never seen her, except through Mr. Ludd's description." She stood up. "I hope Faith can help you," she said.

They took their leave. And it was as they made their way by car to Kensington Gardens that a suspicion

smouldering in Marsden's mind became a certainty. Jonathan Waring's death had not been an accident. He had been murdered.

There was something almost ethereal about Miss Faith Primrose. Her skin had that white transparency, her eyes were clear china blue and the white thin hands which toyed with Christopher Marsden's card were the hands of an invalid.

"Chief Inspector Marsden," she said hesitantly. "I don't know how I can help you. These murders. I see so very few people these days. I see so little of what goes on."

Her voice was apologetic and its note was soft. The voice of someone who for many years had known no need to cry out or speak loudly.

"Perhaps we ought to return to my flat," she turned her head and smiled at the tall woman who wheeled her chair. "I think we'll turn back, nurse."

They spoke of spring and of the myriad tulips as they made their way slowly back to the busy road. But Marsden was busy with mental calculations. Did Ludd live within his income? It seemed improbable. He maintained three separate establishments: his own flat with its hired housekeeper, the flat at Chelsea where to all appearances he kept Deborah Vincent in comfort, and lastly for twenty years he had financed the flat which Miss Faith Primrose, his one-time fiancée, had occupied with her housekeeper and her nurse.

"Here we are," Faith Primrose said. "Mr. Ludd chose the ground-floor flat because of my chair and because of the garden at the back."

The nurse drew up her mistress's chair near the window and left them.

"You wanted to ask me about about," Faith Primrose began and stopped.

Marsden smiled kindly at her. "Not about anything really, Miss Primrose. I just wanted to talk with you. I am trying to fill in a picture of the last ten or so years. I am trying to find someone, some person who could pass for a friend of all the original five directors of Joseph Ludd's. You see, Miss Primrose, we know that the man who murdered Mr. Ashe and Mr. Jowett knew them intimately, knew everything about them."

Faith Primrose visibly relaxed. Plainly she had been expecting more pointed questions where by an unguarded answer she might throw suspicion upon Ludd.

"I'll try to help you," she said. "but I'm afraid I won't be of much use. I rarely go out."

"Perhaps Mr. Ludd has mentioned names to you?"

The mention of Ludd's name brought anxiety to her again.

"Joseph," she said, and hesitated, "he didn't tell you where he was yesterday afternoon."

"No, Miss Primrose."

She flushed. "You don't suspect him of—of being implicated in the death of Herman Jowett?"

He smiled at her. "We don't suspect him, Miss Primrose. We know where he was. He was in London."

Again she flushed.

"I'm glad," she said.

She looked out again into the garden and Marsden knew she was aware of Ludd's association with Deborah Vincent. Somehow she had found out. When she looked again into Marsden's eyes there was more serenity in her face more ease in the gentle relaxation of her body.

"Mr. Ludd never has had many intimate friends," she went on slowly. "He's not a man who likes a lot of society. Even as a young man he wasn't what you would call a good mixer."



"I was hoping you might remember someone," Marsden said. He slightly shifted his position before he prepared his next question.

"You know," he said, "that this person calling himself 'The Uninvited' is probably insane. I don't mean that he is a raving lunatic. On the contrary, he is extraordinarily clever, probably living to all appearances, a perfectly normal life. But he has murdered twice already. He may try again."

He watched the quick palor which came to her cheeks. "You mean?"

"I mean that Mr. Ludd, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Longhead may be in danger. We have in our possession certain facts which seem to relate the rather large deficiencies of the firm of Joseph Ludd and Company Limited and the murders. Therefore, it is vitally necessary that we find out what happened to that money. We have questioned all those people who should and probably could enlighten us and have drawn a blank every time. We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that the money was used for some improper purpose stolen, embezzled, used to pay blackmail."

"No!"

Marsden waited.

"I know what happened to the original sum of £45,000," she said, earnestly. "I assure you there was nothing like blackmail."

"How can we be sure of that, Miss Primrose? We should like to accept your assurance, but we must have proof. Proof which a jury could accept."

She sighed hopelessly.

"Very well," she said, "but I tell you this in confidence and only with your assurance that it will not be reported to anyone who might divulge it to the public. Also, I would prefer that Mr. Ludd should not be informed that the information has come from me. I only tell you because I feel it is in his interest, but he would not see it in that way."

"You have my assurance," Marsden answered, her quietly, "that neither Detective-Sergeant Ellis nor myself will personally make public anything you might tell us."

It was obvious that she spoke with difficulty.

"There was nothing like blackmail," she began. "Mr. Ludd, Mr. Jowett, Mr. Ashe, and Mr. Stephens always have been very interested in the Stock Exchange. For a long time they had fairly consistent luck. But five years ago their broker advised them that some certain oil shares which were on the market should rise pretty rapidly. On behalf of them all, Mr. Ludd and Mr. Jowett made a thorough investigation. They were satisfied that it was a sound investment. They all put into it practically everything they had. For some months they did get very good dividends. They were all very pleased; then suddenly without warning there was a crash. They tried to recover their losses; they bought other shares which should have been perfectly safe; but tragically the same thing happened again. They lost everything. Stephens went to pieces completely; he's never been the same."

Marsden stroked his chin. "The money?" he asked.

She flushed. "The money used in an effort to retrieve their losses over the oil shares was company's money. They had hoped to pay it back."

Marsden nodded his head. He saw it all now. The pieces were beginning to fit. On the five directors only Waring had not interested himself in the Stock Exchange.

"Did you know anything of the second deficiency?" he asked quietly.

She shook her head.

"That came as a complete surprise," she answered, and Marsden thought he detected a note of weariness in her voice. He stood up.

"You have been very helpful," he said sincerely, "there is one thing more, however. Could you give me the name of the stockbroker who so ill-advised Mr. Ludd?"

Again she hesitated.

"I will, of course, find out," he said quietly, "but if you could tell me it would save precious time."

She signed again.

"Mr. Barry Philpots," she said resignedly. "You'll find his address in the phone book."

**B**ACK at their office Marsden told Ellis of his theory about Jonathan Waring's death, pleased to find his sergeant thinking along the same lines.

"So we're back," he went on, "where nearly every murder takes us at cold routine investigation. The digging and delving begins in earnest."

"Yes, sir," Ellis sounded pleased.

"I've written out two cable messages," Marsden continued. "One to the Paris police and one to Madrid, asking full particulars of that air accident also for full details of the pilot. That really is a bit dead, but who knows? We may get something which will give us a lead."

Detective-Sergeant Ellis pressed a buzzer on his desk.

"I'll get the cables off immediately, sir."

"Good. I want a couple of good men sent down to Cliffville. I want to know if anyone saw a car loitering in that vicinity. The telephone calls to Jowett and Isaacs were made at three-fifteen and three twenty-five. The so-called Uninvited must therefore have been near Cliffville at that time. He probably waited there until Jowett's car was due to arrive. I want to know the full particulars of Isaacs' car and in what respects it differed from Jowett's; also, I want to know Isaacs' driving habits. We must ascertain now the murderer knew that Jowett would go over the cliff and not Isaacs. Jowett, we know now, had ten minutes start; but unless Isaacs is a very slow driver that would mean nothing. Question that innkeeper again to see if any unfamiliar characters have been seen there lately. The locals may remember someone. Ah! And what else, Ellis?"

Ellis held his pencil ready.

"Of course, the stockbroker," Marsden continued. "Let me see the time is now four-fifty. I'll go to him unannounced. We don't know what type of person he is. He may get in touch with Ludd if we give him notice. The element of surprise is the thing."

"I'll ring through to Townsend, sir."

"Poor Townsend. Ah, yes, Ellis, there is something else. I want a telephone call booked to the Ilkley police. Make it for six-thirty this evening. I should be back then. We want a statement from Mrs. Ashe concerning her husband's reaction to Waring's death. We also want to know if he said anything over the years which would intimate that he suspected Waring had been murdered."

"Sir?"

Marsden looked up quickly.

"I've just remembered, sir, that Martin Ashe was already in Madrid at the time Waring left London airport with that emerald. I wonder, sir, did Ashe see Waring in Madrid? Seems possible, doesn't it?"

The light in Marsden's eyes brightened.

"An. Ellis a well-trained memory is far better than an over-exercised imagination. We'll follow that point up closely. I have a feeling it may be very important indeed."

Ellis beamed with pleasure.

"I'll get on to Townsend now, sir."

Mr. Barry Philpots, stockbroker, was seemingly not surprised to receive a visit from Scotland Yard and to have a number of questions put to him regarding certain speculations in oil shares which were made by Messrs. Ludd, Ashe, Jowett, and Stephens.

Nor did he find the interview at all disagreeable; in fact, he expanded in geniality and was only too willing to pour out all the information he had. He confirmed the information given by Faith Primrose. He gave exact figures and had them so much to hand that Marsden guessed he had been preparing for just such questions as he was asked.

Have the gentlemen concerned continued to buy and sell? Marsden asked.

"Indeed yes. That is all except Mr. Stephens. Mr. Stephens swore he'd never touch stocks and shares again."

"And the others?"

"The others picked up remarkably well."

Marsden eyed him keenly, and the stockbroker added hastily:

"Until, of course, the last few months." He smiled and spread his small, fat hands.

"Well, you know how it is, Chief-Inspector. Men buy and sell in small amounts a mistake, a misjudgment here and there doesn't matter—but when there are thousands involved. He shrugged. "I did advise Mr. Ludd against this last big buy of his; but he disregarded my advice. Said I had been wrong once and could be wrong again. He said those 'Grenoble' rubber shares could stand the strain." He spread his hands again. "Well, they flopped badly—over thirty thousand pounds down, I believe."

"Thirty thousand?"

Philpots smiled knowingly at the chief-inspector.

"Thirty thousand it was, Mr. Marsden."

Marsden reflected on the point. The second deficiency in Ludd's accounts stood at twenty-four thousand pounds. Therefore the three directors had speculated with six thousand pounds of their own money and twenty-four thousand pounds of company's funds. It told a story of the state of the private incomes of the three Marsden thought of Faith Primrose and of Deborah Vincent. He felt concern for them. How much longer could Ludd carry on?

"I should like a signed statement of all the transactions of Messrs. Ludd, Jowett, Ashe, and Stephens over the past four years, if that would be possible, Mr. Philpots."

"Certainly, Mr. Marsden. It will take us a few days of course; but you shall have it."

"Did you ever undertake buying or selling for Mr. Waring, Mr. Philpots?"

Regretfully the stockbroker shook his head. "Unfortunately, no. I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Waring."

Marsden stood up.

"Well, thank you, Mr. Philpots. I should be grateful if you could let me have that statement as soon as possible."

The call to Ilkley came through at precisely six-thirty. Marsden explained to the senior police officer there exactly what he wanted. He learned that Mrs. Ashe had arrived and that a good man had been detailed to watch her. So far there had been nothing to report.



"Right," said Marsden. "I'd be grateful if you would let me have that statement as early as possible."

He received the other's assurance and rang off.

"Now," said Marsden to himself "to call on Mrs. Waring."

Like Mr. Harry Philpotts, Mrs. Waring seemed to be half expecting a visit from the chief-inspector. She led him into the sitting-room.

"I saw in the papers," she began after she and Marsden were seated, "about Mr. Jowett. It was a great shock. The papers said it was 'The Uninvited' again. Is it that so, Mr. Marsden?"

"I'm afraid it is, Mrs. Waring."

"I wish I could understand it."

Silently Mrs. Waring's seventeen-year-old son, John, came into the room and sat down.

"John, dear," his mother began, "I don't think you should stay."

The boy frowned.

"I don't think we shall say anything he doesn't already know or which might frighten him," Marsden said.

He gave the boy a reassuring grin which young Waring was quick to answer, then turned back to Mrs. Waring.

"Mrs. Waring, certain information has come to us which we think connects the murders of Mr. Ashe and Mr. Jowett with the sum of forty-five thousand pounds missing nearly four years ago."

Mrs. Waring's hand flew quickly to her throat. She gasped. Marsden appeared to disregard the shock his words had given her.

"We have discovered that this sum was lost by certain directors of your late husband's firm through unwise speculation on the Stock Exchange. The question I must ask you, Mrs. Waring, is did your late husband ever mention to you that he suspected that any such speculations were going on?"

"He did say something about some odd shares."

"Are you sure it was odd?"

"Yes. I remember Jonathan tried to stop Hilary Stephens from having anything to do with them. Hilary will remember. Jonathan told him it was the kind of concern that would do well for a couple of months, maybe even six months, but that was all."

"Can you remember the name of the oil company in which those shares were purchased, Mrs. Waring?"

For a few seconds she frowned as she concentrated.

"It was 'Casplan,'" the boy said quickly. "I remember father saying it."

"Yes, that is right," Mrs. Waring agreed.

"Now, Mrs. Waring, I want you to be very careful of your next answer. Did your husband know those odd shares were useless at the time he left for Spain to deliver that emerald?"

Mrs. Waring looked down at her hands and then back at his face.

"Yes, he knew," she answered dully. For just a second Marsden waited, then he continued.

"I think, Mrs. Waring, you told me yesterday that Mr. Martin Ashe was actually in Madrid at the time your husband was sent there?"

"Yes."

"Do you know if your husband saw him?"

"I had one postcard from Jonathan saying he had seen Martin. Martin was to have come back in the same plane; but at the last minute Ludd made other arrangements. Martin was told to proceed to Portugal."

"I see. Do you know if Mr. Ashe went to the airport to see Mr. Waring off?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. He would surely have mentioned it."

"Yes, quite so. Have you the postcard your husband sent from Madrid, Mrs. Waring?"

"Yes?"

"I wonder if you'd let me have it for a few days?"

"Of course." She turned to her son. "John, dear, you know where the postcard is."

Regretfully the boy left the room.

"My husband, Mr. Marsden, you suspect his death wasn't an accident, don't you?"

"Do you suspect that Mrs. Waring?"

She answered him faintly. "Yes, we all suspect it. John, Betty, and I."

"That insurance policy—it was too much of a coincidence."

"And yet you brought none of your suspicions to the police?"

"So many people act on unfounded suspicions. Chief-Inspector Marsden."

"Yes, Mrs. Waring, so many people do."

The boy entered the room. In one hand he held the postcard.

"Have you heard anything yet, of Uncle Joseph?" he asked.

"We believe he's somewhere in Canada. We have already taken steps to ascertain his exact address."

"Then how?"

The boy did not finish the question.

"How does he manage to send your mother English pound notes in an envelope bearing a London postmark? Well, there may be a very simple answer. Possibly he has an agent in London acting for him, possibly he has a kinsman here of whom you know nothing. We are doing our best to find out."

"Good old Uncle Joseph!" said the boy with a laugh. "The more I hear of him the more I like him. He sounds an eccentric old boy."

"He does, indeed," Marsden agreed.

"By the way, I've turned up a few more of those envelopes you were interested in," volunteered young Waring. "Only one of them is of much use so far as I can see. It was the first one. It didn't come from England at all. Came from Paris. But it had English pound notes in it all right."

"Was there any note?"

"Just a slip of paper saying: 'From Uncle Joseph Waring.' The slip got destroyed, but Betty kept the envelope for good luck."

"I'd like to have that envelope very much," Marsden said.

"I'll get it," the boy promised and again left the room.

MRS. WARING said falteringly. "All this . . . I don't understand. You don't think you can't think Uncle Joseph had anything to do with the murders?"

He smiled reassuringly at her.

"As far as we know Joseph Waring is still in Canada. The Canadian police are checking on that point now. The man who called himself 'The Uninvited' is definitely in London."

She smiled in relief. "Oh, well, then, it can't have anything to do with Uncle Joseph. He's been so good to us."

"I've got the envelopes," John announced as he re-entered the room. Betty didn't want to part with the French one. I told her you'd let her have it back."

Marsden took the envelopes. There were four in all. Three typewritten ones and the fourth, bearing a French postmark, lettered. The sight of that lettering gave Marsden a peculiar sensation that there was something of importance. Somewhere, recently, he had seen printing like that.

On the following morning at eleven-thirty, the inquest on Herman Jowett began and lingered on until the afternoon. All the available evidence was heard, witnesses were questioned regarding the signed statements they had already made; but no further information came to light. The coroner returned a verdict that Herman Jowett had died as a result of multiple injuries when his car leapt over the cliff edge at Cliffville and that he had come by his death as a result of wilful and malicious murder by a person or persons unknown.

Yet, despite this negative outcome of the inquest, there was nothing despondent in Marsden's walk as, at something a little after three forty-five, he hurried along the wide hall at Scotland Yard and crossed to his office. The inquest had been mere routine, dealing only with plain facts. It had not delved into any of those odds and ends which were beginning to take shape in the mind of Chief-Inspector Marsden.

Marsden opened the door of his office and at once there came to his face a smile of genuine welcome.

"Ah! Mac!" he said as he held out his hand. "Back in town so soon?"

Inspector Stuart gripped his chief's hand.

"This business of 'The Uninvited,'" he said. "I felt I had to get back on the job, Christopher. I got your message about Longfield at five, spent the whole of yesterday afternoon and evening finding out all I could about him. I'm afraid I haven't brought you anything of importance. The people on the farm where he worked and all the folk who knew him had nothing out good to say about him. The general opinion is that he was a reliable, likeable young fellow. Nothing shady or queer about him."

"Then I saw the local doctor who treated Longfield for general nervous disorder when first he began work there. Longfield, he said, had a good constitution and made a quick recovery. The doctor seemed to think he was quite sound, mentally and physically."

Marsden, who was now sitting behind his desk, nodded his head.

"Just what I expected, Mac," he said. "I didn't think for a moment that Longfield was our man; but being a director of Ludd's he couldn't be overlooked."

He picked up Detective-Sergeant Ellis' buff folder, now quite bulky with all the copies of statements and other information it contained.

"Take this, Mac, and study it for an hour or so. It may give you some ideas. And, Mac, I'm glad to have you back. I was thinking of recalling you."

Inspector Stuart grinned as he took the folder from his chief. His bright blue eyes twinkled.

"I guess you did recall me, Christopher, when you sent me that telegram about Longfield."

Caught out, Marsden chuckled.

"Well, Mac, I may have to leave you in charge. The case may take me on to the Continent."

Left alone Marsden began to go over the papers which, in his absence, had accumulated on his desk. He picked out a letter from Ilkley. The Ilkley police had lost no time in obtaining the required statement from Miriam Ashe. The important part of it read as follows:

My late husband, Martin Ashe, arrived back from Spain and Portugal three weeks after the accident in which Jonathan Waring lost his life. He had already heard of the accident. He was very greatly upset, having been a sincere friend of Jonathan Waring. He grew very morose. The idea of that strange insurance policy particularly upset him. He had a fixed notion that there was some



connection between the policy and Jonathan's death; but when questioned by me he always refused to elaborate on the subject.

"He did see Jonathan Waring in Madrid, first at the airport on the day that Jonathan arrived. Martin took charge of the emerald and delivered it in person to its purchaser. The second occasion was at a luncheon at the Barcelona Hotel. Mr. Waring was my husband's guest.

"Then on the day Mr. Waring left Madrid for London Mr. Waring visited the Barcelona Hotel where a package containing an assortment of precious stones was handed to him by my husband, who requested Mr. Waring to carry them to Mr. Ludd.

"There was a second package, also for Mr. Ludd, from a Spanish associate. My husband did not hand this second package to Mr. Waring until just before the plane left. My husband, after the first few days of his return expressed a wish not to have to refer to Jonathan Waring, probably, I feel sure because the thought of his friend's death caused him pain.

Marsden put down the statement and whistled softly. He felt now with certainty that he was on the right track. He summoned Ellis and showed him the report.

"I don't remember reading anything about jewels being found in that wreckage," he said, "nor do I remember anything about an outcry from Joseph Ludd or Martin Ashe about the non-receipt of those jewels. What happened to them? A plane crashes high up in the Pyrenees, the bodies of the only two occupants are found—together with personal items of identification. . . . I remember reading—mediaeval sort—a signet ring the pilot wore, and jewelled cuff-links that had belonged to Waring. But of a package of jewels. . . . Nothing!"

"Pnew!"

"Ellis, get through on the telephone to the French police. Find out who dealt with the Waring crash. Question them about those jewels, and about the second package addressed to Ludd. Cable the Madrid police again. Ask them to find out which of Mr. Ludd's associates despatched that package to Ludd. I'll question Ludd at this end. Ask him to report here at four-thirty. After he's here, have Mr. Stephens report. Keep them in separate rooms. Don't let one know the other is here."

"Yes, sir."

Marsden having given Ellis his instructions, turned again to the papers on his desk. On the top, now, was a typewritten sheet bearing the heading "Automobiles: Mr. Benjamin Isaacs, The Late Herman Jowett." The report was mainly a mass of technicalities, but it indicated that the two cars were very different. Isaacs' was an old blue-green roadster; Jowett's a new, high-powered, wine-colored saloon.

Attached was a statement signed by Benjamin Isaacs that he rarely drove over thirty-five miles an hour.

Marsden found both the report and the statement of considerable interest. "The Uninvited" had presumably been safe in assuming that Jowett would reach the cliff first.

"The Uninvited," then, must also know something of the driving habits of Benjamin Isaacs!

The next document Marsden examined was a report from the officer who had been put in charge of the inquiry at the Cliffville end. This report, really, was only negative. Nothing about the placing of the wreath. No one had observed a strange car or person loitering in the district between three-fifteen, the time of the telephone call to Jowett's office, and four thirty-two, the

time Jowett's car went over the cliff. The inquiries were still proceeding.

The next report, however, was by no means negative. He summoned Inspector Stuart to share it with him.

"Robertson, handwriting expert, is coming up," Marsden said. "You know about those calico sleeves with which our murderer covered the actual arms of the signpost? Well, they had pretty bold lettering on them. Last night I came by an envelope, allegedly addressed by a certain Joseph Waring, in lettering which seemed to me to be in the same hand. I sent the envelope to Robertson to vet. He's pretty confident we're on to something."

"Then Joseph Waring's our man?"

"Not so quickly, Mac. Joseph Waring, so far as we know, is in Canada. However, we've cabled Montreal. An answer may be in at any time."

"Someone using Joseph Waring's name, perhaps?"

"Maybe." But why should anyone, other than the Waring family, send money regularly to Jonathan Waring's widow and children?

Inspector Stuart shrugged. "At the moment I'm only half way through the file," he said.

A knock sounded at the door. "Come in, Robertson," Marsden called.

I T took Robertson only a very little time to convince both Chief-Inspector Marsden and Inspector Stuart that the lettering on the calico sleeves and on the envelope was the work of the same person.

"So," said Marsden when Robertson had left them, "the suspicion becomes a certainty! The death of Jonathan Waring, the sending of the money to his widow, the murders of Ashe and Jowett, are all connected. Let's hope Montreal acts quickly."

The telephone rang. Marsden answered it.

"Tel. Mr. Ludd we won't keep him waiting long," he said, and rang off.

Marsden came directly to the point with Joseph Ludd.

"We have information," he said, "which directly connects the murders of Jowett and Ashe with the sums of forty-five thousand pounds and twenty-four thousand pounds missing from your firm. Mr. Barry Philpotts, stockbroker, with whom you and three of your fellow-directors have done much business in the past, has been good enough to supply me with full details of that business and of the speculations made. We are particularly interested in 'Caspian' oil shares, which you will no doubt recall, were taken out by you and your associates four years ago. We are also interested in 'Grenoble' rubber."

"You know that we have made a thorough investigation of your firm's books and accounts; we have also studied the private banking accounts of yourself, Ashe, Jowett, and Stephens. These various examinations have revealed a very interesting picture. In fact, Mr. Ludd, the pieces fit. I should like to hear what you have to say."

Ludd's face was red, his eyes exceedingly angry.

"I gave Scotland Yard credit for having a few brains," he said. "Why you must keep on harping about a deficiency which, in fact, lasted for only three and a half months and was then covered in full, I cannot think. And this second sum of twenty-four thousand! There was no need for that to be made public. Part of the deficiency has already been made up. It was nothing more than a temporary loss. I have promised the share-

holders that by the end of June no deficiency will, in fact, exist. I say to you, Chief-Inspector Marsden, that that is all that need concern you."

"Ah, but we are straying from the point," Marsden said quietly. "Let me put it this way. Do you deny that shareholders' money was used to cover the deficiency of forty-five thousand pounds brought about by your, Mr. Ashe's, Mr. Jowett's and Mr. Stephens' speculations in 'Caspian' oil shares?"

Ludd glowered. "I deny that the shareholders suffered any loss."

"You do not deny that shareholders' money was used for an improper purpose?"

"I refuse to answer."

"You are, of course, at liberty to refuse to answer any questions put to you. Let us, then, pass on to the next point. Do you deny that the embarrassing situation, which was brought about by that unwise speculation and the ill-luck which attended it, was completely alleviated by the sum of fifty thousand pounds which came to your firm as a result of the air accident in which Mr. Jonathan Waring lost his life?"

"I see no reason to answer."

"You do, in fact, refuse to answer?"

"I do."

"Mr. Ludd, information has come to us that, at the time of his death, Mr. Waring had in his possession two packages handed to him, shortly before he took his departure, by the late Martin Ashe. One of those packages contained jewels. What did the other contain, Mr. Ludd?"

"How should I know? Ashe and Waring were good friends. Probably it was some dried fruit, chocolates, or something."

"But the parcel was addressed to you, Mr. Ludd."

"I repeat, I know nothing of any parcel or package."

"But the package of jewels, Mr. Ludd? You don't deny you know something of them?"

Ludd's mouth remained obstinately closed.

"Very well, Mr. Ludd. I'll just get Detective-Sergeant Ellis to take you back to the waiting-room while your statement is typed out. If you agree with it you will please sign it."

Chief-Inspector Marsden and Inspector Stuart looked at each other when again they were alone. "The man has something to hide all right," Stuart said. "He denied the existence of the second package and would very much have liked to deny the existence of the jewels. Then his refusal to answer questions. . . . a sign of a guilty conscience and of fear."

"I wonder why he's afraid, Mac. Plainly he's not directly responsible for the murders of Ashe and Jowett. Deborah Vincent has supplied him with a perfectly good alibi; which alibi is borne out by Miss Vincent's char, and by the next-door neighbor, who, we have discovered, has a good tongue for gossip. It's my belief that Ludd feels we're getting dangerously close to the first murder of all—that of Jonathan Waring. That box, Mac, isn't it just conceivable to you that it might have contained a time-bomb. Something caused that plane to blow up in mid-air."

"If a bomb, then the French police should have found some trace of it—perhaps a detonator cap or timing apparatus. . . ."

"We'll get on to that angle; but in the meantime we'd better get another shorthand-writer in and have Stephens up."

As Marsden gazed at the wreck of the man who had been Hilary Stephens he felt distaste for the task before



him. He had to break this man still further.

"I want to talk to you as at Jonathan Waring," Marsden said quietly.

Stephens closed his eyes. He put one hand up to his head.

"Waring's death was an accident," he staped.

"Was it? You know, don't you, that before Mr. Waring boarded that aircraft in Madrid, two packages were handed to him? One contained jewels. And the other? Could the other have caused the death of Jonathan Waring?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do, Mr. Stephens."

"I only knew about the package which contained the jewels."

"When did you know the jewels had been stolen?"

"I didn't know there were any on the plane until Martin told me."

"What did Ludd say when he knew the jewels were missing?"

Weakly Stephens shook his head.

"Was it you or Ludd who decided that the police should not be told about them?"

"I . . ."

"Do you mean it was you, Mr. Stephens?"

"No. No. . . . Ludd — Ludd said publicly would be bad . . ."

"What was the value of those jewels?"

"Just over two thousand pounds, I think. Two thousand one hundred and seventy. I think I can't quite remember. I . . . I feel ill."

Ruthlessly Marsden went on: "Do you mean to say that Ludd preferred to lose over two thousand pounds rather than add a little more to the publicity which already surrounded Waring's death?"

"Yes."

"Now then, Mr. Stephens, the second package. When did you know it was to be put on the aircraft?"

"I didn't know."

"Was it Mr. Ludd or Mr. Ashe who told you about that package being on the aircraft?"

"I don't remember."

"Ah! Then you confirm that there was a second parcel?"

"Yes."

"Why did Mr. Ludd tell you not to mention what was in that package?"

"He . . . He . . . He never mentioned it."

"I suggest you are lying, Mr. Stephens. I suggest Martin Ashe told you what he suspected was in that package and probably told Jowett as well. I suggest that you all three went to Ludd and that Ludd silenced you. Or shall I say bought your silence?"

Stephens did not answer.

Marsden went on: "Did Martin Ashe know what was in that box before he handed it to Jonathan Waring?"

"He did not know what was in it. He never knew."

"Waring was a friend of yours, wasn't he? I believe he tried to dissuade you from buying those 'Caspian' oil shares?"

"How did you know that?"

"We have means of finding things out, Mr. Stephens. Did you know that before he was sent on that trip to Madrid he knew those shares were worthless? He knew his four partners had borrowed the sum of forty-five thousand pounds in an endeavor to regain their losses. He knew all this, yet he trusted you all. He trusted you all when he took that emerald to Spain. He trusted you all when he undertook to carry those two packages back to England."

Stephens slumped in his chair. He had fainted.

"The poor wretch is frightened almost to death," Stuart remarked after Stephens had been revived and taken away to sign his statement.

"I have a feeling it's with reason," Marsden answered. "I think we'd better put a second man on to watching him. See he doesn't open any of his own mail, and take all the usual precautions. I had an uncanny feeling as I looked at Stephens that he was swinging pretty close to death. An unpleasant sensation that, Mac."

For well over an hour Chief-Inspector Marsden and Inspector Stuart discussed the case as it now stood. Although they had no evidence, but only suspicions of how the aeroplane in which Jonathan Waring was travelling came to be blown up, they felt reasonably sure that Waring had been murdered. There was, as well, the fact of the second package. Stephens had admitted its existence. Ludd, on the other hand, had denied any knowledge of it. Yet the mention of that package and of the jewels had a little unnerved him.

They discussed the envelope which had come from France. The lettering on that envelope, agreeing in every respect with that on the calico sleeves, identified the person calling himself Joseph Waring as the person calling himself "The Uninvited." It only waited now for the Montreal police to discover whether the real Joseph Waring had, in fact, left Canada at any time during the past four years, and if so, in which countries he had resided and for how long.

"If it is proved that Joseph Waring is in no way connected with these crimes I must go to France," Marsden said. "I must find witnesses of that air crash, and question the officers who were in charge of the investigation following it. From there I shall go to Madrid. I am hoping Mrs. Ashe can give us further information concerning the so far unnamed Spanish associate who allegedly sent that second package to Ludd. But even if she can't our task should not be too difficult. Ludd cannot have very many Spanish business connections. Our problem, of course, is to find who sent that second package and what it contained."

NOT very long afterwards, an orderly brought Marsden two sheets of paper.

"Paris and Montreal, sir," he said. The cable from the Montreal Police read:

"Joseph Wilbur Waring, born in London on the tenth January, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, and now of 162A Meadow Lane, Montreal, identified as uncle of late Jonathan Waring, killed in air accident over Pyrenees. Denies that he has been out of Canada at any time during the past fifteen years. During past six years has been confined to his bed with paralysis. Denies he sent money to any person in England or anywhere else. Has never corresponded with his nephew's widow or children. Sole income is an old-age pension."

Marsden sat smiling at the cable. In every way, confirmed his suspicions that the person calling himself "The Uninvited" was the same person who had adopted the name of Joseph Waring for the purpose of sending money to Jonathan Waring's widow.

The second cable was from Paris. It gave the report on the air accident: "Killed: Jonathan Waring, Englishman, and Miguel Cortez, of Madrid, pilot. Bodies badly charred, identified by items of jewellery. Signet ring on hand of Cortez identified by brother. Cuff-links having initials 'J.W.' and set with single emerald, identified as belonging to Jonathan Waring. Remains of both victims interred in churchyard at the little village of St. Francis, fifteen miles from scene

of accident. Explosion of aircraft in mid-air heard and observed by a goatherd, Jacques Kerver, who notified the gendarme at St. Francis, who in turn notified the police at Toulouse. Rescue and police parties set out from both St. Francis and Toulouse.

"Certain facts unexplainable. (1) Definite footprints in soil around crash. (2) Traces of blood on outside of wreckage. No evidence of any jewels in wreckage, nor was any question of missing jewels raised by Messrs. Ludd and Company Limited at time of investigation. Further particulars of missing jewels requested. All papers on accident available for scrutiny."

The message was signed by Inspector Dubois, of La Surete, Paris.

Marsden's expression was now grim. There were two facts in this evidence which told their own story. The first, and most important, was the fresh blood which had been found on the outside wreckage of the plane. It was unlikely that that blood had belonged to either of the two victims of the crash. It was unlikely, too, that the blood had been there at the time of the explosion as the fire, following the explosion, would have destroyed it. In that fierce heat nothing could exist.

Was it not more probable that some third person, injured as a result of investigating the wreckage, had caused those bloodstains? And was it not probable, also, that the footprints found near the wreckage were those of the injured person? Also, might not the missing jewels be explained by those footprints and those bloodstains? Marsden felt his excitement growing. He picked up his telephone receiver and booked a call to Inspector Dubois, of La Surete, Paris.

He had one special question he wanted to ask. Had the specimen of blood which was found been classified? If so, to what blood group did it belong? The answer to that question would not tell him very much; but it would help in the final round.

The call came through quickly. Fortunately, Inspector Dubois was still on duty. The information Marsden required was supplied readily enough. The blood found had been carefully analysed and classified. Its grouping was AB.1. Rhesus Negative.

Marsden felt a certain mild sense of elation as he put down the receiver. AB.1 was a particularly rare type of blood. Its rarity should be a very helpful factor in determining whether or not a suspected person had been in the vicinity of the wreckage.

As a sudden thought occurred to him, he took a cable pad from his drawer and wrote out a cable to Inspector Dubois:

"Have evidence jewels to approximate value of two thousand two hundred pounds sterling removed from plane wreckage in which Cortez and Waring were killed. Would appreciate if sources of deposit of stolen jewels be investigated. Further particulars of missing jewels will be despatched when to hand. Arriving Paris Friday morning. Marsden."

Two more important developments occurred before Marsden left for Paris on Friday morning. Firstly, a card, which might have lain there for days, was found under the carpet in the sitting-room of Hilary Stephens' flat. It read:

"Not today, not tomorrow, but someday. The Uninvited."

A further investigation revealed that a bottle of wine in a cabinet in the room contained arsenic.

Marsden doubled Stephens' police guard and briskly set in train a full investigation of this latest affair.



At nine o'clock on the Friday morning a telegram was received from the Ikley Police. Regarding the jewels, Mrs. Ashe had been unable to say who had sent them, but she had confirmed that which Stephens had said concerning their value. The stones had been valued in the vicinity of two thousand two hundred pounds. The jewels had consisted, so far as she was able to remember, of an unknown quantity of rubies and sapphires, and one emerald.

They were, at the time Martin Ashe had handed them to Waring, packed in cotton wool inside a leather wallet. Waring, on being handed the wallet, had placed it in an inside pocket of his jacket. Concerning the second package, Mrs. Ashe had volunteered less information. She had not been able to say from where her husband had received it. He had told her, however, that it was about the shape and size of a shoe box, that it was wrapped in brown paper and was addressed to Joseph Ludd, marked "Urgent." A note on the outside of the box had read: "Please hand to Mr. Jonathan Waring for carriage by hand. Air." Marsden was still digesting this information when he and Detective-Sergeant Ellis boarded the twelve o'clock plane for Paris.

Inspector Dubois, of La Surete, and Chief-Inspector Marsden shook hands. Marsden introduced Detective-Sergeant Ellis. Dubois, much to Ellis' relief, spoke excellent English.

"I have here all our papers concerning the accident," Inspector Dubois said after they were all comfortably seated and a few pleasantries had been exchanged. "Had we but known of the jewels we should have taken a different view of the matter, a more serious view, but we did not know. As I said in my message to you there were two things for which there was no explanation. Bodies which are burned beyond recognition do not leave fresh blood on the outside of the plane in which they are burned, nor do those so badly burned bodies make foot-prints."

"They were the footprints of a man?"

"Yes, of a tall man, a man about five foot eleven and weighing twelve stone. The goatherd who heard and saw the explosion is a small man—they were not his footprints. Nor did the goatherd have any fresh wounds. We questioned everyone in the village of St. Francisca, but no one fitted in with those footprints and there was no one with a fresh wound. We got no further. And you?"

"We are a little further, I think," Marsden answered. "We've come to Paris because we suspect the occupants of that plane were murdered."

He outlined the case sufficiently to give Inspector Dubois a fairly comprehensive picture.

"We will do all we can to help," Dubois promised. "Your sergeant will leave me what particulars he has of these jewels. It is not much to go on, but we will try to ascertain if they were passed in Paris and by whom."

Ellis handed Dubois a piece of paper on which were typed the brief details of the missing jewels.

"And now?" Inspector Dubois asked.

"I should be interested to see the doctor's report on the victims, also any evidence of identification," Marsden answered.

Inspector Dubois must have anticipated some such request. He took up a file and turned immediately to the report made by Dr. Benoit of the Toulouse Police Department.

"As you will see," Dubois said, as he handed the papers to Marsden, "the bodies were burned beyond recognition."

Waring, it was thought, was killed by the actual explosion. Cortez probably not. Waring was a tall man, young, well built—that fitted in well with one body. Cortez was short, also young, broadly built. . . . Ah, take this photograph. . . . You see here on the hand of Cortez a signet ring, badly burned, also out of shape. . . . And this photograph of the cuff-links worn by Waring. His widow identified those links.

Marsden studied the two photographs, and, almost as keenly, Dubois watched Marsden's face.

"Odd!" Marsden remarked. "The ring is so badly burned as to be almost no longer in the shape of a ring—but the cuff-links are hardly touched. Could it be because Waring wore those links on his shirt, the shirt was burned away and the links fell off to some place where they did not get the full blast of the fire?"

**D**UBOIS shook his head. "No, my friend. Mr. Waring was found lying on his back, his arms across his chest—as if he had tried to protect himself. See this photograph. The cuff-links were found on Waring's chest—yet hardly burnt."

"And the wallet of jewels which he carried in his inside coat pocket were not found?"

"No. The jewels were not found, nor any trace of a leather wallet."

Marsden handed back Dr. Benoit's report and the two photographs.

"These photographs you will perhaps find of interest," Dubois said as he selected three more and handed them to Marsden. "The larger one, as you see, is of the whole aircraft after the crash, but broken in two. The front portion of the plane is burned out so badly that only the framework remains. The tail portion is hardly burned at all. You see, here, the two smaller photographs give the details better."

"Hm. It would seem that the tail portion became separated from the main body of the plane while in mid-air, probably as a result of the explosion. It came down separately and landed far enough away from the main portion not to be burned," Marsden remarked slowly and thoughtfully.

He handed the photographs to Ellis, who studied them in silence and returned them to Inspector Dubois.

"You have the address of Miguel Cortez' nearest of kin?" Marsden asked.

Inspector Dubois scribbled an address on a slip of paper.

"Here is his father's address and that of three of his four brothers. The fourth brother, Phillip, is, I believe, an outcast not only of the family but of Spain. There is quite a price on his head. He figured rather prominently on the wrong side in the late civil war. The Cortez family does not speak of him."

Marsden thanked Dubois and took the slip of paper.

"I think we must not take up any more of your time, Inspector Dubois," he said as he stood up. "Thank you again for all your help."

Inspector Dubois extended his hand.

"You will let me know what the Cortez family think of the accident," he said, and smiled somewhat slyly.

"I shall let you know," Marsden promised. "And if Inspector Stuart, of Scotland Yard, should send on any messages to me, I wonder if you could have them forwarded to me at Toulouse? I will call in at your headquarters there to see Dr. Benoit."

At about midnight that night the plane in which Marsden and Ellis were passengers from Paris, landed in

Madrid. The two Englishmen were met at the airport by Inspector Silvio, of the Madrid Police, who escorted them to the Barcelona Hotel where accommodation had been reserved for them.

"I see, Inspector Marsden," Silvio said smiling genially. "In England you cannot learn from where the jewels came. This Senor Ludd will not tell you, so you must come yourself to find out. Well, it should be an easy matter. I will tell you what. You send your Detective-Sergeant Ellis around to our headquarters in the morning. I will send with him one Manuel Granados, a very efficient young man whose English is good. Together they can go through the list of Senor Ludd's associates. By tomorrow night, perhaps, we shall have the desired information."

"As for the second parcel, well, it is a little more difficult. So many people learnt to make bombs during the civil war—little bombs, big bombs. . . . It will not be easy to find out who made one particular bomb, but we will try. Senor Ashe, you say, was staying at this hotel? Yes? Well, in the morning we can question the staff. Perhaps someone will remember a parcel which came for Senor Ashe."

At a little after nine o'clock the next morning Ellis left the hotel to find his way to the headquarters of the Madrid Police where he was to meet Manuel Granados. Marsden, left to himself, began on a line of investigation which did not promise anything like the success which Ellis' routine questioning would probably achieve. To find someone who knew anything of a parcel, which, presumably, had been delivered to the hotel nearly four years ago would not be an easy matter.

The first obvious step was to ascertain which of the present staff were employed by the hotel then. By the surreptitious questioning of a young chamber-maid he was soon in possession of the first facts he required. There had been a few changes in the staff during the past four years.

Guesepi, a waiter, had left to go into business on his own; Theresa, a chamber-maid, had left to have a baby; three of the pages had gone because they had become too tall and too old; old Nicola, who had polished most of the shoes, had left suddenly—some said he had been imprisoned, but no one really knew; even his niece, Concetta Nicola, did not know what had happened.

Marsden asked the girl if she remembered a friend of his, a Mr. Martin Ashe. The girl smiled brightly at him. Yes, she remembered Mr. Ashe very well. Once he had come regularly to the Barcelona, but he had not come now for a long time. Perhaps he did not come to Spain any more? Or perhaps he preferred to stay at one of the bigger, more modern hotels?

Marsden felt there was little else he could do before Inspector Silvio arrived. He wandered into the lounge, picked up an illustrated paper and settled himself in an armchair to wait. Inspector Silvio joined him a little over ten minutes later.

"Your young detective-sergeant is on his way," Silvio said as Marsden rose to meet him. "He and Manuel Granados should be all right. But our problem, Senor Marsden. These good people here do not know that you are a police officer from Scotland Yard. I purposely did not give that information. In the presence of the law mouths become like clams. I thought, perhaps, you could present yourself merely as a personal friend of Senor Martin Ashe. That parcel? Perhaps it could have contained a valuable vase he had purchased for



a collection back in England. He told you about it, and you also being a collector, want to buy another one like it. So, you have come to Madrid to look for the person who brought the parcel to the hotel, hoping in that way to trace the dealer. Yes?

"You see I think it is very unlikely that anyone in this hotel would take charge of a parcel knowing it had a bomb inside. A vase in a shoe-box. Well, we might succeed that way."

But they did not succeed. Again and again the story of the vase in the shoe-box was repeated; but no one confessed to knowing or remembering anything of a parcel which had come for Senor Martin Asche. By lunchtime both Marsden and Silvio knew they had drawn a blank.

"Well, there are the people who have left," Silvio said as after lunch they walked out on the terrace.

"Six people," Marsden said and told Silvio how he knew that.

"This girl may know where these people can be found," Silvio suggested. "Perhaps if you question her again? The old man, Nicola, may be in prison; that is one thing I can check on."

The chamber-maid had already heard all about the vase in the shoe-box; she smiled at Marsden with kindly tolerance as he asked brought up the subject. He was her brown eyes said, an art collector; and therefore, undoubtedly a little mad. He would have to be humored.

She was able to supply him with the address of Theresa and with that of Giuseppe, who had set up in business for himself, and she obtained for him the addresses of the three page boys who had left; out of the whereabouts of old Nicola she knew nothing nor could she learn anything. Marsden, living up to the belief that a genuine collector will go to any lengths to get that which he wants, tipped the girl well.

All the afternoon the story of the art collector and the vase was kept up. First Giuseppe, then Theresa and, finally, one by one, the three ex-pages were questioned; but once again the replies were entirely negative. There only remained Nicola.

Promising to do his best to locate him, Silvio took his leave. Marsden settled in the hotel lounge and ordered tea.

The girl who brought it lingered. Marsden saw. Did she want a tip now?

As he wondered, she asked a little shyly, "Your vase, Senor Marsden? Did you find your vase?"

Marsden smiled at the girl. He shook his head.

"It could not have been the vase which old Nicola had down in the basement—the one which was broken in the air crash?"

It seemed to Marsden that the hair had begun to crinkle on his scalp.

"Perhaps," he said. "Perhaps! Can you tell me about it?"

Remembering he was posing as a collector he did nothing to lessen the eagerness of his voice. The girl smiled at him again.

"I did not speak of it this morning, Senor, because the thing in the box did not look like a vase. . . . It was more like . . . It was made of metal. It looked like . . . Like . . ." She stopped.

"Did it look like a little bomb, Senorita?"

The color left her cheeks as she nodded her head.

"Yes, Senor. I thought it did."

"What is your name, Senorita?" Marsden asked her quietly.

"Concetta Nicola, Senor."

"Concetta Nicola? Then old Nicola?"

"I believe he was some kind of uncle."

"Where is he now, Concetta?" She shook her head. "I don't know. He left suddenly one night. In the afternoon some men had come."

"What men?"

"I cannot be sure, but I think it was the brothers Cortez."

"Concetta, did you ever meet an Englishman called Senor Joseph Ludd?"

"But yes, Senor! He came three times. Once he came before the crash, he and my old Uncle Nicola talked together; but they talked in English. Uncle Nicola knew English well. Then Senor Ludd came again after the crash on two different days; but Uncle Nicola had gone. Senor Ludd asked to see me because I was a relative. He told me to tell my uncle that he had come. He gave me an envelope to keep for my uncle."

"This envelope you still have it?"

"My father has it, Senor. My father said he would keep it safely in case old Uncle Nicola came."

"I see."

Marsden now eyed the girl with a keenness in which there was mingled none of the dreaminess of the art collector.

"Concetta," he said, "I want you to come with me now to see Inspector Silvio at Police Headquarters."

"Inspector Silvio?"

"Yes, Concetta, the man who was with me today. You see, we weren't looking for a vase, really. We were looking for a bomb which killed two men."

He saw how pale she had become.

"I won't concern you at all, Concetta, once you have told Inspector Silvio what you have just told me. You put your coat on, Concetta. I will tell your manager you are going to help me to find my vase. No, Concetta, I will not tell him or anyone else except Inspector Silvio what was really in the shoe-box. And you must not mention it to anyone."

NOW and again, as she sat in her corner of the taxi on the way to Police Headquarters, Concetta dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief of lace-edged linen; nevertheless, by the answers she gave to his questions, she added considerably to the information Marsden already had of old Nicola and the Cortez family.

Old Nicola, she told him, had only become known to her family towards the end of the Civil War. One night he had come to her father's house and had asked for food and a bed. Even then he had been known as old Nicola. He had stayed from one day to the next until at last he had taken the job at the Barcelona Hotel. He had always been a good worker and had got on well with his fellow-employees.

Old Nicola's past, Concetta said, was something of a mystery. There was a rumor that he had been quite wealthy and that the Civil War had ruined him. But some people said he had been a form of bandit. There had even been a whisper that he had been in the pay of Philip Cortez and with Cortez had been responsible for the deaths of various prominent people who had fought for the Nationalists. Still others said he had been against Cortez.

The only certain thing was that Nicola had completely vanished several days after the air crash in which Miguel Cortez, brother of Philip, had been killed.

Of the Cortez family Marsden learnt that they lived on the outskirts of Madrid. They were, before the war, a wealthy, influential family. The five sons had been educated abroad, and had there been no civil war they would probably have lived carefree lives as gentlemen of Madrid.

From the very beginning of the war, however, the father and the four youngest sons had allied themselves with the Nationalists; but Philip Cortez, the oldest son, had fought for the Republic, even though it had meant fighting against his father and his four brothers, and had meant leaving his wife, the beautiful Carmen Lalanda and his baby son, Pedro.

Pedro, Concetta said, as she wiped away another tear, was now a young man; but nothing had been heard of Philip, his father, since the Civil War had ended. There was still a price on the head of Philip Cortez.

Inspector Silvio listened to Concetta's story with more than a little interest. He obtained from her the address of her father, advised her to say nothing to anyone of that which she had disclosed to Senor Marsden and himself, and let her go. When the doors of his office closed behind her he rubbed his hands gleefully together.

"It is perhaps more involved than you thought, Senor," he suggested. "I can tell you already that Senor Nicola was not arrested by the Madrid police. We shall, of course, make further efforts to find him; but," he shrugged his shoulders, "if the Cortez family suspected that Miguel was murdered it is probable that the law of retribution has already taken effect."

Marsden's face revealed his disappointment. He was of the same opinion.

"There is," he said, "the letter Senorita Nicola spoke of. I should like very much to see it."

Silvio glanced down at the address Concetta had given him. "I will have the letter brought here," he said.

In less than half an hour a frightened-looking little man was shown into Inspector Silvio's office. There was now in the inspector's face none of the charm or friendliness he had displayed throughout the day.

"Your name?" he barked.

"Jose Nicola."

"Have you a daughter, Concetta?"

"Yes."

"Have you a relative known as Uncle Nicola?"

The little man grew pale and visibly trembled. "Uncle Nicola?"

"Well?"

"I—I do not know where he is. . . . He . . . he left suddenly nearly four years ago now. He did not even come to my house for any of his things."

"Uncle Nicola was skilful in the making of bombs, yes?"

The little man dropped his gaze. "He—he made bombs for the Nationalists," he muttered.

"When did he get to know an Englishman called Senor Ludd? Look at me!"

With a start Nicola looked up. "I—I don't know. The Englishman came to see old Uncle Nicola a little time after he had disappeared. He left an envelope with Concetta."

"Where is that envelope now?"

"It is at my home, Inspector."

"Then we will go there, Nicola. If you cannot produce that envelope there will be much trouble for you. You understand?"

Miserably the little man nodded his head.

Within an hour the envelope, addressed to Senor Nicola of the Barcelona Hotel, Madrid, was handed to Inspector Silvio. Silvio tore it open and at once his face registered an expression of blank amazement.

"What the devil!" he cried.

Nicola put up one arm as if to shield his face. He drew back.

"May I?" asked Marsden, putting out one hand for the slip of paper which the envelope had contained.

Silvio handed it to him.

"What?" began Marsden as he gazed at it.



The paper, about the size of an ordinary envelope, had written on it a number of five figures prefixed by the letter "A." Marsden stared at it. Something about that number struck a familiar chord in his mind. But what? He continued to stare, then his mouth began to turn up at the corners. He grinned.

"I think," he said slowly in English, "that this is the number of a banking account."

The frown left Silvio's face. "Ah!" He turned back to Nicola. "Where did Uncle Nicola bank his money?"

The little man blinked. "Money? He—he did not have any!"

"This number," Marsden said to Silvio, "suggests a new account. Possibly Ludd, for services rendered, paid a sum of money into an account for Nicola, rather than leaving a cheque for him or a sum of money which might have been stolen. Remember, Ludd called twice at the Barcelona Hotel in an attempt to see Nicola personally. It is my guess he then opened an account for Nicola and paid in the sum of money which he would otherwise have handed personally to Nicola. He left this number with Concetta hoping old Nicola, when he received it, would understand for what it stood."

"It is possible, yes," Silvio agreed. "But we will have to wait to check that theory until the banks open in the morning. Another job for Manuel Granados and your good Detective-Sergeant Ellis."

Marsden grimly nodded his head. If it was proved on the following day that a certain sum of money had been paid into an account by Joseph Ludd for old Nicola, and if it could be proved, as seemed likely, that the service rendered by Nicola was the making of the bomb which was handed to Martin Ashe and, in turn, handed to Jonathan Waring, then the arrest of Joseph Ludd for the murders of Miguel Cortez and Jonathan Waring would follow.

Both Detective-Sergeant Ellis and Manuel Granados were waiting at the hotel when Marsden returned there. Marsden saw at once by the assured way they grinned at him that they had been successful.

"We got on to the right firm at about two this afternoon," Ellis began. "A clerk there seemed to remember a consignment of jewels for Ludd on about the date in question. He was persuaded by Manuel here to go through his records. It was there all right. Rubies, sapphires, and one emerald. The total value in sterling was given as two thousand one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Insurance was paid by Ludd, also the value of the jewels. The jewels were received by Martin Ashe on the afternoon of the twelfth September. He gave a receipt for them, which I have here."

"We then checked with the hotel manager. On the afternoon of the twelfth Ashe put a small package into the hotel safe; he gave the value of the package as two thousand two hundred pounds. He received a receipt from the manager. We saw the butt end of the receipt. On the following morning the package was collected by Ashe who checked the contents; he was satisfied that everything was all right and handed the receipt back to the manager. This receipt was then filed—the manager has promised to let us have it."

Jonathan Waring was with Ashe at the time the jewels were handed over and checked. The manager remembers that distinctly, remembers, also that after checking, Ashe handed the wallet which contained the jewels to Waring who placed it in an inside pocket of his jacket.

"Good work," Marsden said quietly, "good work."

Granados, who was unused to praise, beamed with pleasure.

"There's another job for you tomorrow," Marsden said.

He gave them a brief picture of all that had happened on that day and outlined the task they were to undertake on the next day.

On the following morning Manuel Granados and Detective-Sergeant Ellis began their inquiries at the various Madrid banks. At the first three they met with little success. There were no accounts of the number in question. At the fourth bank a smiling teller nodded his head. Yes, that was the number of one of the accounts. He would, however, consult the manager. Perhaps the manager would be able to divulge a little more information.

Within a few minutes Ellis and Granados found themselves sitting in the bank manager's office. The manager, it seemed to Ellis, was more than a little eager to satisfy the requirements of the Madrid police.

It took a clerk just over six minutes to verify that an account of the number in question was held in the name of one Fernando Nicola. A sum of three thousand five hundred pesetas had been paid in, and, apart from the addition of the yearly interest the total had not altered. No further amounts had been paid in, nor had any withdrawals been made.

After a further wait, a clerk brought the original paying-in slip. It was signed "Joseph Ludd."

"We must have that slip as evidence," Ellis said, and Granados nodded his head.

ON that same morning, Marsden decided to do a little work on his own. He hired a taxi and drove to a little village beyond the green belt. There he alighted, telling the driver to wait for him.

The Cortez estate, Marsden knew from Inspector Silvio, lay at the other side of the village. He walked quickly, and it took him only a few minutes to reach the boundary of the property. He recognised a low stone wall which Silvio had described to him, leapt over this with ease, and found himself on uneven, recently ploughed earth.

He was alert now, wondering if he stood on the property of the man who called himself "The Uninvited." He began to move away from the wall towards the fringe of what seemed to be an ancient forest. Soon he stopped warily as he caught the sound of voices. From where had it come? He listened more intently and in his mind translated the words he heard.

"More care, young Pedro. These saplings the old man has bought have been out of the ground too long already."

"That is the trouble with the estate now, Uncle. My grandfather buys everything from his sick-bed. We have to make the most of it. These young trees—they are an example."

There was silence again except for the occasional ringing of a spade and the dull stamping of earth. Cautiously Marsden moved forward. So, old man Cortez was confined to his bed! For how long had he been an invalid? But these other two? One, it seemed, was a brother of Miguel and Philip; and the other, Pedro, was he Philip's son?

Within a few minutes Marsden saw them. Both were magnificent. The elder, a man of about thirty-five, stood with his legs apart, his hands on his hips. He had both strength and elegance. His hair was black and crisply curling. Just for a moment he half turned his head and Marsden caught

a glimpse of a profile which was strong, resolute, and undoubtedly very handsome. Marsden did not doubt now that little Concetta had seen the Cortez men at the hotel on the day her old uncle had disappeared. One could not mistake them.

Marsden turned away. He had seen enough to feel fairly familiar with the layout of the estate. When he came here again and called at the house he would not feel a stranger.

Marsden had been back at the hotel almost an hour before Detective-Sergeant Ellis and Manuel Granados arrived there. They told him all that had transpired and handed him the deposit slip they had obtained from the bank manager. One long sigh of satisfaction escaped Marsden. There was now only one more link necessary in the chain of evidence and any jury would convict Ludd of the murders of Miguel Cortez and Jonathan Waring.

At a little after two-thirty in the afternoon Marsden set out again by taxi for the Cortez estate. He was admitted to the house by a middle-aged woman servant who, Marsden guessed, had been with the family for years. She eyed him suspiciously, and at first tried to prevent him from seeing "the master."

"Perhaps one of the sons, Señor?" she said. "They are out on the estate—my husband could call one of them?"

Marsden shook his head. "No, Señora, it is only the father I wish to see. Tell him my name is Waring and that I come from England."

He saw at once by the start she gave that the name of Waring was not strange to her. She eyed him now with a measure of apprehension.

"Si, Señor, I will tell him."

It was ten minutes before the servant returned to him and told him her master would see him.

Senor Mario Cortez' bed was placed near a window which looked out towards the ruins of the old home.

"Senor Waring?" The voice of the old man was tremulous, and yet there was a note of steel in it. "You are not old enough to be the father of the Jonathan Waring who was killed with my son."

"Jonathan has no father, Señor. He lost both his father and mother when he was young. I am his uncle, apart from his wife and his two children, his only relative."

"Why do you come to me, Señor?"

"Because," Marsden answered, "I have traced one Senor Fernando Nicola to your house. I want that man."

He watched the frozen expression which came to the old man's face, the spark of fury which brightened the eyes.

"You have come to the wrong house, Senor Waring, there is no man of that name here."

"Senor, on a night four years ago your sons went to the Barcelona Hotel where Nicola worked; when they left they took him with them. He has not been seen since."

"You seem to have much information, Senor."

"I have much more than that, Senor Cortez. I have certain information about an Englishman who came to Madrid three weeks before the aircraft accident. That Englishman paid Nicola the sum of three thousand five hundred pesetas to make a time-bomb. That time-bomb was placed in a shoe-box and was given by Nicola to a friend of my nephew—given innocently. My nephew carried that bomb on to the plane of which your son was the pilot. There was an accident over the Pyrenees, an explosion in mid-air



Two fine boys were killed—murdered. The man who paid Nicola to make that bomb will surely die; I promise that; but I want Nicola."

The old man continued to stare at Marsden. Twice he licked his lips and twice no words came.

"Nicola," he said at last in a voice which grated, "is not here."

"Then where, Senor?"

The old man closed his eyes. Feverishly Marsden waited.

"You need not worry any more, my friend," Cortez said at length, looking out the window now. "Nicola made his last bomb out there. He manufactured it at my instructions. He used the materials I supplied him. He did not know, Senor, that the materials I gave him for his bomb were not good. He did not expect that it would explode in his face."

Marsden breathed deeply. "So he is dead?"

"Nicola is dead; and what is left of his mortal remains lies under the rubble there."

"Your sons, Senor?"

"Not my sons, Senor Waring. I alone. I rule my house. I rule my sons and their families. One does not rule by weakness, Senor. One son I ruined by weakness. He was a youngster, younger than Pedro. He fell from one of the great trees and broke a leg. It was a bad break; the surgeon had to knit his bones together with steel. I spoiled my son then during all the months he lay in bed and he grew wilful."

The old man sighed. "All my sons were beautiful, Senor, but he was the most beautiful."

"Was this Miguel, Senor?"

The old man shook his head. "No, Senor. It was not Miguel. We do not mention his name any more."

Marsden understood. The old man was referring to Philip, his eldest son. For a few moments Marsden was silent, wondering how to make the next point. The link, he felt, between Ludd and Nicola was not yet sufficiently welded.

"One thing troubles me a little, Senor Cortez," he said, and there was in his voice a note of weariness and anxiety. "The man in London—I feel he is guilty; but how can I be sure with Nicola dead?"

The old man smiled at him.

"You are a good man, Senor Waring. You are a man such as I myself am." He took from his neck a slender golden chain on which was a small golden crucifix and a key. "Unlock the drawer of that small table," he said, "and hurry now; my sons will soon be here."

Marsden moved quickly and obeyed.

"An envelope in the front? You see it?"

"Yes, Senor."

"Then take it out. Don't read it now. Take it with you. I kept it only because it gives the name of the real assassin, the man with whom you will deal. Had I died my sons would have taken care of him; but it is better this way. My chain, quickly, Senor." He slipped the chain around his neck.

"The note, Senor, was written by Nicola on the day of my son's death. When you open the envelope you will see it was written to a Senor Ludd in London. It tells him that a parcel was handed to a Senor Ashe as requested, and that Senor Ashe was told it must be handed to Senor Waring on that day, if possible, just before the plane left. There is a sentence which describes the timing apparatus and mentions the Pyrenees, where there should be no witnesses. . . . Payment is requested immediately, a sum of three thousand five hundred pesetas being mentioned. The letter ends with cordial good wishes."

The old man's voice suddenly rose. "Cordial good wishes, Senor? And he had helped in the murder of my son?"

Not until he was back in his hotel did Marsden open the envelope and read the letter which Nicola, having done the job requested of him, had written to Ludd. Plainly Nicola had been a little worried over the payment he was to receive, fearing that Ludd in England would conveniently forget his Spanish accomplice. To stress how well he had carried out his part of the bargain he had given details of his actions. The last link, necessary in the chain of evidence which would hang Ludd, was here.

Marsden sat down and coded a message to Stuart at Scotland Yard. In that message he asked that Joseph Ludd be arrested to stand trial for the murders of Miguel Cortez and Jonathan Waring.

Well satisfied with his day's work, Marsden went downstairs to the lounge, and again ordered tea.

Concetta took his order. Marsden said nothing to her of Nicola's death. He merely told her to tell her father he need not worry any more.

AT eight o'clock that evening, Christopher Marsden and Detective-Sergeant Ellis left Madrid by train for Barcelona, from where they planned to journey over the Pyrenees to the village of St. Franciscan.

Marsden lay back in the corner seat he occupied, pondering over various points of his case, and wishing it were day so that he could see something of the scenery through which they were passing.

In particular he thought about the missing jewels. Ludd, who seemingly had been primarily responsible for the air crash, could not himself have stolen the jewels; first because he did not know Ashe had handed them to Waring, second because he was in London—far from the scene of the crash, and third because to steal his own property would bring no profit to him. Nicola, who also had been aware that the plane was to crash, was equally not suspect.

No, the jewels had been stolen by some third person, as yet unknown. Marsden stirred as he overheard someone say they would be in Barcelona in half an hour. Not that they would see much of it, either, he thought ruefully. They would be leaving first thing in the morning to drive over the mountains to the village of St. Franciscan.

The little village of St. Franciscan lay in a sheltered valley of the Pyrenees. It was quite evident that strangers came rarely to the village.

Men, women, and children turned to stare at Marsden and Ellis as they made their way on foot down the uneven, main street early the following afternoon. And the parked car of the Barcelona taxi-driver was filled with children in the matter of seconds.

A church stood at the farther end of the street down which Marsden and Ellis walked. It was the only church in the village and behind it was the graveyard.

"We may as well see where Cortez and Waring are buried," Marsden said, as he put his hand on the iron gate.

The priest came out of his church to gaze upon the strangers. Marsden addressed him in French.

"My friend and I are visiting the graves of Jonathan Waring and Miguel Cortez," he said.

The little priest shook his head sadly. "Ah, that was a terrible affair. Come, I will show you. You have come a long way, perhaps?"

"From England," Marsden answered, as he and Ellis followed the priest

along the narrow path which led to the graveyard at the back of the church.

"Ah, from England! It is a long time since anyone came from England. The Cortez family have all been. The old man and his three sons. Every year since the accident one of the sons has come and has put flowers on the grave."

As the little priest paused for breath, Marsden spoke. "You spoke of its being a long time since an Englishman came?"

"An Englishman? Ah, yes. There was, of course, Mrs. Waring. She was here at the funeral, a nice-looking woman. She stayed overnight with my brother and his family. Poor woman."

Then some months later a man came, a tall man with a black beard and blue eyes. He gave no name. He stood for a long time gazing down at the grave of Jonathan Waring."

"You say he was tall and wore a black beard?"

"He was tall, six foot at a guess. His beard was black and thick."

"How was he dressed?"

The little priest turned round and faced Marsden. "That was an odd thing about him; he was not dressed like an Englishman. He was dressed like any of our peasants. I would have taken him for a peasant except that he spoke French badly and with an English accent."

"Did he leave any name?"

"He did not introduce himself."

"But you know who he was?"

Marsden's voice was soft and persuasive; but the little priest shrugged his shoulders and turned away again.

"If I knew the name, Monsieur, I have forgotten it," he answered.

Marsden understood. Obviously someone in the village had spoken of the stranger with the black beard, but in confidence.

"Was he the last Englishman to come?" Marsden asked quietly.

"No, Monsieur, one other came. A Mr. Martin Ashe. He was much moved. He brought beautiful flowers to put on the grave, and he wept."

Marsden nodded his head. He understood the emotion and the tears of Martin Ashe. Ashe had been an innocent tool in the murder of Jonathan Waring. His tears were partly for his friend and partly for himself.

"Here, then, are the graves," the little priest said.

The graves of Miguel Cortez and Jonathan Waring were side by side. At the head of each was a plain marble cross on which was inscribed the names and ages of the two men and the date on which they had died. Below the crosses and all over the graves anemones, poppies and other flowers bloomed.

"These two graves are cared for by the people of the village," the little priest remarked.

"They are good people," Marsden answered quietly.

He felt as he gazed down at those two bright rectangles an impatience to be away from the place. If he was to reach Toulouse on this evening he would have to move quickly. There were peasants and shepherds to be interviewed. Somewhere in the village or in the surrounding countryside was a man or a woman who knew the identity of the tall man with the black beard. Marsden was determined to interview that person.

Both he and Ellis allowed the little priest to go ahead of them as they began to walk back along the narrow path towards the church. Marsden, acting on a sudden flash of intuition, dared one more question.



## A WREATH FOR THE PARTY

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"I seek the house of a man who lives nearer than this to the scene of the air accident, the house of a goatherd. Can you direct me to that house, father?"

The priest paused and turned to look at him.

"There are not many goatherds who live alone on the mountainside," he answered quietly. "Most of the goatherds live here at St. Franciscan. When evening comes you will hear the sound of many bells as the goats are driven in for the night."

He turned away again and Marsden knew that nothing more would be divulged from that source. One fact, however, was evident. Somewhere near the scene of the accident there was a goatherd's hut.

"And what do we do now?" Ellis asked as they closed the iron gate of the churchyard behind them.

"We shall have to find someone to take us out to the scene of the crash."

Their need was quickly supplied by one of the elder boys, who had decided to stick as close to the Barcelona taxi as possible.

"I know how to get there, sir."

"Well," said Marsden, "we are really looking for a goatherd's hut somewhere near where the plane crashed."

"Oh, you mean Pierre's hut! If you want to go to Pierre's you'll have to walk the last bit."

"Very well," Marsden agreed. "You ride in the front with the driver. Take us as near to Pierre's hut as you can. If you're a good guide I'll pay you five hundred francs."

The boy grinned broadly. The sum of five hundred francs seemed to him a fortune.

The car left the village at St. Franciscan to the accompaniment of the cheers of children. The boy soon proved how perfect was his knowledge of the mountain slopes near St. Franciscan. The car turned this way and that making only slow progress. The way was by no means smooth; but never once was the car in any danger. They had been journeying for just over an hour when the boy called a halt.

"Down there!" he said excitedly. "You can see Pierre with his goats. Pierre has many goats now, more than any goatherd in St. Franciscan. See how fine a herd it is!"

Marsden, Ellis and the taxi-driver all gazed down into the valley below them.

"It is indeed a fine herd," Marsden agreed. "But where is Pierre?"

"You'll find him down with the goats," the boy answered.

"How far is it from here to the place where the plane crashed?"

"If you want to walk it," the boy answered, "it will take you close on an hour."

Ellis and Marsden were silent as they made their way over the rocks and rough ground to the place where the goats grazed. Long before they reached the little valley the goats gave a warning of their coming.

"And that," said Marsden, breaking the silence between himself and Ellis, "must be Pierre."

Pierre was a small, wiry man with a weather-hardened, lined face. The clothes he wore were of homespun cloth, roughly made, but durable. There was a glint of suspicion in his eyes as he waited for either Marsden or Ellis to speak.

"Fine herd," Marsden said as he nodded toward the goats. "Good milkers?"

The goatherd slightly nodded his head.

"I believe it's the biggest herd in these parts," Marsden remarked. Again the goatherd nodded.

"How soon after the air accident did a man come to your hut, Pierre?" Marsden asked quickly.

The suspicion in Pierre's eyes became mingled with fear and a deeper wariness. But still he said nothing.

"Did you see the plane crash?" Marsden asked.

"I did not!"

"But surely if you were here, watching your goats, you could not miss the sound of the explosion in mid-air or the sight of the flames?"

"I was not here, Monsieur."

"Ah! Where were you?"

"I was in the hospital at Toulouse. I was there for a week before the accident. I did not come back until after the funeral—after everything."

"What was the name of the hospital?"

"It was St. Mary's. I had an abscess." The man's gnarled hand touched one ear.

"Ah, yes, Pierre. That would be very painful. Now then, you came back to your hut after the funeral and everything was over. How long had you been home before a tall man with black hair, a man who had hurt himself, came to your place?"

The goatherd sighed deeply. "He was already there, Monsieur."

The light in Marsden's eyes brightened. "Had you ever seen him before, Pierre?"

"No, Monsieur, I swear it. He was a stranger. He was badly hurt. I could not turn him out."

"What was he like?"

Pierre hesitated.

"Who are you?" he asked at last.

"We are officials who are investigating a certain robbery. Valuables were removed from the plane after the crash. This man who stayed at your hut may be the man we want."

**P**IERRE'S face showed his dismay. "I did nothing, Monsieur, nothing. As soon as he was better he left. I did not know anything about a robbery. I did not know anything about him."

"We do not suspect you of being concerned in the robbery, Pierre. But it is your duty now to help us. This man—how tall was he?"

"Nearly six feet, Monsieur. His feet stuck out of the end of my cot."

"Was he well built?"

"Very, Monsieur. He grew thin with many weeks in bed, but his shoulders, when he stood upright, touched the lower beams of my hut."

"His hair, Pierre?"

"It seemed, Monsieur, that his head had been badly burnt. What hair he had was black; but with the pain he suffered a little grey came."

"And the rest of his hair when it grew?"

Pierre shrugged. "It was the same, black with a little grey."

"What did he look like?"

Again the goatherd shrugged. "How can I say, Monsieur? His face was so badly cut and burnt. His nose was broken. He had no eyebrows and no eyelashes. When the wounds healed he grew a beard. It was a black beard which covered nearly all his face."

"What other injuries did he have?"

"A broken arm, Monsieur, which I set. He would not have any other help. He had broken ribs—how many I do not know. At his direction I bandaged him. And there was a great bump on his head. Sometimes for days at a time he was unconscious; but always he recovered."

"How long did he stay with you?"

Pierre's answer came quickly. "Sixteen weeks, Monsieur."

"Sixteen weeks?" There was satisfaction in Marsden's voice as he re-

peated the words. "What did you call this man?"

"He called himself Monsieur

Philippe,"

"Monsieur Philippe? You are sure?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I am sure. He did not tell me his Christian name."

"All right, Pierre. Now there is just one other thing I believed Monsieur Philippe carried with him: a leather wallet. Did you see that wallet?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Did you see what was in it?"

"Yes, Monsieur. It was full of jewels."

"Did Monsieur Philippe show you those jewels, Pierre?"

"No, Monsieur. I looked in his wallet once when he was sleeping."

"Was there anything else in the wallet beside jewels?"

"Not in the wallet, Monsieur. In one pocket he had a bit of metal which looked badly burnt, and something that looked like a detonator cap with wire to it and twisted mechanism of some sort."

"Good. You must think hard on that point, Pierre, and try to remember all you can about it. You will probably be asked to describe it again soon."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Did he have any money with him?"

"A little, yes. A few pesetas and some English money."

"Did he pay you well for the care you took of him, Pierre?"

The goatherd gazed at his goats, the largest and finest herd in all the district.

"Yes, Monsieur," he answered softly.

"How did he pay you?"

"He sent money from Paris. Before he left he told me he would repay me, and with the money he enclosed a little note. I—I took it to the priest to read for me. It said only: 'In gratitude, M. Philippe.'"

"This note? Where is it now?"

"The priest has it, Monsieur. He said he would keep it to prove I had come by the money honestly."

"The priest is a good man, Pierre," Marsden said quietly, "but now you must ask him for the note back."

"Monsieur, I do not know you," the goatherd began falteringly. "How do I know you will not take first the note from me and then my goats?"

"I will tell you what we will do then, Pierre. We will leave a boy to watch your goats while you return with me to St. Franciscan. We will go and see the priest, and because neither you nor he knows me we will ask that the note be sent to Inspector Dubois of La Surete General in Paris."

The little priest revealed no surprise when Marsden, Ellis and Pierre called on him. Marsden explained to him as much as was necessary and requested that M. Philippe's note be sent on to Inspector Dubois of La Surete General, Paris. The priest agreed and promised that it would be posted to Paris on that afternoon.

"It will be well for Pierre's sake to have the matter straightened out," he said as Marsden and Ellis rose to take their leave.

It was already five in the afternoon. "On to Toulouse now," Marsden said to the driver of the taxi as he and Ellis took their seats.

As they drove along, he told Ellis the conclusions he had reached.

"I believe Philip Cortez was a passenger on that plane. Remember he was a fugitive from Spain. He is still a wanted man. For some reason he went back to Spain; possibly to see his son, Pedro, or to see his wife; possibly to see his father or his brothers. I believe that Miguel let the information slip that he was piloting a plane to England. Somehow Philip was smuggled into that plane. You remember it was a small plane with seats



for only the pilot and one passenger, but there was luggage room in the tail.

"Waring did not have much luggage—remember he had only gone to Madrid for a few days. Miguel therefore smuggled his brother into the tail of the plane. Now, recall the photographs taken after the crash. The front portion of the plane where Miguel and Waring travelled was badly damaged—probably as a result of the bomb which presumably Waring had kept near him, thinking it was an important package for Ludd. The tail of the plane, however, was hardly damaged.

"Recall now the injuries which, according to the peasant, Monsieur Philippe suffered. His face was badly burnt, nose broken, severe bump on head, he had very little hair, the remainder having been burnt away, as had his eyebrows and eyelashes. One arm was broken and several ribs. All those injuries, Ellis are consistent with a man lying in the tail of the plane with his head towards the front. How he was not killed is a miracle; but it sometimes happens that in an air accident a person, travelling in the tail of the plane escapes."

Ellis' eyes were bright with excitement.

"That's how it must have been all right, sir!" He licked his lips and continued. "After the crash, when he came to a bit, he managed to get to the other part of the wreckage. The blood on the outside of the wreckage was his—and the footprints, Dubois said the footprints were made by a man of about five-foot-eleven inches and who weighed about twelve stone. That would fit in with Monsieur Philippe all right. Then, sir, the jewels, Monsieur Philippe had them."

"Exactly, Ellis, and he took the evidence of the murders of his brother and Waring. He took the timing apparatus, the detonator cap, and fragments of the bomb casing. Remember the peasant's description! He staggered away then and purely by accident found the peasant's hut. Suffering from dreadful injuries and probably from concussion of the brain he took refuge there, remaining there for sixteen weeks until his injuries healed. Then he went to Paris, but first he visited the graves in the churchyard at St. Franciscan."

"I think that when he stood gazing down at the grave of his brother, the brother, remember, who was helping him to escape, he decided upon revenge. He would kill everyone who had been concerned in the murders, starting with Ashe who, presumably, he had seen hand the package to Waring just before the plane left Madrid; then, one by one, liquidating all those who had reaped any benefit from the fifty thousand pounds paid by the insurance company."

"How would he know about that, sir?"

"There were the newspapers. It is not every day that so large a sum is paid out, by one firm. There remains now only the jewels. I believe Monsieur Philippe sold them in Paris. He then repaid the goatherd for his kindness to him, and, perhaps in compassion for the widow of the man who had died with his brother, he sent the first money to Mrs. Waring."

"He should be easy enough to find, sir. We want a Spaniard, five-foot-eleven inches tall, erect, well built, presumably still wearing a beard. His age about forty years."

"Well find him all right," Marsden said grimly. "A man can't buy arsenic these days and not be traced. Inspector Stuart must be pretty well on to the track of him now."

Looking at Tullouse, Marsden next straight to the police headquarters

where satisfactory news awaited him from Inspector Dubois. The receiver of the stolen jewels had been traced.

Marsden was also lucky in finding Dr. Benoit still on duty.

The doctor, who had received a letter from Inspector Dubois, had already refreshed his memory concerning the air accident and expressed himself willing to give whatever assistance he could.

"There is only one thing, Dr. Benoit," Marsden said. "I have heard nothing of the actual post-mortem."

Dr. Benoit raised his hands. "There was no post-mortem. It was, after all, not necessary. The cause of death was very much apparent."

"It would not, of course, matter," Marsden said. "If it had been an accident. But with murder. The jury will want to know about the post-mortem examination."

Dr. Benoit sighed. "Very well then. Chief-inspector Marsden, if you can arrange with Inspector Dubois for an order of exhumation, I shall do what I can for you; but I would warn you not to expect very much."

Marsden expressed his gratitude. "It was you I believe, Dr. Benoit, who discovered the bloodstains on the outside of the aircraft wreckage?"

"It was I, yes."

"That is very important evidence." "I thought it strange at the time. I made a chemical analysis of the blood and passed on my findings to Inspector Dubois, of La Surete, in Paris. I believe it puzzled him."

"Could you, Dr. Benoit, indicate where on this photograph the bloodstains were?"

"That is easy, monsieur," Dr. Benoit produced photographs of the accident. "You see here the badly charred body of Jonathan Waring—the bloodstains were here, not more than a foot away from the body; but on the outside."

"In your opinion, Dr. Benoit, could those stains have been caused when the explosion occurred, before the plane caught fire?"

The doctor shook his head.

"That would be absolutely impossible, Monsieur. The fire, as you see, did great damage. Any bloodstains which had been caused before the fire would have been completely consumed. No, that particular bloodstain was caused some time after the fire had burned itself out. I saw the bloodstains merely by chance. I reached the wreckage ten hours after the crash—it was just breaking dawn then. The crash, as you know, occurred in the evening. It is my belief, Monsieur, that the bloodstains had only been on that wreckage a matter of two to three hours."

**M**ARSDEN remembered the hut where the man calling himself Monsieur Philippe had stayed.

"There is another point concerning a goatherd who was allegedly in hospital here at St. Mary's at the time the aircraft came down."

Marsden took from his pocket a piece of paper, on which he had written the name of the goatherd which he had learned from the priest at St. Franciscan. He handed the slip to Dr. Benoit. Dr. Benoit nodded. "I will send whatever information comes to hand on to you, with the result of the post-mortem."

"Then I shall not interrupt your work any longer," Marsden said as he extended his hand. "And again very many thanks for your help."

Marsden and Ellis travelled back to Paris by train that night. They went straight to La Surete next morning.

Inspector Dubois, who had already received a long-distance call from Dr. Benoit, was expecting them.

"Ah!" he said, as he shook hands with Marsden, "and how did you find the Cortez family?"

"I'll give you an outline of events so far," Marsden said.

Several times as Dubois listened, he nodded his head expressively.

"It goes well, then," he said at length. "And now for the information I have for you."

He went on to tell them about the receiver of the stolen jewels, a man known as Le Chat, now in prison.

"I got him to tell me about one of his clients," he said. "This man had a leather wallet containing jewels: sapphires, rubies and one emerald. Le Chat gave the man the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling in one pound notes."

"This particular client, Le Chat said, would not do business unless he was paid in sterling. Le Chat, who was, of course, to all appearances a prosperous businessman, arranged through some unofficial channel for sterling to be made available to him. The date of the transaction was twelfth April, just over five months after the air accident."

"And the postmark on the envelope which Mrs. Waring received from Paris, and which contained thirty one-pound notes, was April fourteen," Marsden remarked. "Le Chat! Did he give you a description of this man?"

"After some persuasion, yes. The description is very much the same as that you obtained from the goatherd at St. Franciscan. Le Chat described a tall, well-built man with a black beard; he didn't see the man's hair because of the hat he wore. But here is the statement, you can glance through it for yourself."

"Thank you, very much. And now, I have another request to make."

Dubois raised his hands.

"I know about it, Dr. Benoit spoke at length of your wish to have the bodies exhumed. I will arrange it for you and let you have a full report as soon as possible."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before their plane was scheduled to leave, Marsden and Ellis again visited La Surete and saw Inspector Dubois.

"Well, my friends, you are lucky this time," Dubois said when they were again seated in his office. "Your letter sent by the priest at St. Franciscan has just arrived. The handwriting is good. But I did not expect otherwise from Philip Cortez."

Marsden smiled at the little Frenchman. There was in his blue eyes an unfathomable intelligence.

Ellis, watching him, wondered what new theories were now taking possession of his chief's keen mind.

Marsden and Ellis arrived back in London to be greeted by sensational news from Inspector Stuart.

Hilary Stephens, after being guarded day and night by assiduous police officers, had committed suicide by throwing himself out of the window shortly after he received a telephone call which he screamed out came from "The Uninvited."

The call, which occurred at 6.50, was traced to a telephone box at Baker Street Station.

"But," Stuart added with satisfaction, "I had a man watching a certain party. He telephoned to say that at 6.50 precisely his party went into a telephone box at Baker Street Station and remained there for four minutes."

"Ah!" Marsden exclaimed.

"Not too fast," Inspector Stuart said. "I am not yet quite certain."

"Tell me, Mac," Marsden asked, "this man you're having watched? Is he tall, about five-foot-eleven, very erect, and



well-built, about forty years of age, black hair and wears a beard?"

Inspector Stuart laughed.

"You're joking, Christopher!"

Marsden shook his head.

"I'm not joking, Mac. The description I have just given you fits the man whom Ellis and I have followed over half Europe. It fits 'The Uninvited'."

Inspector Stuart's expression grew serious. "Well, one of us has made a mistake. But it's a queer case."

The rest of his story had been pieced together from information unearthed by the enthusiastic young police constable at Clifville. Two schoolboys, he discovered, had been amusing themselves taking down car numbers on the day Jowett's car went over the cliff, and these proved that Benjamin Isaacs had not been on that road that afternoon. Stuart continued:

"I had Isaacs in then and he swore he had left London at approximately three-thirty-five and that he had driven his roadster to Ravensdale to interview the Duchess about the sale of her necklace. I then questioned Isaacs' secretary, who, you will remember, said previously that Isaacs left his office at three-thirty-five on the day of Jowett's death, saying he was going to Ravensdale."

Marsden's blue eyes were keen with interest.

"Well, then," Stuart continued, "I took the girl over her statement again, and a very interesting fact emerged. Before lunch on that day Isaacs told his secretary that he had an important return to make out. He told her he was going to work in an empty office on the next floor so as not to be disturbed by telephone calls. He told her on no account to interrupt him."

"At about three-thirty, Isaacs telephoned the girl to say he had just received a call from Ravensdale and had to go there immediately. He told her that part of the return was already prepared and asked her to come up to his office and get it so that she could be getting on with the typing of it. When she went up to the office the half-completed return was on the table. The girl took it downstairs and began to type it."

Marsden nodded his head.

"I then questioned the telephone operator at Isaacs' firm," Stuart continued. "No call, she said, had been put through to the upstairs office, nor was any call made from there. The call from the Ravensdale exchange had been put straight through to Isaacs' office and had been taken by his secretary. The girl had not recognised the voice of the caller, but it had sounded a bit familiar."

"Good work, Mac," Marsden said quietly.

"It seemed good work until you came back with your story of a five-foot-eleven man with a black beard and about forty years of age. Isaacs, as you know, is bent almost double, is a cripple, has grey hair and must be sixty."

"Never mind that now, Mac, carry on."

"Well, I turned back to the car numbers. Isaacs, I knew for sure, was in his London office at midday. I presumed that he was in Ravensdale at three-fifteen. Between one-thirty-five and three-fifteen, assuming he is 'The Uninvited', Isaacs travelled to Ravensdale. The boys, unfortunately, did not begin to take car numbers until two-thirty. That left nearly an hour unchecked; but remembering Isaacs was a slow driver I thought we might be lucky. We checked every car number the boys had taken on that afternoon. No luck. So I had the boys in again. I learnt then that they never took a number if they thought they already had it."

"That opened up new possibilities. What numbers I asked them, had they not taken on that afternoon? What numbers did they know so well that they had let the cars pass? Well, finally they remembered three cars. I checked on them. Two proved negative; but the third one, Christopher, was what I was after. It was a car owned by a garage at a place called Stonely which lies twenty miles the other side of Ravensdale. On May the fourth, three days before Jowett's death, an old roadster was driven into the garage; the owner of the car, who gave his name as James Bingley, requested that the engine be overhauled and he hired one of the proprietor's three cars. But here, Christopher, is the first real snag. The old roadster was, without doubt, Isaacs'; but the man who left it there and who reclaimed it at about five o'clock on the night of May the seventh, was not Isaacs."

A dry smile crept into Marsden's eyes and around his mouth.

"Don't tell me he was about five foot eleven and had a black beard?"

"He was."

"Ah! 'The Uninvited'."

STUART shook his head. "Whoever it was it was not Isaacs—but the fact remains that 'The Uninvited' put Isaacs' car in for repair on May four and took it out on May seven."

"What car did Isaacs use on those three days?"

"There now, is another snag. Isaacs, according to his landlady, drove his own car. But the engine number of the car in the garage at Stonely proved it was registered in Isaacs' name, and he doesn't own two. This second car must also have been hired."

"Has Isaacs been questioned on this point?"

Stuart shrugged. "I thought I better not. Something warned me to leave it alone a bit."

Marsden nodded his head. He also acted on much intuition.

"Well, then, Mac, it seems that on May four Isaacs, or someone else called James Bingley, took the car registered in Isaacs' name to Stonely, left it there for an overhaul, and drove back to London in a hired car, which we will call the Stonely car. On arriving at London, Isaacs or Bingley, left the Stonely car in some secret place and hired—or stole—a second roadster almost identical in appearance with Isaacs' own; probably also Isaacs' own number plates were put on this."

"For three days Isaacs, or Bingley, used the mystery roadster, then successfully lost it, or returned it whence it had been borrowed, took possession again of the Stonely car, and drove to Ravensdale, from where he telephoned first Jowett at three-fifteen, then his own office, or, if Bingley, Isaacs' office at three-twenty-five. He went back then, probably on foot, to wait in the gloom of the afternoon for Jowett's car, having worked out almost to a minute when it would arrive; he altered the arms of the direction post, put the danger signal face downwards in the grass, and waited."

"He watched Jowett's car go over. He then stripped the callio sheeting off the arms of the direction post, and lifted up the danger signal. It was at this point, I think, that he began to lose his nerve, probably because of the farmer who, having seen the car go over, was now running—shouting all the time—towards the inn. Our man, we will call him 'The Uninvited', began to run, and the callio sleeves he had rolled into a ball, but had not pushed far enough down into his pocket, fell out."

"The time was now only about four thirty-five. He ran back to the hired car, drove it back to Stonely garage and reclaimed the car registered in Isaacs' name. The time was then five-five, yet at five-twenty Isaacs, not Bingley, turned up at the Duchess' home and asked about the sale of the necklace. No one so far as I am aware saw the car Isaacs arrived in when he called at the Duchess' home; but the two boys took the number of Isaacs' car outside the inn at seven-eight, only a few moments after Ellis and I watched him drive up."

For a few seconds Marsden stroked his chin.

"What do you think of having Isaacs in and questioning him about that phone call he made at six-fifty to-night?"

Benjamin Isaacs shuffled into Christopher Marsden's office with all the characteristics of a weary old man. He put his hand to his side, as at Marsden's invitation he sat down, as if it ached abominably. He moved his heavily ironed leg into position.

"How did it happen?" Marsden asked.

"I was born with it," Isaacs answered quietly. "My birth was not an easy one."

Marsden nodded his head. Somehow, though he had not expected that answer it had not surprised him.

"Mr. Isaacs," Marsden said suddenly, "last night at ten minutes to seven you went into a telephone box at Baker Street Station. You remained there while you made a call. Whom did you telephone?"

"I suspect you are having me watched, Chief-Inspector Marsden!" There was a note almost of amusement in Isaacs' voice.

"Whom did you telephone?" Marsden asked again.

Isaacs' mild blue eyes smiled. "I telephoned my landlady."

"Why?"

"To tell her I had left the bath running."

"What?"

Isaacs continued to smile.

"It is true, I bath on Monday and Friday nights. Yes, only twice a week, but it is not such an easy matter for a cripple to take a bath. Last night, being Monday, I went up to the bathroom and turned on the tap, then I went down to my bedroom to undress. While I was taking off my coat I noticed a letter which I had promised a client should go off that night without fail. I had forgotten to post it. Well, I did not want the bother of dressing again after my bath, so I slipped out. There is a post-box opposite Baker Street Station—only a few minutes' walk from where I live. I posted the letter there. There was a lot of traffic, and I lost a few minutes in recrossing the road. I was naturally worried about the bath, so I telephoned my landlady from the station, asking her to turn the tap off for me."

"This particular letter, Mr. Isaacs, you would not object to letting us have the particulars of the address? It is just a matter of routine, you understand," Marsden said.

"No objections," Isaacs answered.

"Well, thank you, Mr. Isaacs," Marsden said after he had made a note of the name Isaacs had given him. "We will just ask you to wait in another office while Detective-Sergeant Ellis has a typed statement prepared for your signature. It should not take more than a few minutes."

"Well, what now?" Inspector Stuart asked after Mr. Isaacs and Detective-Sergeant Ellis had left them.

"Let us have Isaacs' card, and let us immediately," Marsden answered.



Isaacs landlady was a small person with a little more weight on her than she could comfortably carry.

Marsden would have come straight to the point and asked Mrs. Good about the telephone call she had received on the night before, but she from where she was sitting caught the gleam of Spodge's red coat.

"Well, if that dog isn't just the image of my Sue!" she exclaimed.

Spodge obligingly came out from under the table and wagged his tail. "But, of course, he's not as old as my Sue was," Mrs. Good said. "My Sue had a pedigree as long as your arm. Thirteen years old she was when we had to have her put away."

Both Marsden and Stuart pricked up their ears.

"Did you have the R.S.P.C.A.?" Stuart asked.

"Yes, the R.S.P.C.A. Thought mind you," she added. "I very nearly wasn't the R.S.P.C.A. Mr. Isaacs did get some stuff from a shop in Baker Street. I don't know what it was but it was marked 'Poison.' Anyhow I didn't like the thought of it, neither did Mr. Isaacs really. He saw having the stuff in the house was upsetting me so he said he'd take it back again. He telephoned the R.S.P.C.A. for me too. He was ever so good, and so fond of Sue."

"Him," said Inspector Stuart. Marsden asked easily, "I wonder could you tell me—did anyone telephone you last night?"

She thought a while. "Not unless you mean Mr. Isaacs? The billy man turned his bath on and then went out. He rang me up and asked me to have a look at it. I did tell him off when he came in. I can tell you it might have made a dreadful mess."

"I'm very glad there wasn't a dreadful mess," Marsden said sympathetically. "Now then this may seem a funny question but I wonder if you could tell me what sort of sheeting this is?"

Carefully Marsden opened the drawer of his table and took out the tightly rolled calico sheeting sleeves. He was careful to conceal the lettering on them.

"Oh that's unbleached calico," she answered. "Old patching! I'll call it."

"Do you ever have any old patching to spare?" Marsden asked mildly.

She burst out laughing.

"Now," she began, "you're never going to tell me you've brought me here to ask for some old patching! As a matter of fact I haven't any to spare. I gave the last of it away only a few weeks ago. A whole sheet it was but poor Mr. Isaacs had a bad cold."

"So you very kindly gave him the sheet?"

"Well, there's nothing like old rags when you have a cold."

Marsden smiled kindly at her.

"My sergeant will have everything you've said typed in a very little time," he said, "then if you would just read it through before you sign it."

"What price now your tall man with a black beard?" Stuart asked when once more he and Marsden were alone.

"I'm sticking to it," Marsden said.

"But the evidence, Christopher! The sheeting, the poison, the telephone call! Oh, Isaacs had time enough to make two calls last night—one to Stephens and one to his landlady. Everything points to Isaacs."

"The evidence is certainly very strong, Mac."

"Then may I ask what we are waiting for?"

"We are waiting for the result of a post-mortem examination."

"Whose? Not Stephens?"

"No. You remember I told you last night that I had asked Dr. Benoit of the Toulouse police to make a post-

mortem examination of the bodies of the two victims of the air-crash?"

"Yes, but that concerns Ludd's case."

"It also I fear concerns this. As to our tall man with the beard. That man could have been Philip Cortez, except that Cortez had black eyes. However, the description perfectly fits Jonathan Waring who had blue eyes, and whose blood, according to his army record, was the type found on the plane. Isaacs also has blue eyes."

"You mean?"

"I mean, Mac, I have a dreadful suspicion that Jonathan Waring is Benjamin Isaacs and is The Uninvited. I think that Jonathan Waring did not die in that crash and that Philip Cortez did."

"How can this be proved, Christopher?"

"You remember I told you last night that old Mario Cortez complained of having spoilt his eldest son at the time of that son's illness? Well, old Mario made a reference to a steel plate which had had to be used to help knit together the bones on the boy's broken leg. That plate should still be there and should be revealed in the post-mortem. I've sent a special cable asking about it."

"But the iron on Isaacs' leg? His mangled back?"

"You noticed when I asked Isaacs now he had come by that deformity, he answered, 'I was born with it—my birth was not an easy one. I feel he was referring then not to his birth as Jonathan Waring but to his rebirth as Benjamin Isaacs. His birth of fire and noise of pain and treachery. When for the first time after the crash he looked in a mirror and beheld the horrible sight he had become his rebirth became a fact. In nearly four years the scars have quietened down a little—but imagine what they must have been like? He must have decided then, finally, that he could not return to his wife and children."

"Poor devil!"

"Yes, indeed. Poor devil."

I was ten o'clock that night when an orderly brought Chief-Inspector Marsden the cable from Toulouse that he was waiting for.

The message was short; Marsden read it aloud to Inspector Stuart and Detective-Sergeant Ellis:

"Verily presence of steel plate in right leg of body of Waring Details will follow. Benoit."

In no time after that Marsden, Stuart, and Ellis were at Isaacs' house mounting the stairs to his room.

Marsden tried the door. It was not locked. He opened it, and in that same moment, she his hand down the wall immediately inside the door and switched on the light. Benjamin Isaacs lay asleep in his bed. Or was he asleep? There was a stillness about him too deep for mere sleep.

"Too late!" Stuart said.

Marsden picked up a glass from a chair near the bed and sniffed it. There was a smell of wine and of something else. At the bottom of the glass were a few tiny crystals.

"Arsenic," he said softly. "Telephone Dr. Shepherd will you, Ellis."

He put the glass down and looked at the body of the dead man. Where now was the hump of the hunchback?

"That must be the brace he wore," Stuart said as his glance caught upon an object at the foot of the bed.

Marsden nodded. They began searching the room systematically.

"Ah I've got the beard!" Stuart said as he opened a drawer. "And what's this?"

Marsden moved over and snored the

inspector. In a small cardboard box in the same drawer was all that was left of Nicola's bomb.

"Detonator can part of the timing mechanism and a fragment or two of the metal casing. Enough to hang Ludd when he stands trial for the murder of Miguel Cortez," Stuart said grimly.

He again surveyed the scarred, unlovely face of Isaacs. "I'm rather glad he won't come up for trial," he said slowly.

Marsden thought of Waring's seven-year-old son.

"A man can't die twice," he said.

On the following morning when Marsden was sitting lingering over his coffee the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Waring.

"I hope you will forgive me for ringing you at your home," she said, "but you did ask me to let you know as soon as I received another letter from Uncle Joseph. Well, it's not a letter exactly but a package has just come. John said I ought to ring you before I opened it. Of course I might have made a mistake—it's only the fifteenth of the month—it doesn't usually come until the thirtieth."

"Mrs. Waring," Marsden began hurriedly, "we did trace Uncle Joseph all right but we found him very ill. This package you have—I'm afraid it's the last one he will be able to send."

"Oh! then shall I open it?" Pohl Uncle Joseph—I don't know what we shall do without him."

"I'll hold on while you open the package, Mrs. Waring."

For a few moments except for the muffled sound of tearing paper and the indistinct voices of Mrs. Waring and her children there was silence.

"Hello!"

Marsden's eyes brightened. Her voice sounded less despondent now, he thought.

"What was in the package, Mrs. Waring?"

"Why, a great deal of money! War Bonds for John, Betty and me—such a lot I can't count them. And there's the address of a bank and a note telling me quite a large amount of money has been paid into an account in my name. Mr. Marsden, please tell me is Uncle Joseph still living?"

"He died last night, Mrs. Waring."

"Oh!"

He heard the tears in her voice, and caught, also, the muffled sounds of concern of John and Betty.

"I'm so sorry," Mrs. Waring continued, a few now her tears were evident. "He must have been thinking of us at the end. John says the package was only posted last night. . . I—we don't know what to do with all these bonds."

"I'll come out some time this afternoon," Marsden promised. "Put everything safely away until then."

Marsden knew, as he replaced the receiver, that the newspapers would never have the real story of "The Uninvited." Because of the initial treachery of Joseph Ludd enough lives had been lost or broken. There would be no more. On the night before, "The Uninvited" had died in great pain and bitterness, as he had been born and as he had lived. A man, after all, could not die twice.

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